THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A°. D. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

DEC. 2, 1911

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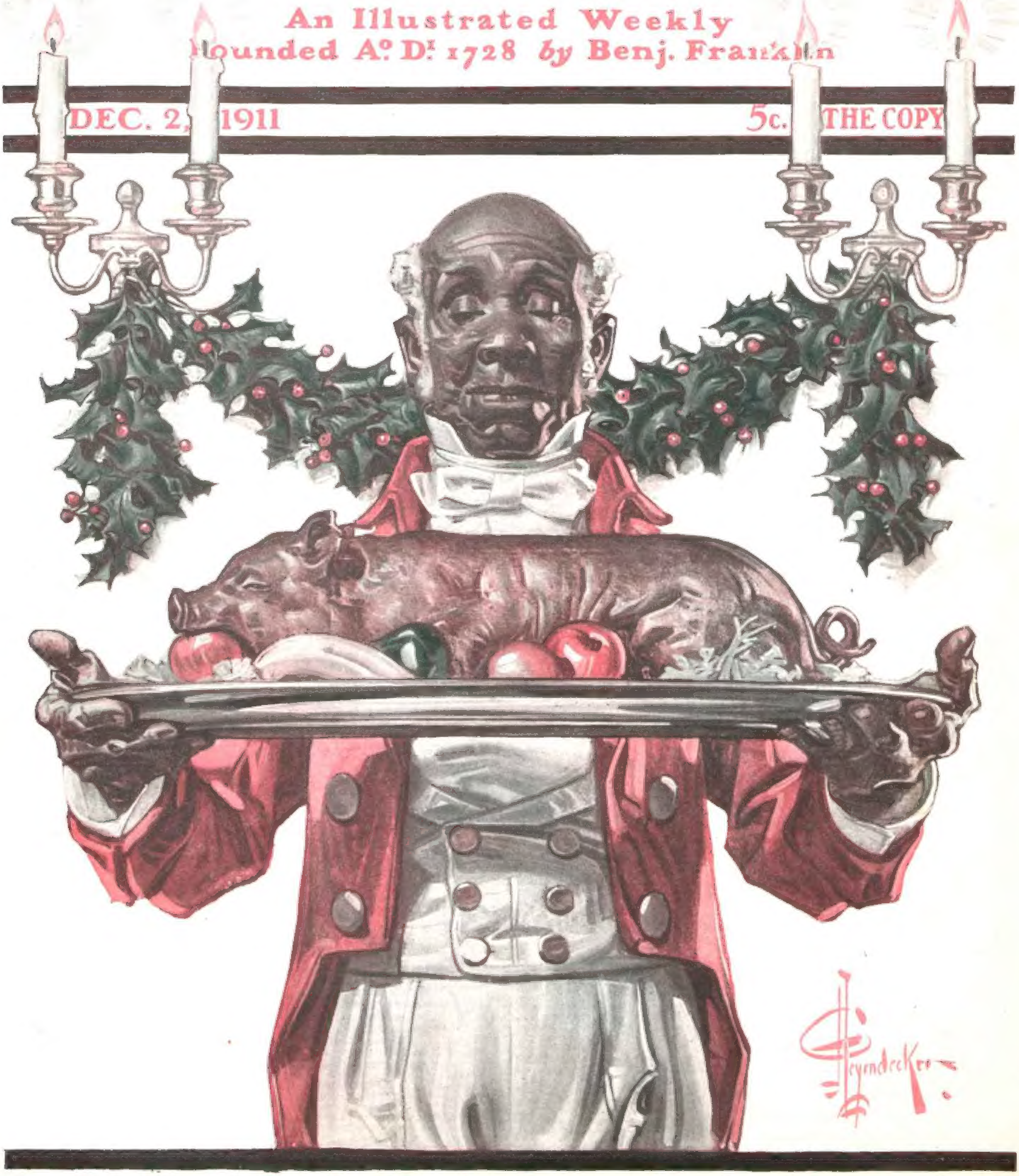
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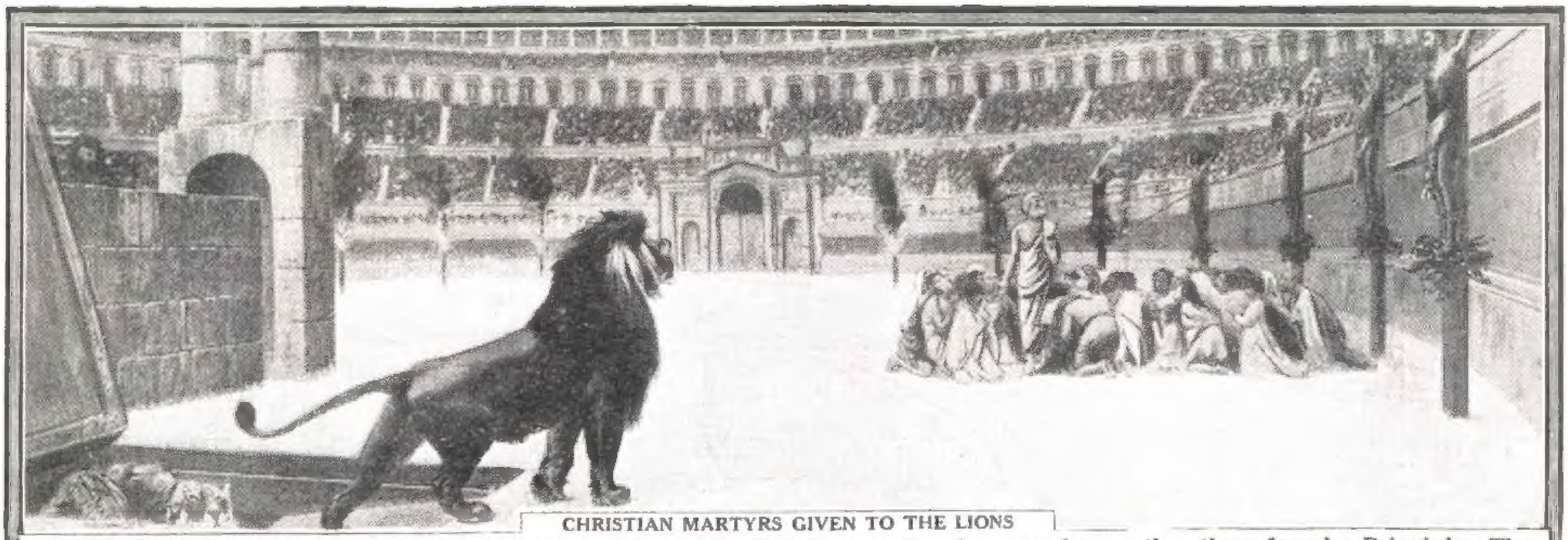
CHRISTMAS NUMBER



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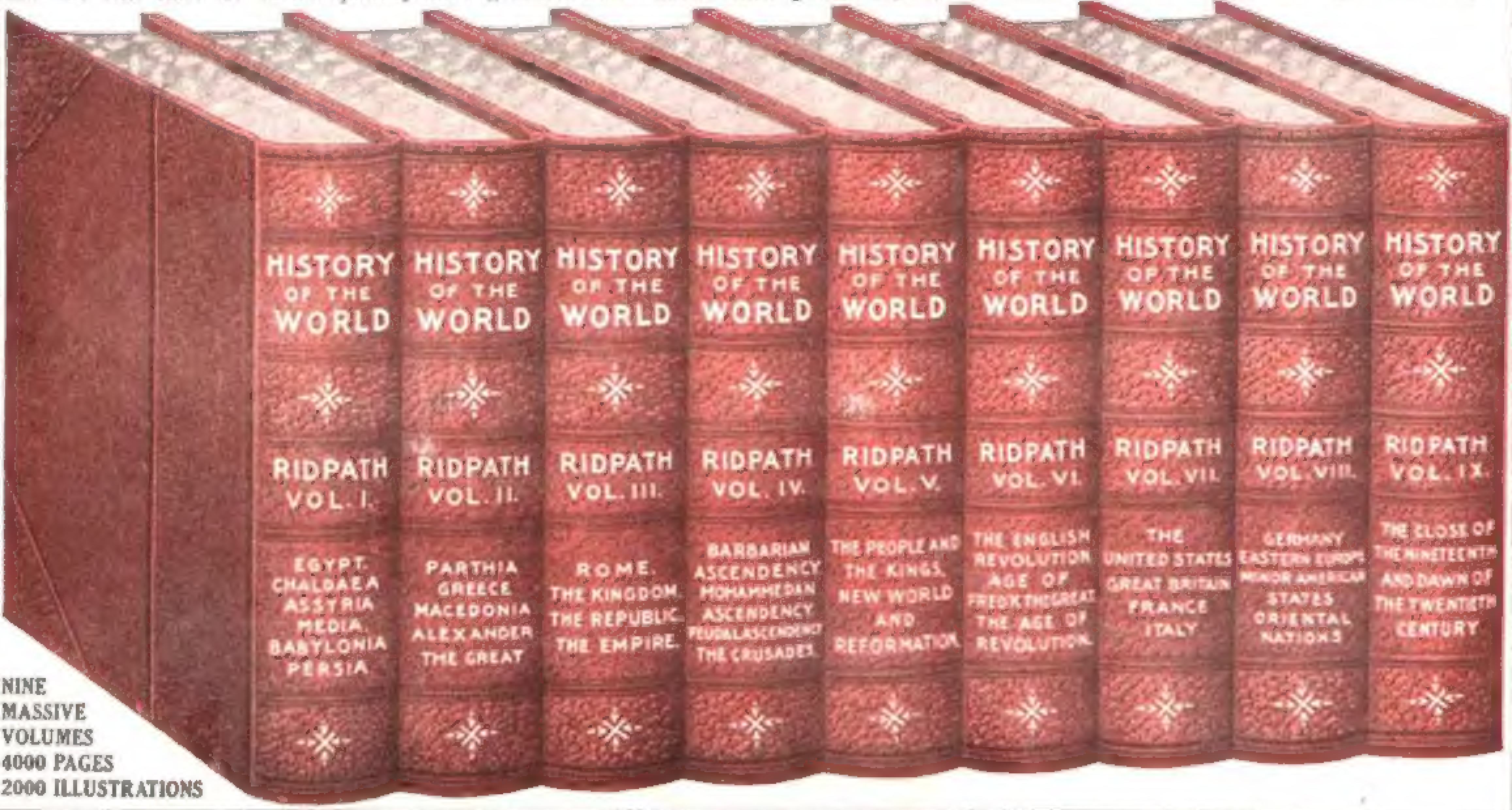
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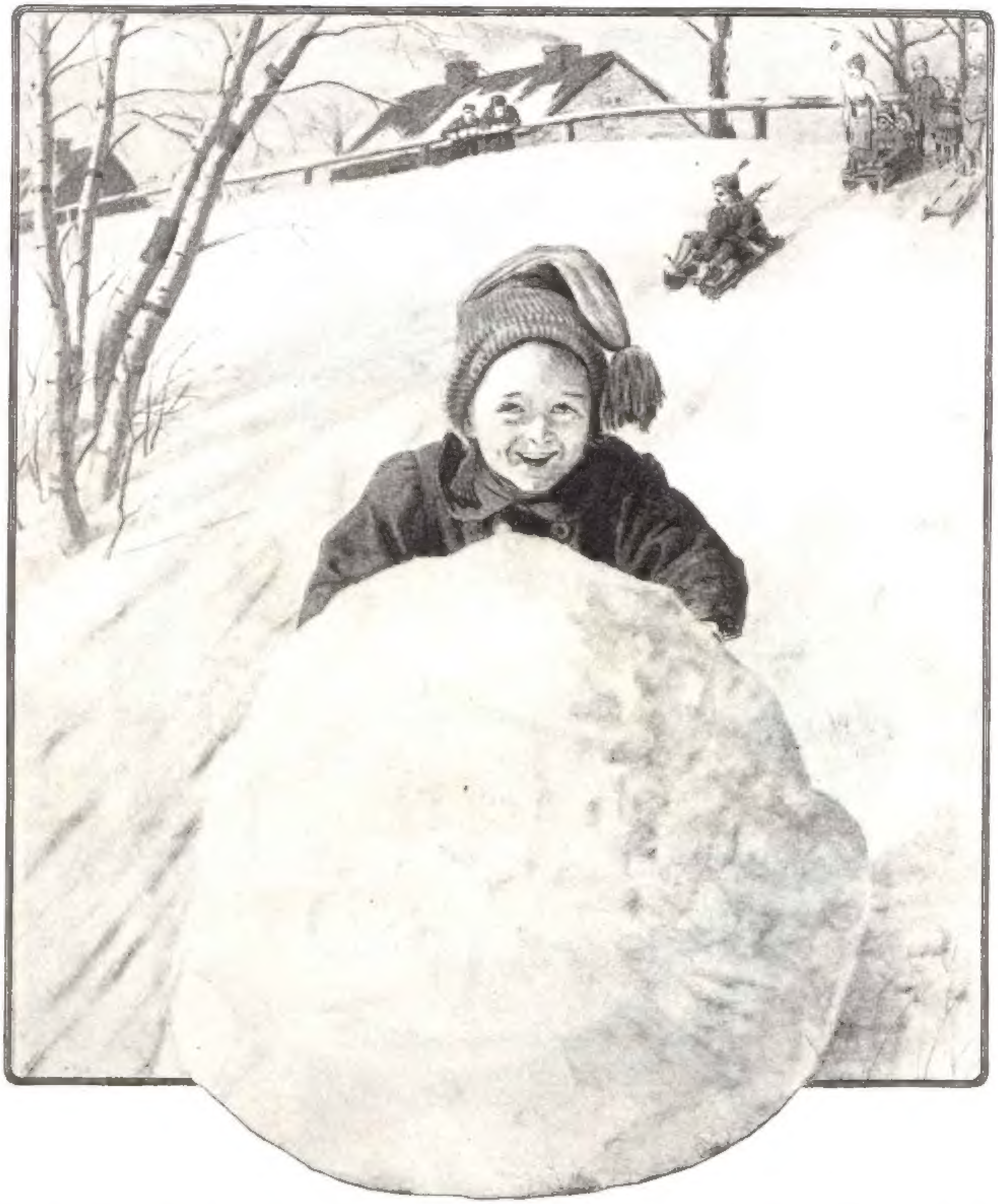

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The average American boy is full of life. He is always doing something or going somewhere. He will wash his hands and face—when you tell him. But he is apt to waste very little time in drying them.

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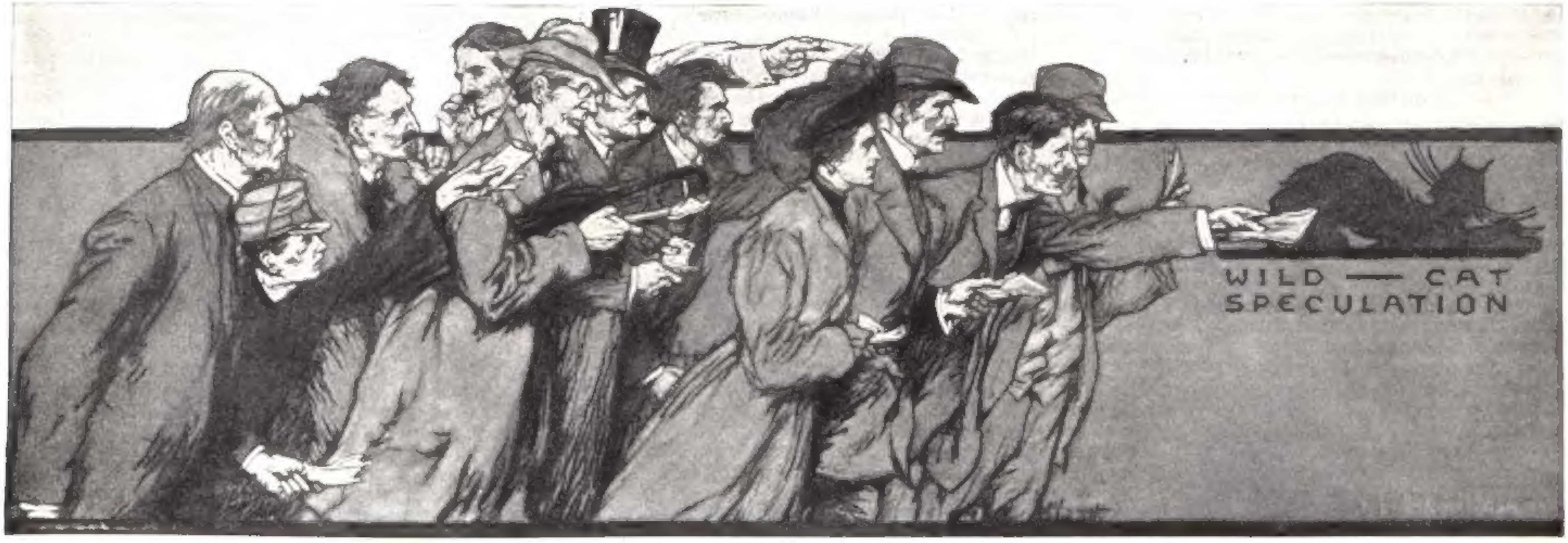
HOW KANSAS DROVE OUT A SET OF THIEVES



By Will Payne

NOT less than a hundred million dollars, in the opinion of those most competent to judge, is stolen from the people in this country every year by the sale of fake and wildcat "securities." The Post-Office Department puts the sum rather higher. Virtually every one of the swindling concerns that prey upon ignorance and credulity to this staggering extent is "duly incorporated" and possesses a charter under the great seal of some sovereign state, qualifying it to go out and rob as many suckers as it can find.

Though nearly every state and territory, with the greatest good nature in the world, will incorporate any sort of rank swindle that comes along, only one state, so far as I know, seriously attempts to protect its citizens from these stock-peddling pirates.

In every state, of course, a purchaser of fake stock may sue for the recovery of his money—which is about as satisfactory as the privilege of suing a pickpocket for the recovery of your watch. There are also general statutes against obtaining money under false pretenses; but nine times out of ten the fake stock scheme is framed up with sufficient ingenuity to make conviction extremely doubtful, and almost always the victim simply pockets his loss. Generally speaking, it's as safe as taking candy from unprotected infants.

With the exception that I am about to describe, the Post-Office Department is the only effectual barrier between credulous people with money to lose and harpies with wildcat stocks to sell. If the fraud involves use of the mails, and a complaint is made to the Post-Office Department, prosecution will follow—and most of the prosecutions end in conviction; but, unless the fraud does involve use of the mails, the Department has no power to intervene; and in any event it cannot intervene until the swindling operation is actually under way—which almost always means not until a great many people have lost their money.

A state official recently remarked: "Of course ninety-nine per cent of the mining companies that go round peddling stock are either rank frauds or mere wildcat prospects in which the investor is pretty certain to lose his money. Every intelligent person knows that; but if people are foolish enough to buy such stuff I don't see how you are going to keep them from doing it."

That is the prevailing view. It is, of course, exactly equivalent to saying: "Why, if a merchant is silly enough to take a counterfeit bill let him stand the loss. Why should we try to protect him by passing laws to prevent counterfeiting? If a bank teller doesn't know any better than to pay a forged check why should the state try to save him from the consequences of his own blundering?"

In Kansas they have taken an entirely different view of this fake stock swindle. They have not only done something about it, but have virtually stopped it so far as the limited power of any single state can accomplish that end.

The credit for this Kansas innovation belongs mainly to J. N. Dolley, state bank commissioner. Mr. Dolley stands, I should judge, rather better than six feet and possesses an adequate chest development. His shoulders are as big with his coat off—and it is rather apt to be off in business hours—as with it on. He has a chin. No person with any skill in reading physiognomy would pick him out as a promising subject with whom to stir up gratuitous trouble.

"Why, I had been in the banking business here in Kansas a good many years before I became bank commissioner," he explained when I asked him about the genesis of the Blue Sky Law. "Every now and then I would hear of one of these swindles—that somebody had lost his money through buying stock in a fake mine, or in a Central American plantation that was nine parts imagination, or in some wonderful investment company that was going to pay forty per cent dividends. Sometimes I knew the man or woman who had been swindled. Of course I thought it was an outrage, but I don't know as it occurred to me then that there was any way to stop it.

"After I was appointed bank commissioner I heard more reports and complaints of fake stock swindles than ever. The banks hear of such cases because usually the victim draws money out of a bank to buy his wildcat mining shares or his stock in a lunar oil company, or whatever it may be. Kansas has been prosperous of late years, you know; the people have accumulated money. If you go back fifteen years you will see that all the state banks in Kansas then held less than fourteen million dollars of the people's deposits. Now they hold ninety millions and the national banks of the state sixty millions. That's fat picking.

"So reports of these stock swindles drifted in to me. I received complaints and inquiries direct from people who had been swindled, wanting me to look up the company and see if they couldn't get their money back—after they had parted with the money! An old farmer I used to know came up to Topeka to see me. He'd sold his Kansas farm and had the money in the bank. A couple of smooth gentlemen came along and persuaded him to invest the money in developing a magnificent tract in New Mexico that was just about to be irrigated. He invested; and, after waiting patiently a good many months for the promised returns, he came up to see me. I advised him to invest some more money in a railroad ticket and go down and look at his land personally. He did go down there. He got off at the railroad station that was to be their shipping point and walked half a day through the sagebrush, and then climbed some bare, mountainous hills until his wind gave out. The land he'd invested in was still higher up. The only way to irrigate it would be from the moon. That was only one instance out of a good many. There was no law to reach the sharks—except, of course, that a man might sue them or prosecute them for getting money under false pretenses; but a man couldn't do either until after he had lost his money. So far as the law went there seemed nothing to do by way of protecting him from losing his money; but I made up my mind I'd do something."

I may mention here that doing something in this connection was no part of the official duty of the state bank commissioner. So far as law and custom went his duties consisted in supervising the state banks. There are—or were at the date of the last annual report—eight hundred and sixty-two of them scattered throughout the state, holding a hundred and twenty-five million dollars of assets. To supervise them under the law is a fairly full-sized man's job. I may also mention that Kansas does not specially encourage her bank commissioner to go outside of his official duties for the purpose of discovering extra burdens to assume, for she pays him only the very modest salary of twenty-five hundred dollars a year. Mr. Dolley did not touch upon these phases of the situation. Evidently, however, there is a well-defined theory at Topeka that, as regards banking, the grand duty of the state government is to protect depositors rather than merely to make things pleasant for bankers; and the systematic raids by stock-sharks upon the state's fat bank deposits might be considered a matter in which the state bank department could properly interest itself.

"I started an investigation, as best I could, into this fake and wildcat stock-selling," Mr. Dolley continued, "by inquiries from this office and through the bank examiners who visit every town in the state. I concluded that there must be at least five hundred agents in Kansas selling wildcat stocks. A large majority of them seemed to make that their regular business. Some of them had been at it for years. I believe they were getting anywhere from three to five million dollars a year out of the people of this state; and I am certain that at least ninety-five per cent of all the money put in those stocks was irretrievably lost.

"These fellows had become experts at the business. They had a regular system. They watched real-estate transfers; and if a man sold his farm they were right after him. They kept an eye on probate courts; and if anybody that might prove an easy mark inherited money they were on the spot with some gilt-edge investment yielding anywhere from twenty to a hundred per cent a year. They were always on the lookout for farmers with ready money in the bank; but about their best hold was life insurance, especially fraternal life insurance and the smaller policies—one, two, three or five thousand dollars."

The Wiles of the Agents

"A GREAT many men carry such insurance in some lodge or mutual association—farmers, workmen, small tradesmen, and so on. The life-insurance money is enough to tide over the crisis in the family's affairs that is caused by the breadwinner's death; it gives the widow ready cash to meet debts, pay expenses and support herself and the children for a while. As a rule, the widow has no business experience, has never earned a living, and is more or less bewildered and terrified by the prospect ahead of her; but just about the time the life-insurance money is paid over—and these fellows are so well up in the game they can calculate it to a day—Mr. Agent drops in.

"'You have two thousand dollars,' he says. 'The bank will pay you three per cent interest, or sixty dollars a year. Of course that will do you no good. You will have to live on the principal and in a couple of years it will be gone; but here is a perfectly safe investment that will pay you thirty-five per cent a year. That will give you a sure yearly income of seven hundred dollars. You and the children can live on that quite comfortably!' And in scores and scores of cases he got the money. Do you think the state ought to stand for that?" Mr. Dolley inquired.

The bank commissioner himself didn't think so. On his own initiative he began investigating such stock-peddling concerns as he could hear of. A year ago last April he sent to every newspaper in the state a circular letter as follows:

> *To the Editor:* As you perhaps know, I have established a department in the bank commissioner's office to protect the people of Kansas from fakers with worthless stock to sell. I give you below a small item concerning the matter, which I hope you may be able to use in your paper. I have no funds for advertising purposes; and the only way I can get this information before the people is through the generosity of the Kansas press. Thanking you for whatever you may do, I am ——

The small item read:

> TO THE PEOPLE OF KANSAS
>
> TOPEKA, April 9, 1910.
>
> The State Banking Department has established a bureau for the purpose of giving information as to the financial standing of companies whose stock is offered for sale to the people of Kansas. If you are offered any stock and want information as to the financial standing of the company offering the same, before investing, please write to this department and I will furnish it.
>
> J. N. DOLLEY, State Bank Commissioner.

The newspapers very generally printed this item. Many of them supplemented it with advice and warning of their own. Inquiries regarding stock-selling concerns poured into the commissioner's office and the fake stock industry in Kansas thereby suffered some check; but the commissioner had no legal authority whatever to require a statement of any kind from a concern that was selling stock in the state, and no power to stop the sale of the stock, however rotten it might be.

As fast as he got names and addresses of stock-selling concerns he wrote to them, asking for a detailed statement of financial condition, property owned, plan of operation, and so on; concluding by saying that, unless a satisfactory statement were forthcoming within a reasonable time, he should feel obliged to advise all inquirers not, under any circumstances, to buy the concern's stock.

Many companies replied and furnished statements; but they could make the statement in any form they pleased—touching very lightly or entirely ignoring such points as they did not care to have the commissioner scrutinize. Others failed to reply and there was no way of compelling them to do so. In addition to inquiries of the companies themselves, the commissioner wrote to banks, commercial agencies and other sources that seemed likely to be in possession of useful information; but he still stood, so to speak, on a level footing with the fake stock-seller. The law gave him no advantage. If he could persuade a citizen not to buy a worthless stock, well and good. If an eloquent agent could persuade the citizen to buy it the commissioner was helpless.

In his report for 1910 Commissioner Dolley called attention to the wildcat stock industry and urged the passage of a law to stop it.

The legislature took up the subject at its last session and in March passed the Blue Sky Law—so nicknamed because it is designed to prevent the swindling of people through sales of "securities" that are based mostly upon atmosphere.

State and national banks, trust companies, real-estate mortgage companies, building and loan associations and corporations not organized for profit are exempt from this law—as there are other statutes governing them.

Every other corporation or company, whether organized in Kansas or elsewhere, that sells or negotiates for the sale of any stocks, bonds or other securities of any kind—except Government, state or municipal bonds—is brought within the scope of the act. Before offering any stock, bond or security for sale in Kansas it must file with the bank commissioner a statement in complete detail, in the form prescribed by him, giving an itemized exhibit of its financial condition, assets, liabilities, description of property owned, the plan upon which it proposes to do business, a copy of its charter, by-laws, and of all contracts that it proposes to make with its contributors—"and such other information regarding its affairs as said bank commissioner may require"—all to be verified by the oath of a responsible officer of the company.

"And if said bank commissioner shall deem it advisable he shall make or have made a detailed examination of such company's affairs, which examination shall be at the expense of the company. . . . And all such companies shall be subject to examination by the bank commissioner or his deputies at any time the bank commissioner may deem it advisable, in the same manner as now provided in the case of state banks." The company must, moreover, make a detailed statement of its condition to the bank examiner twice a year after being admitted to do business in the state, or oftener if he requires it.

Some Provisions of the Act

HAVING before him all the information he requires, and having decided that the company is legitimate, solvent and operating upon a plan that is fair and equitable to all classes of security-holders, the commissioner shall then decide whether its operations "in his judgment promise a fair return on the stocks, bonds and other securities by it offered for sale." If his judgment is favorable he then issues to the company a revocable license to sell its securities in Kansas.

The company may then appoint one or more agents to sell its stock or bonds; but the agent also must procure a license from the bank examiner, "subject to revocation at any time by the bank commissioner for cause appearing to him sufficient."

Section XII provides that: "Any person who shall knowingly subscribe to or make or cause to be made any false statement or false entry in any book of such company, or make or publish any false statement of the financial condition of such company or the stocks, bonds or other securities by it offered for sale, shall be deemed guilty of felony; and upon conviction thereof shall be fined not less than two hundred dollars nor more than ten thousand dollars, and shall be imprisoned for not less than one year nor more than ten years in the state penitentiary."

Section XIII says that any agent who attempts to sell the stocks, bonds or other securities of a company that has not complied with the act, or any agent who attempts to sell stock or bonds without having received a license from the bank examiner, shall be fined not more than five hundred dollars or imprisoned in the county jail not more than ninety days, or both.

The Blue Sky Act, in short, is a real law with real teeth in it. As soon as the act was passed, Commissioner Dolley instructed his bank examiners, who are continually traveling about the state, to keep a lookout everywhere for "investment agents." He also requested the eight hundred-and-odd state banks of Kansas to report any stock-peddling operations of which they might learn. "If you hear of anybody offering any stock for sale," he wrote, "find out whether he has a state license. If he hasn't wire me and I will send an officer after him on the first train."

Usually banks do hear of any stock-peddling operations that are going on in their localities, for the cash to pay for the stock comes out of a bank in one way or another. Naturally no banker likes to see money drawn out of his institution and put into a wildcat investment where neither he nor anybody else thereabout will ever see it again. Consequently the banks form an excellent detective force for the enforcement of the law; and the passage of the act was immediately followed by a great clearing out of wildcat concerns and their stock-peddling agents.

The law, it will be noticed, is very broad, so that perfectly legitimate enterprises fall within its scope. It would include, for example, the offering of stock in a manufacturing concern that was entirely solvent and reputable. The legitimate concern has only to comply with the act—file its detailed statement with the bank commissioner, show who its directors are, and so on—to receive a license.

The law went into effect March 15, 1911; and some idea of the extent of the fraud at which it was aimed may be gathered from the fact that within six months the bank commissioner received more than five hundred applications to sell stocks or bonds in Kansas—and out of about five hundred and fifty applications he approved just forty-four! No doubt the most outrageous schemes simply withdrew from the state without any attempt to get a license; so that the five-hundred-and-odd that did apply and were rejected represent, so to speak, the upper crust or the more plausible of the Blue Sky fraternity.

A Simple Way to Call a Bluff

BEARING that probability in mind, the rejected applications on file in the commissioner's office are really amazing. They show, more graphically than anything else I know of, with what sublime assurance ingenious gentlemen go out after the money of suckers in exchange for stock engravings; in fact, the astonishing tolerance of the law toward this form of fraud has elevated it into a sort of respectability. It has become a kind of vested interest. Apparently some of the people engaged in it think they have an inalienable constitutional right to sell worthless "securities"; and they resent any interference with their operations as an act of tyranny and oppression.

For example, soon after the law was passed two well-dressed, prosperous-looking gentlemen, who made their headquarters at Topeka, waited in person upon the bank commissioner. They were surprised and rather indignant because an application to sell stock in which they were interested had been peremptorily rejected. They thought the commissioner must be mistaken as to the sort of gentlemen he was dealing with; they had good clothes, jewelry and money in the bank; were well acquainted with various substantial and more or less leading citizens; could furnish references. When they had stated their case the following colloquy occurred:

"How long have you been selling stocks round here?"

"Seven years."

"You must have sold stocks in that time to a good many people."

"Oh, yes; a great many."

"Good! I'll give you two dollars a head for all the people you will bring to my desk who ever bought stock of any kind from you and got back as much as five per cent of their money!"

Whereupon the prosperous agents faded away.

Coming back to the applications, a majority, it is hardly necessary to say, are from mining concerns. Undoubtedly people will fall more readily for a fake or wildcat mining stock than for any other variety. Nothing but bitter experience, it seems, will convince them that any mine, anywhere on earth, which is in such a state of development that large dividends are assured doesn't need to go about peddling its stock at a discount, any more than a man with a pocketful of five-dollar goldpieces needs to stand on a street corner beseeching passers-by to purchase them at four dollars apiece.

Next in number, perhaps, come oil companies—and there is a remarkable assortment of irrigation schemes, plantations in Mexico, Central and South America, transportation enterprises and what not; in fact, the undertakings described in these applications dot the Western Hemisphere from the Equator to the Arctic Circle. In running them to earth, Commissioner Dolley has written to every state in the Union, to the State Department at Washington and to foreign Governments. In some cases the accumulated documents make a pile an inch thick.

For example, here is the case of a corporation with a high-sounding title, duly incorporated under the laws of a sovereign state, as a copy of its charter, adorned with the state's great seal, duly attests. Headquarters of the concern for stock-selling purposes, however, are at Chicago, a thousand miles from the place of incorporation. A beautifully typewritten letter from the president, on fine linen paper, sets forth that the company is engaged in developing and marketing a tract of one hundred and twenty-five thousand acres of fruit land in Central America specially adapted to banana culture. It has a contract on the land from the Central American Government, under which it receives title direct from the Government on payment of two dollars and a half an acre; but similar land, with a little additional improvement, sells readily at twenty dollars an acre. The company is offering five hundred thousand dollars of its treasury stock. With the proceeds it will take title to the land and make judicious improvements. The land may then be sold at twenty dollars an acre or it may be held and cultivated, in which case handsome profits are certain. Any purchaser of the company's stock may turn in his shares and receive a clear title to an equivalent amount of land at the original price of two dollars and a half an acre, plus cost of improvements made by the company; or he may keep the stock as an investment and participate in the company's profits.

Attached to the letter are certified copies of the charter and by-laws; a handsomely engraved stock certificate on bond paper that looks quite like a Government bond; reports as to the character of the land. There are also references and a quite imposing list of directors.

All this looks very plausible. One trouble with it is, it looks too plausible. Why should gentlemen who can buy land for two dollars and a half an acre and very soon sell it for twenty dollars be coming out to Kansas in order to raise the necessary capital in one-hundred-dollar and two-hundred-dollar lots, incidentally paying a large commission to stock-peddling agents? The commissioner begins to investigate. He doesn't get anything in particular "on" the men at the head of the concern. The land is undoubtedly there, and from the best information obtainable it seems to be very good land, quite suitable for fruit culture and capable, under proper management, of returning good profits. The commissioner continues to investigate, however, and discovers that the Central American Government has repudiated the entire contract upon which the scheme is based. At best, the purchaser of stock would be buying a dubious lawsuit or an equally dubious diplomatic negotiation. He writes "No" upon the application in large, firm letters.

Here is an application from a corporation that proposes to build a railroad through a section of the United States that is now without transportation facilities, but that promises to develop an enormous traffic. My notes, I find, are a bit blurred, so I cannot tell how many ciphers there are in the capitalization; but a few ciphers more or less are immaterial. This, of course, is frankly a "prospect." The corporation doesn't pretend it has any railroad now. So the first question is as to the character of the men behind the undertaking. The commissioner begins inquiring; and it presently appears that one man, though he doesn't figure so prominently on the letterheads as some others, is really the guiding spirit.

Now, fortunately, any man engaged in this stock-vending industry must leave some sort of trail. He can't say: "My name is Smith and I just alighted from the moon." If he is a man of standing, as he claims to be, he must have come from somewhere, and at that somewhere he must have left a record and have told people where he came from before that. So the commissioner patiently followed up the arch-promoter's trail and discovered that, within nine months of the time he launched this imposing transportation project, he had jumped a sixty-dollar board-bill. A little farther back he appeared as the defaulting borrower of small sums. Derogatory letters from the trail showered in upon the commissioner. A country banker in a state far from Kansas, whose experience with the promoter was some four years old, wrote feelingly: "All the common honesty in his composition could be put in the hull of a mustard seed."

This personal trail is one of the chief reliances in running down fake stock schemes. Other standard sources of information are the commercial agencies and the banks; but it is a fact that a great number of banks are scandalously good-natured in lending countenance to stock-selling projects which every banker must know are disreputable. It looks as though the average banker cannot find it in his heart to think ill of a man who deposits money with him. He may not, and probably will not, actually indorse the scheme; but often he will write a letter saying that Mr. So-and-So has done business with the bank for such and such a length of time, has always met his obligations promptly and the bank's relations with him have been highly satisfactory—or something of that sort, which the average sucker will regard as tantamount to a bank indorsement of the stock project.

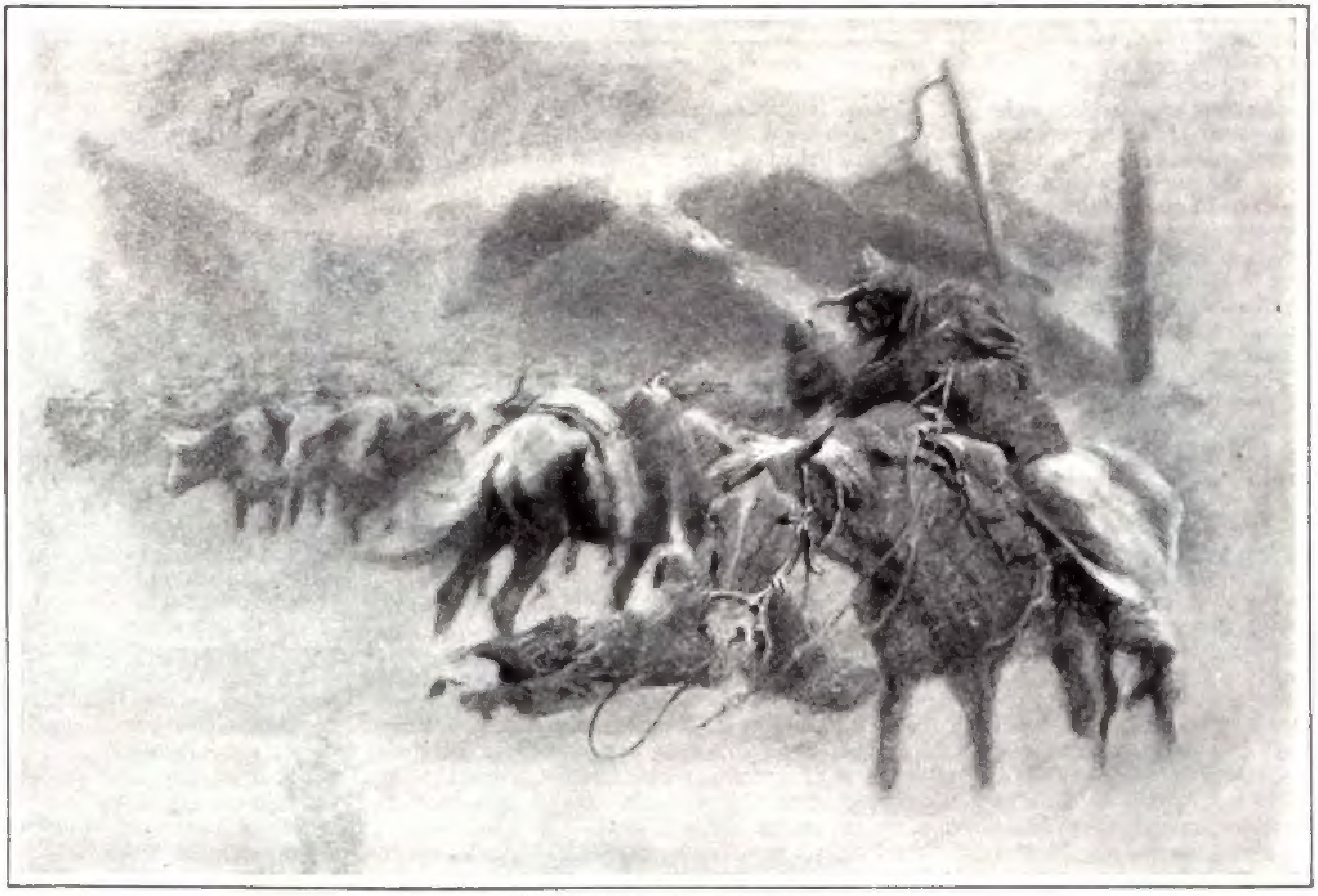
It is another melancholy fact that a great number of men who are considered respectable and responsible in the

(Continued on Page 71)

IN THE BIG DRIFT

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE P. HOSKINS



"Oh, Well, Get Going, You!"

IN EVERY standard Christmas story there ought to be a bachelor. For strong effects select an old, grouchy one, and let him suddenly be smitten with love of his fellowman to an extent that drives him to provide royal good-cheer for a homeless waif. To be sure, men over fifty years of age invariably prove tough subjects for conversion, being set and hardened in their ways; yet 'tis a pretty notion much favored of young persons, and we will believe well of everybody in this time of unselfish delight and general gorging.

To double-rivet the bachelor interest in this narrative I give you two of them. But they exhibit no such saccharin tenderness as the season induces in your customary hero.

In the first place, their situation was different. Your bachelor friend invariably occupies luxurious apartments, attended by his man Smithers, and there are Scotch and soda and cigars on the sideboard. Whereas these two lived in a dugout, and would probably have been most respectful to Smithers and have called him "Mister," had they enjoyed his acquaintance.

This was in the year of the Big Drift which, again, was in the eighties. For twenty days Andy Ballew and Paint Murray sat prisoners in their dugout by Blanco and watched cattle go by. The stream never ceased, though it faltered. Now in driblets, now with a forward surge like a choking flood the hordes came down from the north, bellowing to a sullen sky. And all day the snow drove in long, stinging slants, and the wind blew, and it was so cold they could hear steady, strumming music of nights when the norther paused for breath.

It seemed to Andy that all the cattle in the world were headed south, turning tail to the storm kings. Thousands upon thousands of northern beeves went by. Andy bit his nails to see them escape him. He sallied out one afternoon in a vain effort to hold some, and returned much troubled in mind and rather awed.

"I reckon the bottom's done dropped out of the sky and we're done for," he told Murray. "Yes, sir; me and you we'd better get ready for our harps right now. Say, there was a bunch of Wineglass steers in that drift. Lord A'mighty! Why, they're up near Canada, that brand."

The grumblings of the marching cattle swelled regularly as waves on a beach. Twice after that did Ballew and Murray make attempts to cut off a portion. If they could hold a small herd in shelter until the storm died their fortunes were made. By heart-breaking feats of endurance they succeeded in driving twelve hundred head into Blanco Cañon and crowded them close under the lee of its wall. There they were out of the squalls and the snow sped over them. But the cold was deadly.

After five hours Murray jogged round to where Ballew stood guard. He opined that he would have to quit.

"Let's stick it out a li'l' while longer," Paint, said Ballew. "We've got twenty thousand dollars here."

An hour later, or perhaps two, Paint returned and began to describe extraordinary things he perceived in the heart of the herd. There was a big wolf there, running across the backs of the cattle; it had leered at him twice. Murray was in deadly earnest. He besought Andy to look closely and he would discern vast shapes, too, and waving arms. Moreover, something kept talking to Paint; it would whisper in his ear, and frequently cackled like a hen.

Ballew was becoming drowsy and indifferent and begged him to be reasonable and go back. Paint wheeled his dejected horse. A dozen yards and he tumbled to the ground. Ballew laughed uproariously. Suddenly grave, he said in a listless voice: "Oh, well, get going, you! I kind of figured you'd get away from us."

With that he drew back a few paces to give them an opening. At first the cattle stared stupidly at the two men—one sprawled on the snow, the other stolidly waiting fifty yards off. Then a big steer stepped forward with caution, as though to test their freedom. The others followed slowly, trailing out behind. Andy surveyed them without resentment. He was too worn to feel anything but a passive disgust with cattle and all things. When the snow had blotted them out he noted Murray lying on the ground, heaved him on to his horse and struggled back out of the cañon to the dugout.

Paint did not appear especially pleased when he was himself again. As they were washing the breakfast dishes the next morning he said: "Why didn't you leave me there? I swan I'd have been better off."

Ballew answered: "Blamed if I ain't half sorry I didn't."

They had been cooped together too long and the strain was beginning to tell. Men cannot live isolated without inviting madness. Even whole barracks of soldiers will fall to fighting if rigidly held in. Ordinarily the duties of these two kept them apart the entire day and brought them back at night in tolerably good humor. They were sure to be wolfishly hungry. Also, somebody from headquarters would drop in on them at intervals. Thus they had got along fairly well until the storm broke. Their responsibilities were large. The western division was given to their keeping and the two line-riders had something over one hundred thousand acres to patrol. They had charge of all the cattle therein, and so each rode daily the boundaries of the range to mark the movement of any bunch and the condition of the herds.

This regular program was altered now. The cold forced them indoors and kept them there. Nothing could be done for the cattle while the norther raged in such violence, and they gambled with death in venturing a mile from camp. So they nursed their knees in the stuffy dugout and smoked until their brains reeled. Worse still, they were often silent, thinking.

Four days after their experience in the cañon Ballew exclaimed: "Why the devil cain't you get up when you're called? Chuck, I hollered."

Murray stuck his head out of the blankets long enough to retort: "I'll get up when I'm good and ready. You act like you're the boss. You cain't smear it on me. Go ahead and eat your fool head off. I'll get mine myself."

He turned over and went to sleep again. The other eyed the bunk from time to time as he moved about the room, but he made no further complaint, although Paint did not rise until almost noon.

There was one room only in the dugout, with a tiny lean-to for a kitchen. The pair had no stove, but a deep adobe fireplace gave warmth and they cooked in it with Dutch ovens and frying pans. Two sides of the room were given over to bunks. If they had nothing better to do Andy and Paint would make the beds fortnightly, or it might be weekly. The walls were of logs and the interstices were filled with clay, and the roof was so low that Ballew, who was a tall man, acquired a habit of stooping, although his head did not quite touch it. Coyote and wildcat skins hung wherever the wind betrayed a leak in the structure and there were Navajo blankets on the earth floor. One covered the single window, too, at night.

"Where's them playing cards?" asked Murray on an evening. The cattle were still going by and the wind blew a gale.

"I ain't seen 'em. You had 'em yourself."

Murray retorted that he bet Ballew had hidden the cards, and, even when he discovered them in his own bed, muttered that he would not put it past Ballew to have placed them there. Instead of asking his companion to join in a game he applied himself to solitaire. Ballew pretended that he did not hear his monolog and brought out from under his bunk an old violin. It was a blackened, villainous instrument, had only two strings and suffered grievously in tone from having been beaten on with sticks to obtain the effect of an orchestra. It took Andy a considerable time to tune up—he really was longer than necessary—the wretched fiddle whining dolefully. Murray stopped his play and watched him, holding one card suspended in his hand. He looked as if ready to spring. Despairing of getting harmony out of the two strings, Ballew threw back his head and began to yowl a song.

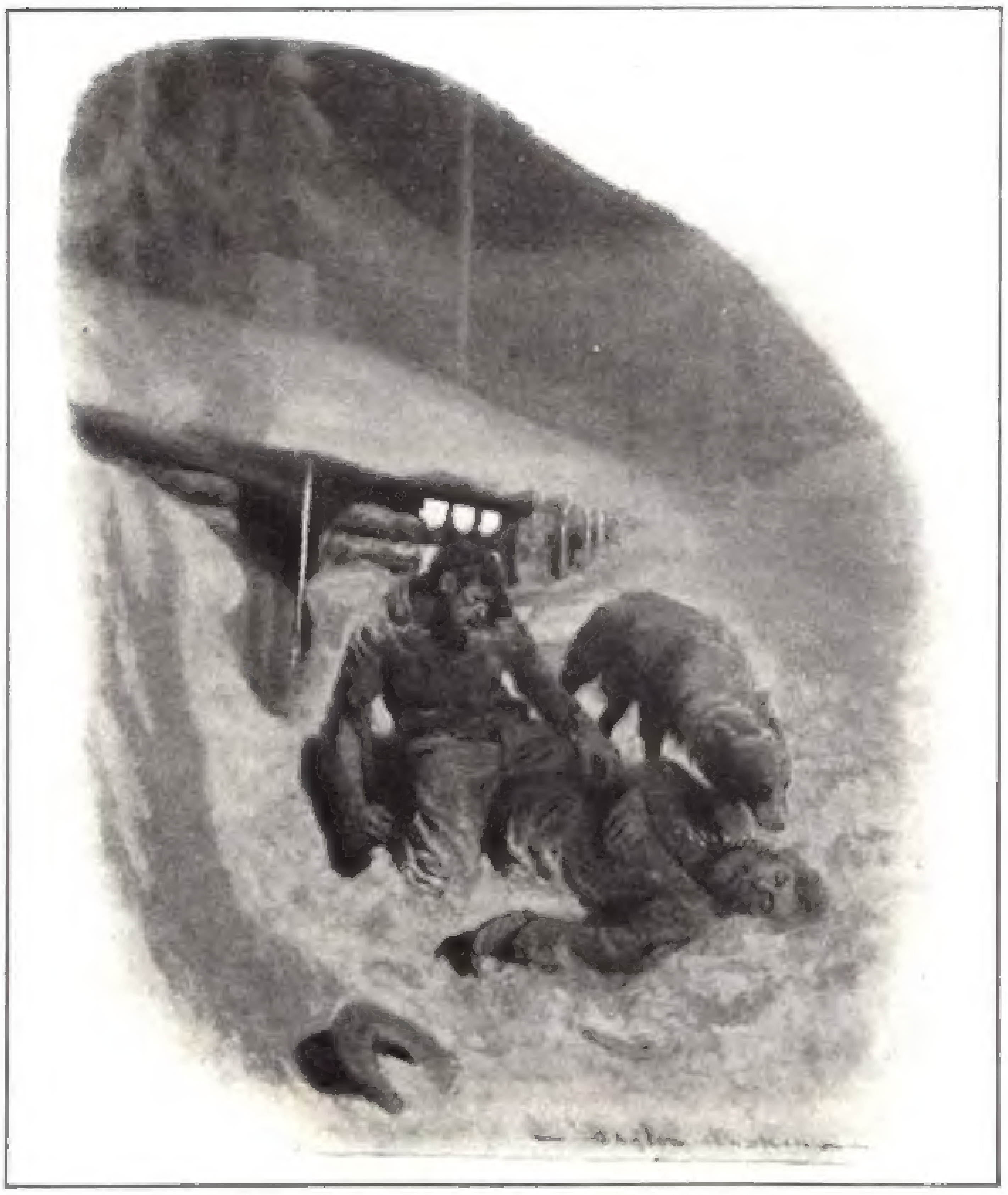
While I was walking down the street,
All down the street of San Sabo,
I met a lit-tul filly neat
Who closed at me her eye-o,
Who winked at me her eye-o.

Of course that is the most respectable verse of the ballad Andy sang, balancing the stool with his feet on a bunk, his nose tilted toward the ceiling. Murray listened with a sort of stern patience. He forced himself to resume his game, but the cards would go wrong and tremble in his hand. At the end of the fifth chorus he stood up and spoke in a level, carefully civil tone:

"I wouldn't sing that song no more if I was you, Ballew."

Andy straightened on his stool. "Oh, indeed! You wouldn't, hey? What for wouldn't you?"

"Because I wouldn't. It ain't decent, that's why."


What Was Anniebelle Thurber's Dog Doing There?

"Oh-ho! It ain't decent! Well, now—I've heard you sing The Red Light Saloon a thousand ——"

"Never mind what I done. You let up on that."

Ballew burst into a guffaw. "So! I reckon you're too nice now for that song. You're too nice since you took to letter-writing, ain't you? Yes, sir; I'm sure an awful coarse man."

Murray jerked out a gun and said in a furious whisper: "You so much as say another word—just peep once about my writing—and I'll shut that dirty mouth of yours for keeps."

This was quite sufficient for Andy. Murray was deathly pale. Ballew wisely preserved silence, licking his lips and rubbing his moist palms on his knees. What chance had he? His six-shooter was in his bunk and Murray had him covered. The latter went to the bed and took possession of this weapon; he likewise took a rifle from a corner.

"Now we'll get along better," he observed. "It's like you'd murder me when I wasn't looking if I didn't keep these."

"Pshaw, Paint. What's the use of talking that way?" said Ballew, a trifle huskily.

No other word was exchanged that night. They resumed their usual relations in the morning, although Murray retained the weapons. To all appearances Ballew overlooked the incident of the song; but a man does not forget it when another forces him to back down. In the course of the day Murray remarked that he had buried the guns in order to be on the safe side. Ballew shot at him a glance full of apprehension.

"Shut up, will you?" Murray yelled, although the other had not opened his lips. He was shaking and his cheeks quivered close to the nostrils. "I ain't going to hurt you."

Ballew was tempted to voice a doubt on this point, but did not. He stretched himself in his bunk and spent the afternoon staring at the wall. While he lay there Murray took pad and pencil and went to writing very laboriously, for Paint had mastered the alphabet by slow plugging. Occasionally Andy would steal a look at him. He knew that Murray was writing to a girl—one Anniebelle Thurber. On his side, Paint kept a furtive, vigilant watch. He had not forgotten Andy's covert sneer at his letter-writing, or the expression on his face when he had first guessed the nature of the composition. Had Andy so much as ventured a query Murray would have killed him where he lolled. Once or twice he almost wished that Ballew might give him the opportunity.

All day the wind blew; the snow drove in long, stinging slants; and it was so cold they could hear steady, strumming music of nights when the norther paused for breath. It was perpetually dusk in the room, even with the blanket removed from the window. The air was stale; in the dwellings of primitive man or of the poor there abides always a distaste for ventilation. Often the fireplace smoked, and then they would cough and growl and curse the wood and the chimney and themselves and all on earth below and in Heaven above. Still the cattle moved by—now more frequently in driblets, occasionally still with a surge like a choking flood.

Their food threatened to give out. The larder had been stocked for a month—flour and bacon, coffee, sugar and a few potatoes. It was now five weeks since the hoodlum-wagon had visited them.

One dawn Ballew saw Murray crawl out of his bunk and go to cooking before he went to the washbasin. He raised himself on one elbow, impelled to protest, but for reasons not unconnected with the loss of his six-shooter he refrained. True, Andy had a knife, but he had not believed a word that Paint said about burying the guns. Murray had said that because he wanted to catch Andy off his guard and shoot him. Instead, therefore, of charging him with dirtiness, he pretended to be ill at breakfast. Afterward he washed the dishes and cooked his own meal.

"So," said Paint, blowing smoke-rings, "you cain't eat my cooking, hey?"

"I'm feeling a mite better, Paint."

Getting no reply to this, he suggested a little later that each man cook his own food. This would enable either to keep whatever hours suited his whim. All they had to do was to divide the chuck and to assign first turn at the fireplace alternately. Murray nodded, holding his peace.

Were you and one other ever housed for weeks, unrelieved by other companionship? Have you ever traveled abroad in pairs, where through ignorance of languages you were forced to be constant companions? Then you can appreciate to the one one-thousandth part of a degree what Andy Ballew and Paint Murray were passing through. You know how quickly every act of your companion swells to the proportions of deliberate, cold-blooded selfishness. If he be tolerant or meek it but exasperates you the more; if he show spirit and quarrel you do not speak for days on end. Just let him become noisy or awkward when you are in the blackest of your black fit, and it is very certain his presence will inspire in you a frightful loathing. You lose all patience and brood over past mutual experiences, magnifying trifles into wrongs and nursing them into reasons for hate. Then suddenly other company arrives and you are grinning at him in solid companionship.

But the lone dwellers in the dugout by Blanco had no relief. There came no visitors to restore their normal humanity. They holed there like wolves in a burrow, and grew as shaggy and almost as fierce. Ancestors who roamed the bleak Scotch hills had bequeathed to Murray a certain dourness that thrived extravagantly on solitude. He would sit on a stool and watch Ballew by the hour. Every time Andy moved it threw him into unreasoning anger. If he coughed or hummed or gave symptoms of breaking into song Paint would rage in his heart. But his sniffling was worse than all. Murray was conscious of his childishness even while he raged, but was helpless to control his passion.

About this time, also, he began to entertain a suspicion that Ballew was trying to impose on him. It was plain to be discerned—had he not on two consecutive days let Paint carry the water from the spring, a good hundred yards through the hurricane? It was like Ballew to plead sickness. Murray recalled that this had been a favorite trick of his when the tasks grew too heavy during roundups. Moreover, Andy did not keep his bed tidy and was so careless in washing dishes that Paint had always to wash them again—or thought he had and pretended he had. One grievance begot another, and all swelled like dead, poisoned animals in summer heat. In the cruel dragging hours Murray took to scrutinizing his tobacco and all his possessions. He would weigh it in his hands and then look obliquely at Ballew. The latter answered the unspoken suspicion.

"I ain't took your tobacco," he said; "I've got enough of my own."

In proof of this he exhibited a considerable store, but all Paint did was to snort. That might mean anything. Ballew took it to mean that he had stolen this supply, and so another wrong was added to his score.

The want of exercise hurt the health of these full-blooded men and the unvarying fare turned their stomachs. Andy complained more than usual of nausea and his looks gave his complaints the color of truth. For this reason it fell to Murray to do the major share of feeding the horses. The poor brutes had come in from the pasture to the shelter of a windbreak near the dugout and Paint fed them daily of their scant store of grain. He gave impartially to his own and Ballew's; indeed, Andy's favorite horse got something more than his due. It was curious how each of them distrusted the other in the matter of cooking, yet relied implicitly on fair dealing in the care of the horses.

For forty days and forty nights the cattle went by and the wind blew. As often as it cleared and they were tempted outside to squint at the sky, the angry clouds threatened an immediate renewal of storm and they were driven indoors. Once Murray woke from sleep, conscious that somebody was moving in the room. It was Ballew, who was groping in the hole under his bunk where Paint had been wont to secrete his six-shooter and his valuables. Holding himself ready, Murray cried out: "I done told you I hid 'em out."

The other tumbled back into bed.

It came the night of the twenty-fourth of December. Toward eight o'clock the wind abated and the snow ceased. Murray walked outside to get a look at the weather. The clouds were dispersing. Low in the sky hung a pulsating fiery pendant—the great star that guided the Magi to the manger when they journeyed to lay their gifts at the feet of the Child.

Murray folded his arms and gazed aloft. It was all so coldly peaceful. He clenched his hands and raised them above his head. From his lips came choking oaths, scarcely breathed. At last he turned to reënter the house. In that instant Ballew sprang on him from behind.

They dug their heels into the loose snow and for a moment looked to be at rest as they strained, chest to chest. Murray had both of Ballew's wrists gripped tight. They felt hard as iron to him. While one might count forty they were motionless. Ballew, the heavier, thrust a leg back of the other. Again they strove without sound or movement, while the skin across their foreheads grew taut. Ballew let the air out of his lungs with a great gasp. There came a scarcely perceptible droop to one of Murray's shoulders. Next moment his feet flew from under him and he went heavily to the ground.

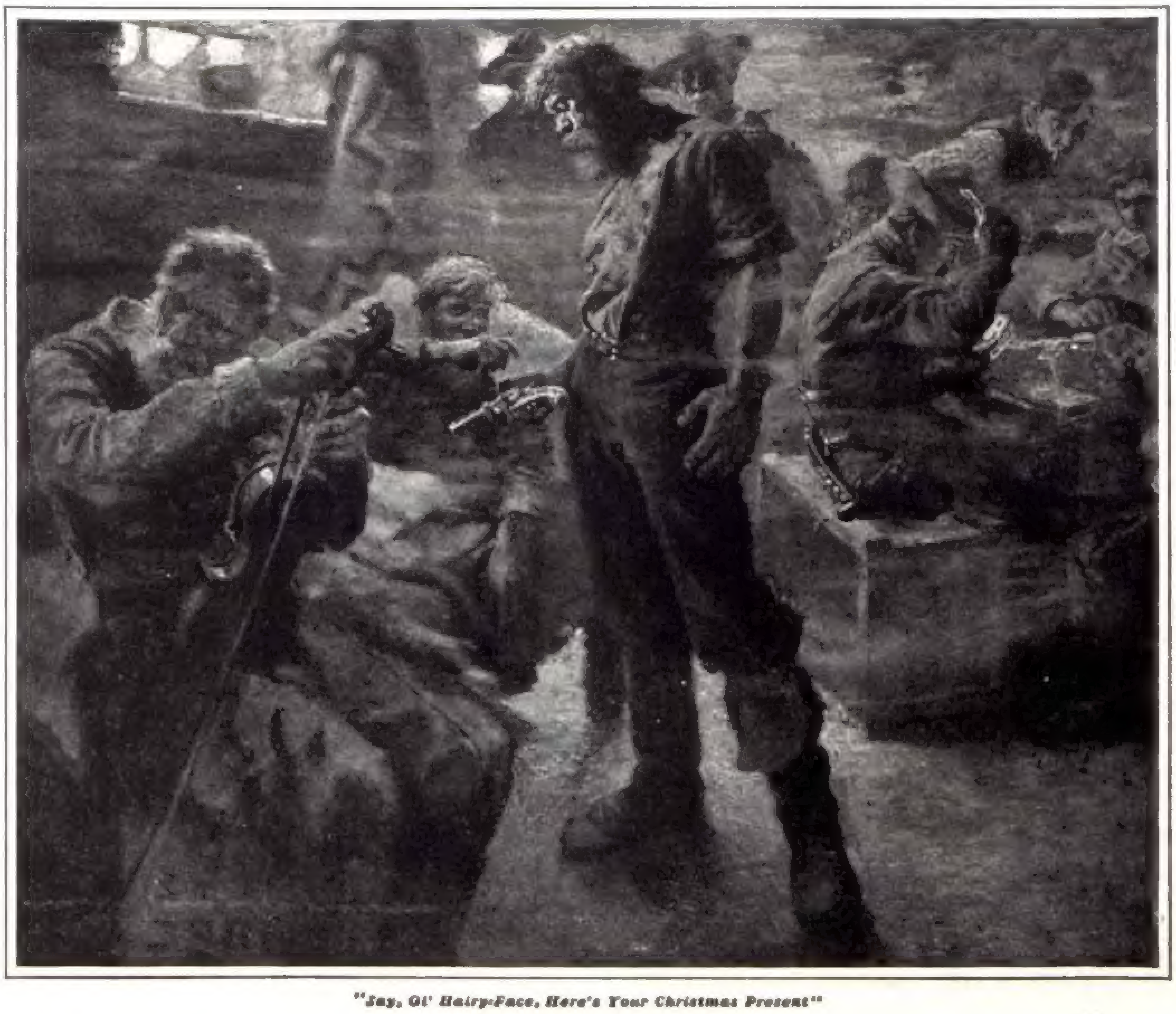
"Don't, Andy," he begged. "Oh! You've stabbed me!"

Ballew drove again, grunting: "So you don't like my singing, hey?"

He had his knife raised for the third stroke when something moist touched his cheek. It sent a cold chill all down Ballew's spine and he started away, crying out. There beside him was a dog, an abject mongrel collie, shivering from cold. Its tail was tucked between its legs and the beast whimpered. It crept up to Murray. Ballew gave a sort of groan when it began to lick his face. He could do nothing but gape at the animal, fearful of his own senses. How had it come? What was Anniebelle Thurber's dog doing there?

He raised Murray and carried him into the shack. Then he went feverishly to work to revive him. Over beside the fire the dog crouched, whining at intervals, one yellow eye following Andy's progress.

Four hours after dawn the two Thurbers came up the cañon with a force of Matador men. There was surprisingly little snow after such a downfall. The wind had dissipated it. In spots where the drift towered twenty feet high they had only to make a slight détour to ride clear ground. Dragged along by main force in their midst was a packmule bearing food and a keg of whisky. The cowboys laughed and sang and playfully rode one another into the snowbanks as they advanced.


"Say, Ol' Hairy-Face, Here's Your Christmas Present"

In the line camp they found one hairy man bending over another, feeding him gruel made of ground jerkey and flour gravy. The man with the bowl blinked at them and was sullenly shy. These roisterers did not seem of his species, so long had he been immured. Little could be seen of the other except a yellow beard, two feverish eyes and a hand hanging down.

"Hello, Andy," the boss cried jovially, and clapped him on the back. Then he saw Murray and turned suddenly stern: "What's the matter, Paint?"

Now two knife wounds, one in the shoulder and the other among the ribs, cannot be explained away by the ordinary mischances of daily life. A fall from one's horse will not make a slit an inch deep in a man; neither will collision with a door or a tree in the dark do more than bruise or bark the skin.

For this reason Murray knew it was useless to lie, so he told almost the truth.

"Oh, it ain't nothing. Me and Andy here we had a few words. You know how that is, judge? I tried to bust ol' Andy open with a stool. I just happened to be feeling mean."

"Hem!" said the boss; "and what did Andy do?"

The line riders looked at each other. Ballew was feeding gruel to Murray at the moment and he spilled some of the contents on the patient's face. They both broke into a cackle intended for merriment.

"Pshaw!" the boss bellowed, discreetly incurious. "A fight, hey? You boys should ought to know better. Besides, it's Christmas."

"Christmas!" said Ballew dazedly. "It is?"

"Yes, I knew it," Paint said in a weary voice, and closed his eyes.

The cowboys completely filled the dugout. There was much confusion and chinking of spurred heels. They had the pack off in a trice and somebody built up the fire; another man scoured the pots and two more proceeded to put the shack in order. Soon the beef was roasting in the coals, the water was boiling in the coffee-pot and a man was making bread.

"Hey, don't be so slow with that bottle. Send her round. Send her round," rose a shout.

They were a rakehelly crew, and I am ashamed to tell you how much whisky was drunk that Christmas day. But let us take solace from the fact that every mother's son of them swore a solemn pledge of temperance before the new year arrived. They meant these resolutions at the time they made them, too, their stomachs being in mutiny.

While he chaffed and talked and directed the preparations for dinner the boss prowled about the dugout, prying into holes and corners. He would get to the situation in his own way. He called out to Ballew to know where they kept their guns.

"Oh, they're all right," Murray cut in; "I done put 'em away."

"Sure!" said the boss heartily.

Just before the cook yelled "Come and git it, or I'll throw it away!" Murray called the boss to him and whispered. Thurber went out and reëntered with a bundle wrapped in an old coat. This he gave to Paint, who said: "Here's your gun, Andy."

Ballew took the weapon and shoved it under his pillow, remarking that it belonged to Steve Halsell and he would have to return it. From out the bundle Murray now drew another six-shooter, pearl-handled, with a silver-scrolled barrel. This was his own, his special pride and care. Ballew had long coveted it, and Paint thrust it into his fist.

"Say, ol' hairy-face," he croaked, "here's your Christmas present. I been saving it for you."

Andy, muttering something, turned it over and over in his hand. The boss went to engage in a game of pitch and left them alone.

After everybody had eaten he said, trying to repress a sigh of content and to look worried: "All our cattle 've done gone."

"We'll get 'em agin, judge."

"Sure!" said Thurber. "We'll start in tomorrow. Oh, Andy!"

"What?" answered Ballew from the side of Murray's bunk.

"Don't you reckon we can find our cattle in that drift? We'd ought to be able to get some. There's half a million head gone south."

"I reckon we won't lose none on the count," Andy replied, and checked himself in a laugh as though the sound scared him. He had almost forgotten how.

Ballew thought well of the jest, anticipating rich profits from the general turmoil of the Big Drift. He winked at Murray, who grinned back at him. They spoke very little. Andy contented himself with fondling the mongrel's ears, or inquiring gruffly from time to time whether Paint needed anything. Likewise he fed the dog large strips of beef. The visitors noted this extreme care and put it down to companionship bred of loneliness. One of their number seemed puzzled and called the brute to him.

"Why," he said, "that's Anniebelle's dog. I thought he looked kind of familiar. I done saw that li'l' ol' dog three days back at headquarters. How did you come by him, Andy?"

Ballew swallowed hard. The other noted his wild eyes and feared that Andy might have contracted a fever.

"I reckon He done sent him," he said.

"Who?" the boss called from the fireplace. He was holding a bottle halfway to his mouth. "Who? Me? No, I didn't bring that ol' dog."

All afternoon they sang and smoked and drank. Tomorrow would bring the wearing work of reclaiming their scattered herds; let tomorrow take care of itself. That was always their maxim—besides, today was Christmas.

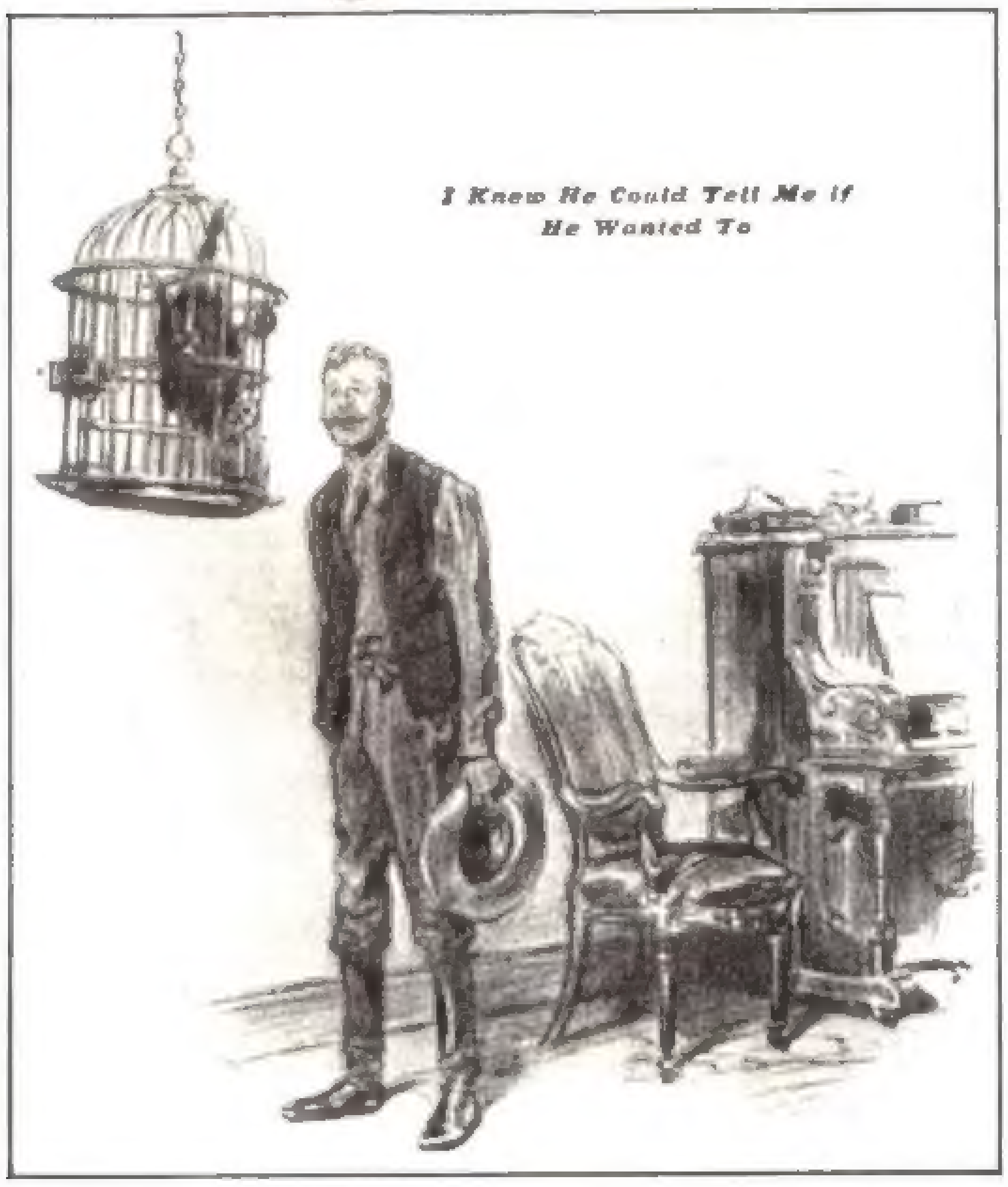
By dint of persuasion and three drinks of rye they got Andy to his

(Concluded on Page 48)

Billy Fortune and the Original Apple

By William R. Lighton

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER



I Knew He Could Tell Me if He Wanted To

DON'T you like to know things, if they're true? I do. But you don't like 'em to be too true, do you? I don't. A thing that's too true gets to be terrible tedious. The kind of true things I like are them that have got some variety to 'em, so as to keep you guessin' and interested. Variety—I think that's a great little old word.

See what I mean? Do you know the tale they tell about the first man? That's an awful human tale, ain't it? That shows the kind of thing I mean. "You mustn't eat that apple," they tells the man. "I know I mustn't," he says. "It would injure you," says they to him. "I know it would," says he. "I ain't a-goin' to eat it," he says. I reckon he didn't mean to either; but all the while he must have knew he would, sooner or later, and it kept him considerable fretful and bothered. "Now, why mustn't I eat it?" he'd say—talkin' to himself, you know, with the woman stickin' close round and listenin' and studyin' him out of the corner of her eye. I expect she was a heap amused by the solemnness of him. A woman don't care about things like a man does—not the real, melancholy, true things, I mean. When he got so plumb absorbed with it by and by that he couldn't cinch his attention on to her any more, she commenced to get provoked with him. "I declare, ain't a man funny?" says she. "Shucks! Be a sport. The way to find out why you mustn't eat it is to eat it and get it off your mind. I'm gettin' real wore out with your broodin'." Ain't that just like 'em? You can't tell if she got the man right convinced; but anyway he done it. And then he found out, didn't he? They don't tell us what it was, but it must have been one of them true things with lots of variety in it, like I'm tellin' you about. You'd judge so, because the way the story runs I can't help believin' that the man would have spells after that, as long as he lived, when he'd set for a whole evenin' with his chin in his hands, starin' into the campfire, not sayin' a word, but just millin' it over in his mind, tryin' to figure out whether it was all as true as it might be or if somebody or other mebbe hadn't tried to run a whizzer on him.

Yes, sir; that tale shows what I'm gettin' at. If that man had took their word for it and let that apple alone he might've been a whole lot more peaceable afterward, but he wouldn't have knew. There's always two kinds of wise men—them that just believes and them that's had experience. I can't say I care much for the first kind; his wiseness is too true and humdrum, like I'm tellin' you. If that man had let that apple alone you wouldn't care much for the story, would you?

And supposin' I hadn't turned round and gone back, that time at Lusk, for a second look in the store window at that bunch of Mexican jewelry with the blue stones in it? Oh, yes, I've had a bite out of that apple myself. I might as well tell you.

I'd hit the town perfectly quiet, not meanin' to tear loose any whatever, because I didn't have but about a dollar on me. I wasn't broke—I just hadn't drew any before I left the ranch; I was savin' up till I'd have enough for a real time later in the fall. All I'd come for was to get a load of wire and then pull right straight back out to Box-X. I wasn't even thinkin' about apples.

But there wasn't a load of wire in town, nor there wouldn't be till a car got in next afternoon. I was real vexed with havin' to wait round and lose all that good time from workin', with nothin' to do but leanin' my back up against the horserack and whittlin', or tellin' the man in the newspaper joint about how the fall pastures was comin' on up our way, or playin' a little game of pitch for matches with that red-headed biscuit-shooter at the lunch counter. There wasn't a glimmer of wickedness in me till Steve Brainard rode in from Nine-Bar, along in the end of the afternoon.

It's right funny about me and Steve Brainard. You keep us far enough apart and there ain't hardly anybody in the country that's got more first-class, responsible reputations than us two; but you put us together and it's all off. I ain't explainin' it; I'm just tellin' you. Millions of times it's happened. Millions and millions of times I've been plumb religious for as much as a month at a stretch, off on the range or workin' round, till somethin' would happen to bring me and Steve up against each other. It's always been a sure sign of trouble for either one of us to set eyes on the other one. There was the time when we stole the tombstones down at Fort Robinson to scare them nigger soldiers. And there was the time when we made old Uncle Peter Bassett believe he'd asked the Widow Wilson to marry him in one of his absent-minded spells, till it cost him a whole carload of wool from his spring clip to buy her off. And there was the time when we dressed that travelin' camp-meetin' preacher up with the schoolma'am's corset and silk petticoat and made him ride that way clean out to Casper on top of the baggage car. Them kind of things don't hardly sound reasonable, like growed-up men would do 'em; but we've done 'em. We've done thousands of 'em. It's got so that whenever I see Steve Brainard I don't try to resist any more; I just know there's somethin' comin'.

I was settin' in the livery stable, talkin' with the mail-stage man from Willow, when Steve come up in front in the mountain wagon and got down, and stood there slappin' the dust off his hat and hitchin' up his breeches.

"Oh, gee whiz!" says I to myself. I had a notion of tryin' to duck out the back way, because I knew how bad the boss needed that wire; but then I knew it wouldn't be a speck of use, so I just set and waited till he come on in. He seemed to feel pretty much the same way, because when he caught sight of me he stopped still and stiffened up.

"Hello, Billy," he says. "What you doin' here?"

"Hello," says I. "Doin' here? Me? Nothin'."

Steve give another hitch to his belt. "Billy," says he, "I'm in a rush this time. Got to rustle a couple extra men for the alfalfa-cuttin' and get back as quick as I can."

"Here too," says I. "They've got a couple miles of posts set and they're waitin' on me to fetch the wire."

"We're horrible busy at Nine-Bar," says Steve. "Work's 'way behind."

"Same up our way," says I. "We ain't even started the calf-brandin' yet, and we've got all them new horses to break."

"We're goin' to build a couple new tanks in the big pasture this side Rawhide when the alfalfa's up," says Steve. "They ought to been done last month."

"Beats all, don't it, how the work piles up!" says I.

We kept on like that for a spell, apologizin' to each other; but all the while we was siftin' up the road toward Holsapple's place, sort of casual; and in a minute there we was, both of us with one foot up on the brass railin', grinnin' at each other. Steve pushed his hat back on his head, with the front brim turned up, and his eyes commenced dancin'.

"Billy," says he, "I was just thinkin', comin' up the trail. Do you remember the time when we built the fire round the drunk constable down at Laramie, and burned his wooden leg off him?" And with that he reached out for the bottle and then shoved it along to me. That was the way the thing started, just like I'm tellin' you. Yes, sir; she started that way, but the finish didn't come till four days afterward. Even at that I might have stayed steady if Holsapple hadn't happened to remember.

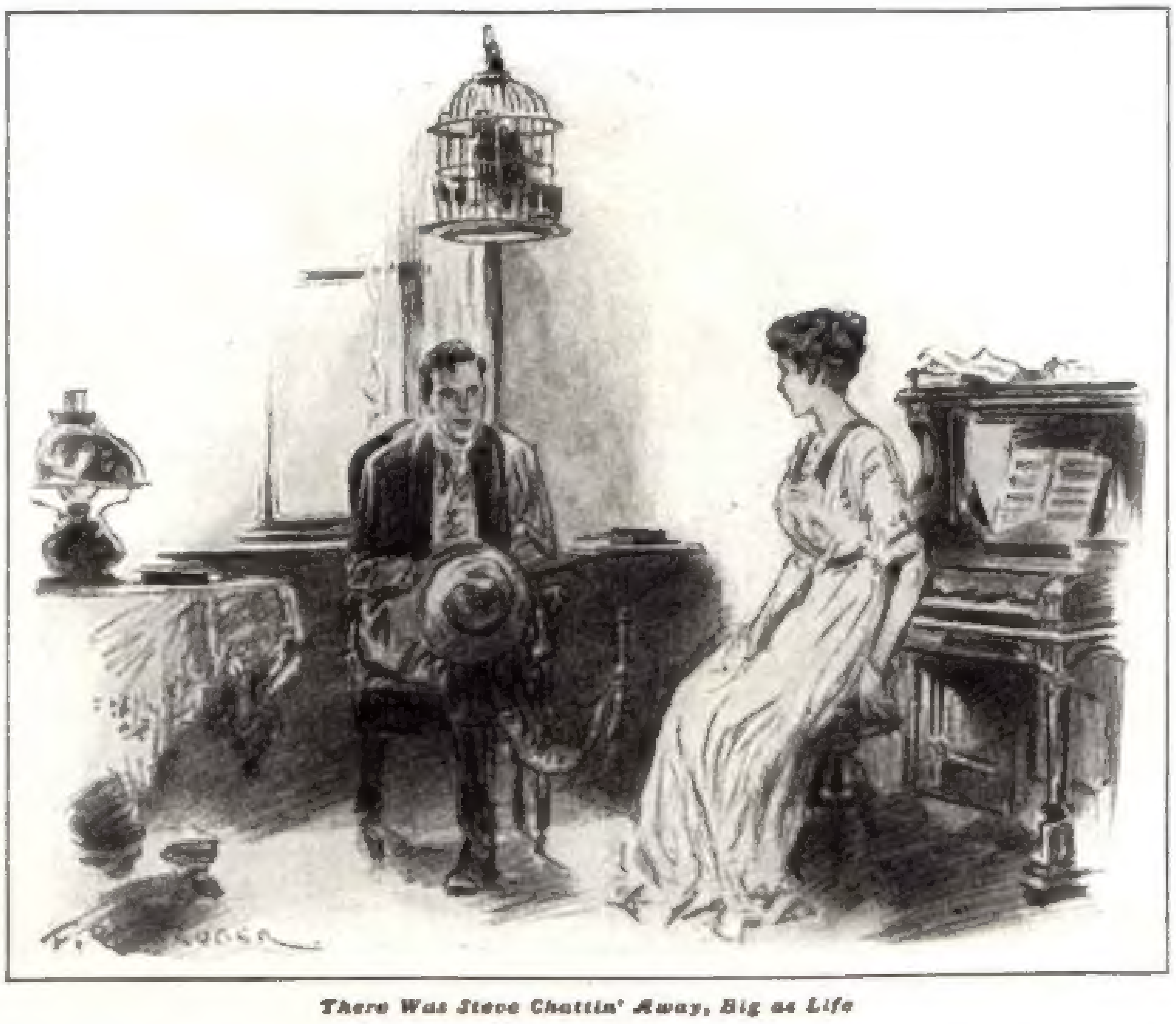
"I reckon you've seen her, you two?" says he, just after we'd had the second one and was startin' to go over to the hotel for supper.

"Saw who?" says Steve. "I don't hardly expect we have. You talk like it was some new one."

"Well, my land!" says Holsapple. "You don't mean you ain't even heard about her? The Chicago actress girl? The one that's come here to Lusk?"

Steve give me a sideways look. "Billy?" says he. I shook my head at him. "No, I ain't," says I. "Not a blessed word—honest. What's she doin' here? How long's she been here? What sort is she for looks?"

"She come yesterday mornin'," says Holsapple. "Just to rest up, they say, in some place where it's high and dry and quiet. Thunder, I reckoned everybody in the whole country had heard about her!" He waves his hand round at the different pink and blue and yellow pictures on the walls—whisky pictures and cigar pictures and calendars, with the different ladies on 'em. "I ain't seen her myself yet," says he, "but they tell me she looks like 'most any of those. And they tell me she's got as much as a mealsack full of diamonds—wears 'em everywhere on her, different places, where you wouldn't hardly look for 'em—on her garters and in her hair, and suchlike. I don't know; mebbe so. And clothes! They tell me she's got different dresses for every day in



There Was Steve Chattin' Away, Big as Life the week. She ain't been round much yet, but don't you expect she'll make considerable of a splash in society when she gets a-goin' good?"

Steve was lookin' at the pictures. "'Most any of those ladies would," says he. "Come on, Billy." And we piked off together. I can't tell you what he was thinkin' about, but I know mighty well I wasn't thinkin' about fence wire. We wasn't sayin' much. That was a bad sign.

We had our supper pretty near over before I caught sight of her. I'd been watchin' out steady. Steve had too. We both saw her together when she come in the door and walked over to the far table in the corner, where they didn't put anybody but particular strangers.

Listen: I liked the looks of her right from the jump. She didn't resemble none of the pictures in Holsapple's, so far as I could notice, and she was dressed a sight different from just the cobwebs and woolly clouds the picture ladies had on; but she was all right tall and slim and supple, with a way of carryin' herself when she walked as if she was plumb used to havin' folks look at her. And she had on just a nice frock, white with pink flowers on it, and some fluffy trimmin's round her neck and arms, and she had loads and loads of smooth, shiny black hair done up like they do it. If she'd come up for a rest she sure had made headway; she looked right rested to me, with her big, dark eyes all lit up and shinin', and her red lips, and the soft color showin' through her dark skin. Health? Why, she was just laughin' full of it. Yes, sir; she pleased me, that girl, so she did.

Neither one of us said anything till we'd gone out and set on the edge of the sidewalk and was makin' cigarettes. Steve got his to goin' first, and then he set there, lookin' over at the hills across the railroad tracks, with that funny look he gets round his eyes and mouth when he's thinkin' some devilment. It made me uneasy. With me I mostly let folks know what's on my mind. Steve don't though. The only way to find out what's goin' on in the back of his head is to ask him - and then he don't ever tell you the truth.

"What did you think of her?" says I when he didn't seem to mean to start the talk.

He give me a quick look and a slow grin. "Holsapple said she was an actress girl," says he. "Do you reckon she could act?"

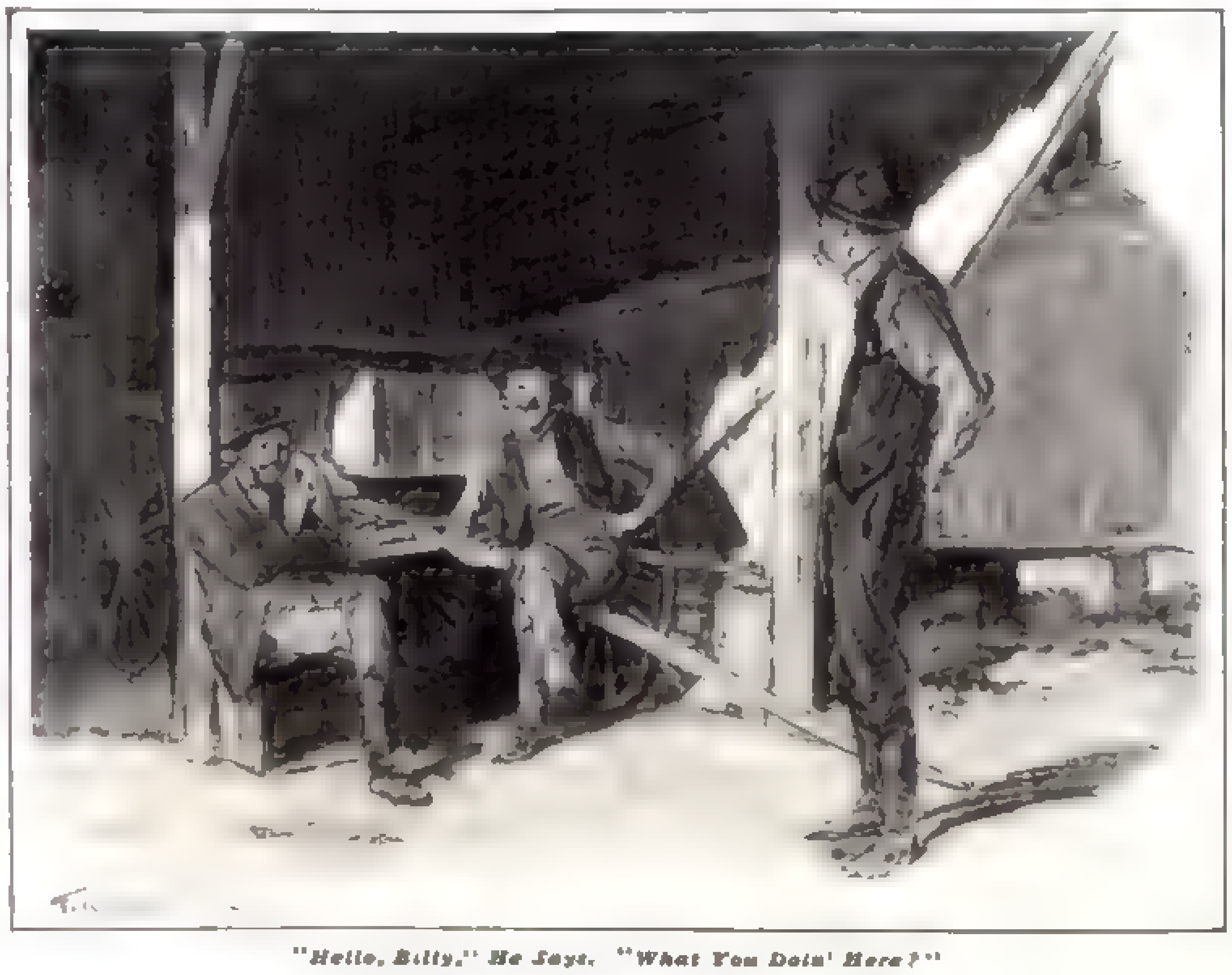
"What's that got to do with it?" says I. "Didn't you hear him say she's restin' now? Anyway, ain't it about time you was goin' and huntin' up them hay-hands of yours, if you've got to start back tonight?"

He didn't answer me right away, because we both heard a woman's dress rustlin' through the hall from the dinin' room. It stopped right behind us for a minute, as if she was lookin' out the door; and then we heard her goin' upstairs, hummin' a little tune to herself, and turn into the parlor; and pretty soon the piano started up. Steve flipped the end of his cigarette away and stood up. "I expect I better," says he. Only he didn't. He went right straight into the hall and upstairs.

I guess from the way it turned out I'd ought to followed him; but I didn't. I had somethin' else in my mind. I drilled off up the street and got me a clean shave, and bought me a new blue shirt and a blue silk handkerchief for round my neck, and a snakeskin belt and a snakeskin band for round my hat, and then I slid back to the hotel and got me a room and went up to put my things on. When I went by the parlor door there was Steve chattin' away, big as life, tellin' her things about the cow-country, and there was her settin' over on the piano-stool, listenin' and laughin' like she'd knew him since the year one. I was right pleased with the sound of her laugh too - low and soft. It made you think of clear water makin' music back in the pine hills.

When I'd got me fixed up and come back down the hall I heard her laughin' again; but it wasn't in the parlor this time. Steve and the girl was just goin' downstairs together and out on the street. And there was me, standin' on one foot and just lookin' after 'em.

"Billy," says I to myself, "that's always the trouble with you—you didn't start soon enough. And you got eleven dollars' worth of new clothes on you that you didn't need at all. What you figurin' on doin' now?"


"Hello, Billy," He Says. "What You Doin' Here?"

"I don't know," I says. "Don't blame me. It ain't the start that counts anyway: it's the finish. But how much of a start do you reckon he's got?"

I couldn't answer that. While I was standin' there somethin' happened that seemed as if it might help. I heard a funny little noise comin' out of the parlor—cooin', it was, and chucklin'; and then a funny sort of a voice says: "Quit! Quit!" I'd clean forgot about him, but it was the big green parrot hangin' in his cage over by the window, and he was swingin' upside down and talkin' to himself real sociable. "Quit!" says he. "Don't!"

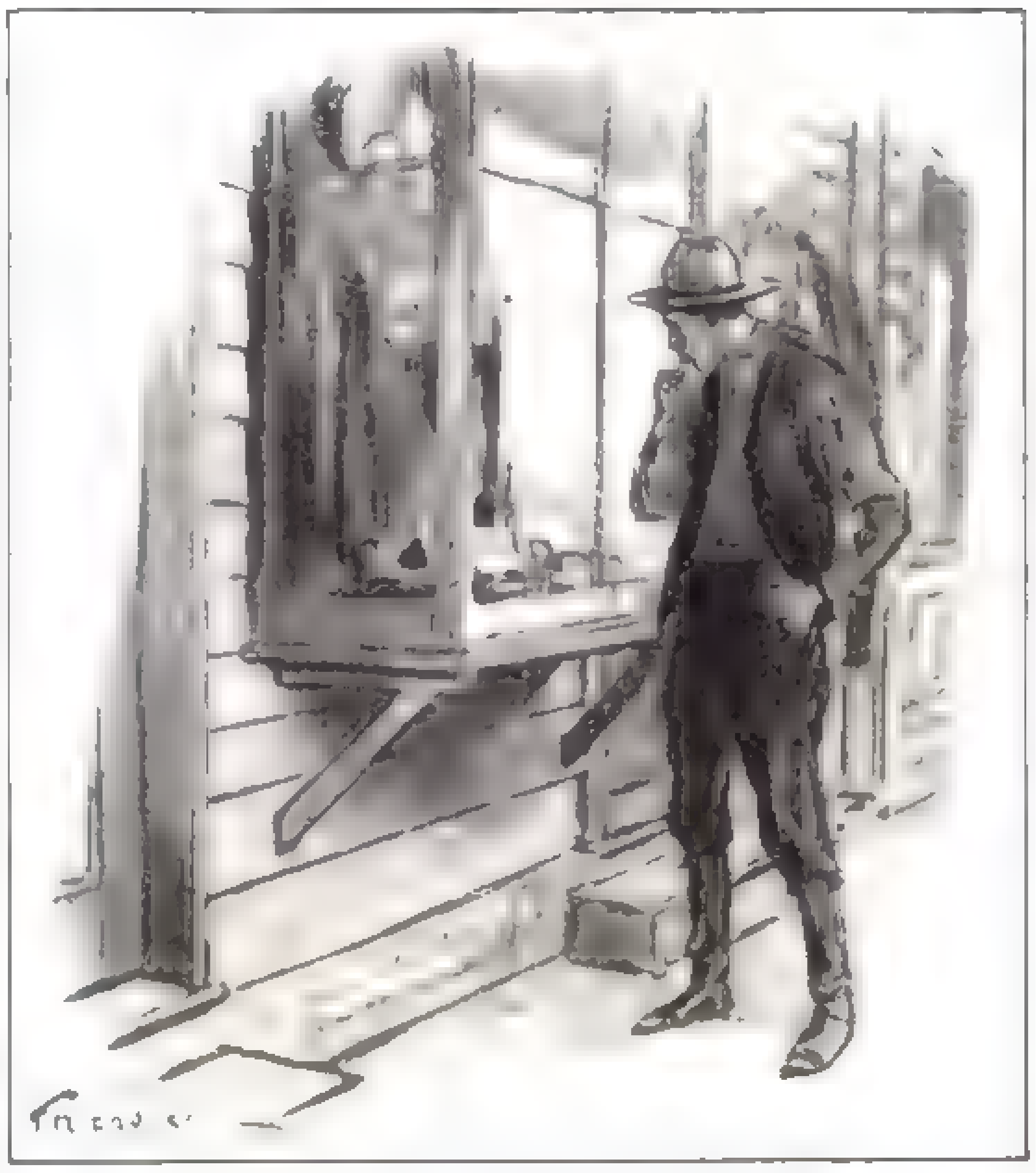
"Oh!" says I. It come over me all at once, and I went on into the parlor and over to his cage. "Hello, Polly!" I says; and then I stood and waited for a spell, till he might take a notion to say somethin' more. They said he was a real bright parrot, and he'd been present. He didn't seem in much of a rush with the talk though—just dangled round the cage, squawkin' and fussin' to himself like they do. "Polly!" I says again after a bit, to get him started, me not bein' used to their manners.

"Quit!" says Polly. "Don't!" And then he went off in a long fit of his cooin' laughin'. "What was it he said to her, Polly?" says I; but all the parrot would do was grab hold of the wires with his bill, and wall his eyes at me and make a mess of foolish noises in his throat. It didn't suit me. That there parrot had heard, and I knew he could tell me if he wanted to, if I could just get him to goin'. I tried several different ways to coax him along, but he seemed like a terrible close-mouthed rascal all of a sudden.

"If you was a human, now," says I, "I'd know pretty near what to do." And then the notion struck me. "He's darn near human," I says. "Try it. Mebbe it would work." And with that I went out and got me a half-pint of rye, and then I sneaked back and got the parrot and stuffed him in a pillow-case, and took him out by the back stairs and over beyond the tracks.

I had considerable of a time with him, gettin' him to take to the bottle. His mouth wasn't built right and he was horrible wasteful of it; but I got some of it down him after a while, and then I held him in between my knees till it would get in his blood. "Now," says I, "if that don't loosen you up then nothin' will."

Well, it did. You'd have been surprised, I expect, at the different things that parrot commenced to say. It was sure comical. He must have listened to a heap of different people talkin' since he was young, and every blessed thing he'd ever heard 'em all say begun to boil up out of him all at once. It wasn't all nice talk, but it certainly did sound amusin', with him reared back on his tail-feathers, with his head to one side and his eyes full of red fire and his tongue goin' like a windmill in a stiff breeze. My word, in two minutes that old rooster had told me more wickedness than I'd ever knew, till he had me layin' back against the railroad bank behind me and laughin' cramps in my cheeks. I was so interested that I hadn't noticed he wasn't tellin' me anything about what I wanted to know.


Cheap at $140. That Was What She Said

"Yes," says I to him, "but what was it Steve said to that girl? Here," says I, "take some more and mebbe you'll recollect." What with the lot he let spill out the sides of his bill there wasn't but a little bit of a drink left after he'd had his second one, and I took that myself. "Now," says I to him, "you whirl in and tell me what it was that Steve said to that girl; you hear?"

I ain't got the least notion what the parrot said after that, because right then I heard a noise behind me; and when I jerked round to look there was Steve and the girl standin' on the railroad track right over me. And there was me squatted flat on the ground, with my legs spraddled out and a jingled green parrot held in between 'em, with the two of us drinkin' out of the same bottle. And there was what I'd been sayin' too.

"Well, Judas Priest!" says I, and I scrambled up on to my feet. "How long have you been there?"

Steve's eyes were shinin', but he was holdin' in. "Not so awful long," says he. "Billy, come up here. I want you to meet this lady. Miss Walden," he says to her, "this is my friend, Billy Fortune. He's a real nice man."

She give me her little hand, holdin' her eyes on mine. They felt as if they was lookin' away deep into me. I was that bothered the sweat started out on my face thick. "Gee whiz, ain't it hot!" says I, tryin' to wipe it off with the sleeve of my shirt. She'd been doin' her best, that girl, but that seemed as if it was too much for her; and she dropped down on the end of a railroad tie and commenced to laugh. It was none of your polite little laughs; it was a real rollicky one that come straight up out of the heart of her. I couldn't see the fun of it right then; but even with my fluster I sure did enjoy the sound of her laugh. It lasted a long time, too, before it begun to taper off in little fits of happy gurgles, and when she got up she was wipin' the tears out of her eyes with a foolish little handkerchief.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Fortune," says she. "I couldn't help it."

"Don't mention it," I says; "it wasn't any consequence. I hope you won't mind what that there parrot said, with his bringin' up." She shook her head at me, with her handkerchief over her mouth and her eyes dancin'. I had a notion that Steve would start to joshin' me; I pretty near hoped he would, so as to start my mind; but he didn't. He just left it to me to explain if I wanted to, and I couldn't think of a blessed word more to say. We was all perfectly still on the way back to the hotel. I was plumb disgusted with myself. "Well, good evenin'," says I when we got to the door. "I'm real pleased I met you." And then I streaked over to Holsapple's. The parrot? Oh, I don't know what ever did become of him.

It was real late when I went to bed. Steve hadn't showed up till an hour or so before I was ready to quit, and when he come he never said a single word about what had happened. He was awful polite to me, with that soft voice of his, talkin' about different things, but not a whisper about the girl, nor the parrot, nor my new things. It was only when I'd take a square look at him that I'd see the fire a-burnin' away back in his eyes. He sure did have it on me that time. I couldn't see but what I'd made a bad fool of myself. When I'd crawled into bed I had my mind all made up that when that car of wire come in the next afternoon I'd be waitin' for it and ready to make a heap of trail before sundown. I reckoned I knew when I'd had a-plenty.

I'd have done it, too, most likely, if it hadn't been for that Mexican jewelry in the store window. Yes, I'm comin' to that. I had to wait till I worked round to it in the right place in the tale.

It was after-breakfast in the mornin' and I was goin' up the sidewalk, not headed for any place in particular, but just moseyin'. Steve had got out ahead of me and I'd eat by myself, with nobody to talk to and nothin' to do but think, so I was sort of rasped and sore in my mind. And then I saw Steve standin' in front of this window and lookin' in. I hadn't noticed it the day before, but there was this jewelry spread out—silver, it was, real heavy, made up in some fancy openwork shapes, and all full of them blue turquoises. And there was a card layin' beside it that told how much it was: Cheap at $140. That was what she said. Mebbe it was; I don't know. I didn't stop to think about that part of it, because Steve got me goin' on another trail.

"Hello, Billy," he says to me, when I pulled up beside him. "Say, ain't that a whiz of a thing? Where do you reckon they'd wear it though; round their neck?"

"No," I says, me bein' cross; "round their waist, I'd say, with them dangles down. You can't tell."

But Steve didn't pay any attention to my crossness. "It's a wonder that actress girl ain't bought it," he says. "They're all so fond of different jewelry."

I didn't answer him, and in a minute we was passin' along. Steve, he was lookin' straight ahead and meditatin' real serious, it seemed like. I figured that I knew pretty near what he was thinkin'. Don't it seem right natural to you? After a bit, soon as I could, I ducked away from him and went on back to the window. You can tell what I was fixin' to do, but it took me quite a spell to get it argued out.

"Now, see here, Billy," I says, "don't you go and be a darned fool. You know you ain't got any excuse."

"I know I ain't," says I, "but I sure do hate to let that Steve put it over me. Ain't I got as much excuse as him?"

"Shucks!" I says. "Quit it. Let it alone. What do you care for her anyway?"

"Oh, nothin' much," says I; "but that ain't what's eatin' me. You know it ain't. Is it like me just to lay down and let him get away with it?"

"Yes, but look at the price of it," I says. "Four months' pay. You know you oughtn't to do it." That's the way it went on, just for all the world like that lad fussin' at himself about that apple. But all the while I knew I was goin' to do it, same as him.

"If you get to messin' any more with it," I says, "you know mighty well what it means—there's no tellin' when you'll get back to the ranch. Ain't you goin' to have any confidence in yourself any more?"

"Oh, shut up!" says I. "What's it to you? Wire fences ain't all there is in this life anyway. There's other things. Come on in; I'm goin' to do it." And with that I went in and told 'em not to sell that jewelry to anybody else till I could have time to sort of rustle round and make my arrangements. Even at that I didn't have myself all convinced. "You're sure goin' to set yourself back by it, Billy," I'd say—just like when you think you've got all done scratchin' at a fleabite, it'll still keep breakin' out itchin'.

It didn't matter, though, because I got to speculatin' on how I was goin' to make my raise the easiest, without havin' to let 'em know at the ranch. If it had been anything else I'd have riffled it off of Steve till I could have time to draw mine, but that wouldn't do on this deal; and a hundred and forty was a good bit to try to raise in little chunks from a lot of different ones. It would get circulated round so everybody would be payin' attention to me. There was just one good way left, if I happened to be lucky—I might get some of the boys started on a little game of draw. That's a way that always seems reasonable when you want money quick. If I could get Steve in, it would help my spirit some if I was to win part of it from him, wouldn't it?

"Yes," says the melancholy part of me, "but how do you know you're lucky today? You better not fool with it."

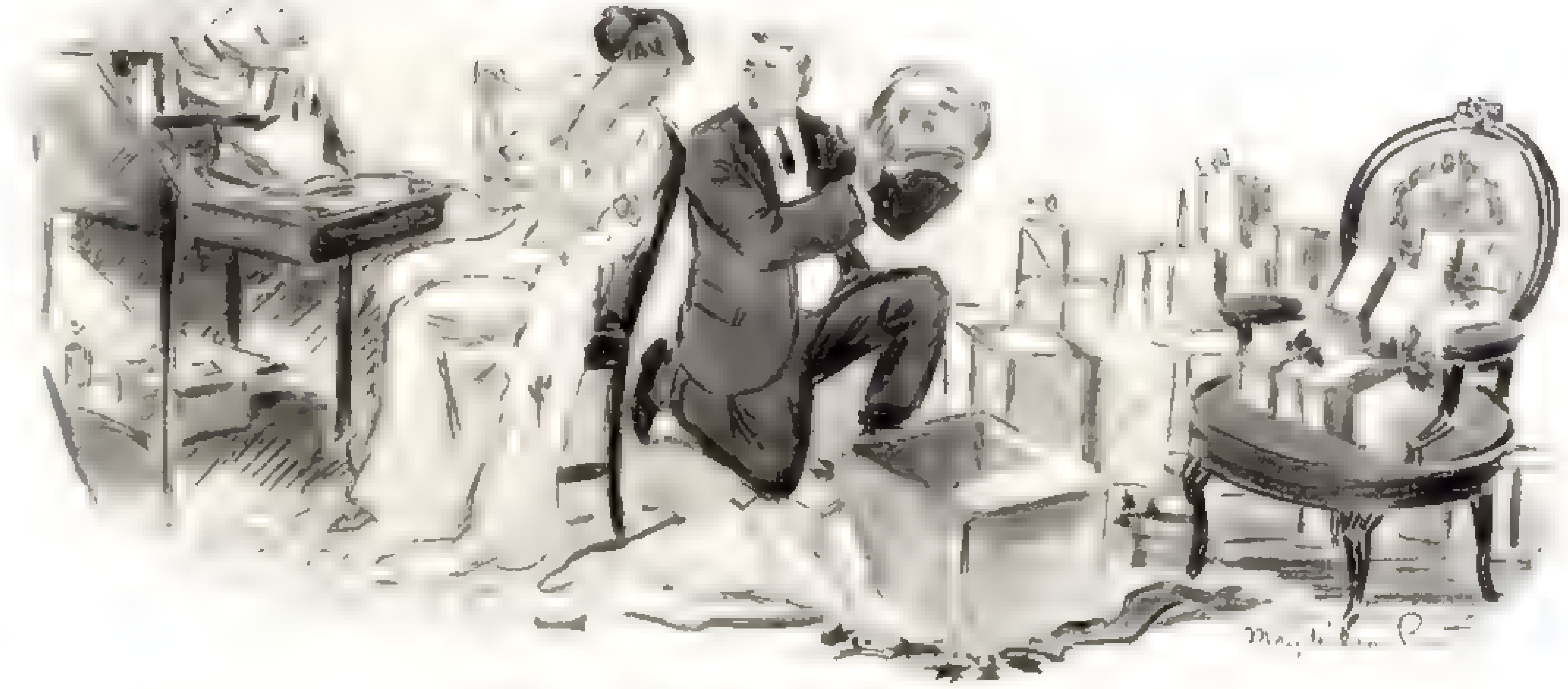
"My land, but you've got a horrible grouch on!" says the cheerful part of me. "Here, I'll tell you what I'll do—

(Continued on Page 44)

Mrs. Budlong's Christmas Gifts

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

By RUPERT HUGHES



"Who's This Big, Immense Pink-and-Purple Cuspidor For?"

THE morning after Christmas Eve is the worst morning-after there is. The very house suffers the headache that follows a prolonged spree. Remorse stalks at large—remorse for the things one gave—and did not give—and got.

Everybody must act a general glee which can be felt only specifically if at all. Everybody must exclaim about everything: Oh! and Ah! and How sweet of you! and Isn't it perfectly dear? The Very Thing I wanted! and How did you EVER guess it?

Christmas morning in the town of Carthage is a day when most of the people keep close at home, for Christmas is another passover. It is Santa Claus that passes over.

People in Carthage are not rich and the shops are not grandiose, and interfamily presents are apt to be trivial and futile—or, worse yet, utile.

The Carthaginian mother generally finds that father has credited the hat she got last fall to this Christmas; the elder brothers receive warm underthings and the young ones brasstoed boots, mits and mufflers. The girls may get something ornamental in their stockings, and their stockings may be silk or nearly; but then girls have to be foolishly diked up anyway, or they will never be married off. Dressing up daughters comes under the head of window-display or coupons and is charged off to publicity.

Nearly everybody in Carthage—except Mrs. Ulysses S. G. Budlong—celebrates Christmas behind closed doors. People find it easier to rhapsodize when the collateral is not shown. It is amazing how far a Carthaginian can go on the most meager donation. The formula is usually: "We had such a lovely Christmas at our house! What did I get? Oh, so many things I can't remember!"

Mrs. Ulysses S. G. Budlong, however, does not celebrate her Christmases behind closed doors—or, rather, she did not; for a strange change came over her this last Christmas. She used to open her doors wide—metaphorically, that is; for there was a stormdoor, with a spring on it, to keep the cold draft out of the hall.

As regular as Christmas itself was the oh-quite-informal reception Mrs. Budlong gave to mitigate the ineffable stupidity of Christmas afternoon—that dolorous period when one meditates the ancient platitude that anticipation is better than realization.

On Christmas Day Mrs. U. S. G. Budlong took all the gifts she had gleaned and piled them on and around the baby-grand piano in the back parlor. There was a piano lamp there, and it was about as large and as useful as a date palm tree. Then she invited the neighbors in. It looked like hospitality, but it felt like hostility. She passed her neighbors under the yoke and gloated over her guests, though seeming to overgloat her gifts.

She got the gifts though. There was no question of that. By hook or by crook she saw to it that the bazar under the piano lamp always gleamed.

One of the chief engines for keeping up the display was the display itself. Everybody who knew Mrs. Budlong—and not to know Mrs. Budlong was to argue oneself unknown—knew that he or she would be invited to this Christmas triumph. And being invited rather implied being represented in the loot.

Hence ensued a curious rivalry in Carthage. People vied with each other in giving Mrs. Budlong presents. Not that they loved Mrs. Budlong more, but that they loved comparisons less.

The rivalry grew to quite ridiculous proportions, but of course Mrs. Budlong did not care how ridiculous it grew; for it could hardly have escaped her shrewd eyes that people gave her presents in order to show other people that some people needn't think they could show off before other people without having other people show that they could show off too, as well as other people could—or something like that. The psychology must be correct, for it is incoherent.

Mrs. Budlong herself was never known to break any of the commandments; but in her back parlor her neighbors made flitters of the tenth against coveting thy neighbor's and so on.

As Mr. and Mrs. County Road Supervisor Detwiller were walking home from one of these occasions Mr. Detwiller was saying: "Well, ain't Mizzes Budlong the niftiest little gift-getter that ever held up a train? How on earth did we happen to get stung?"

"I don't know, Roscoe. It's one of those things you can't get out of without getting out of town too. Here we've been and gone and skimped our own childern to buy something that would show up good in Mrs. Budlong's back parlor; and when I laid eyes on it in all that clutter—why, if it didn't look like something the cat brought in I'll eat it!"

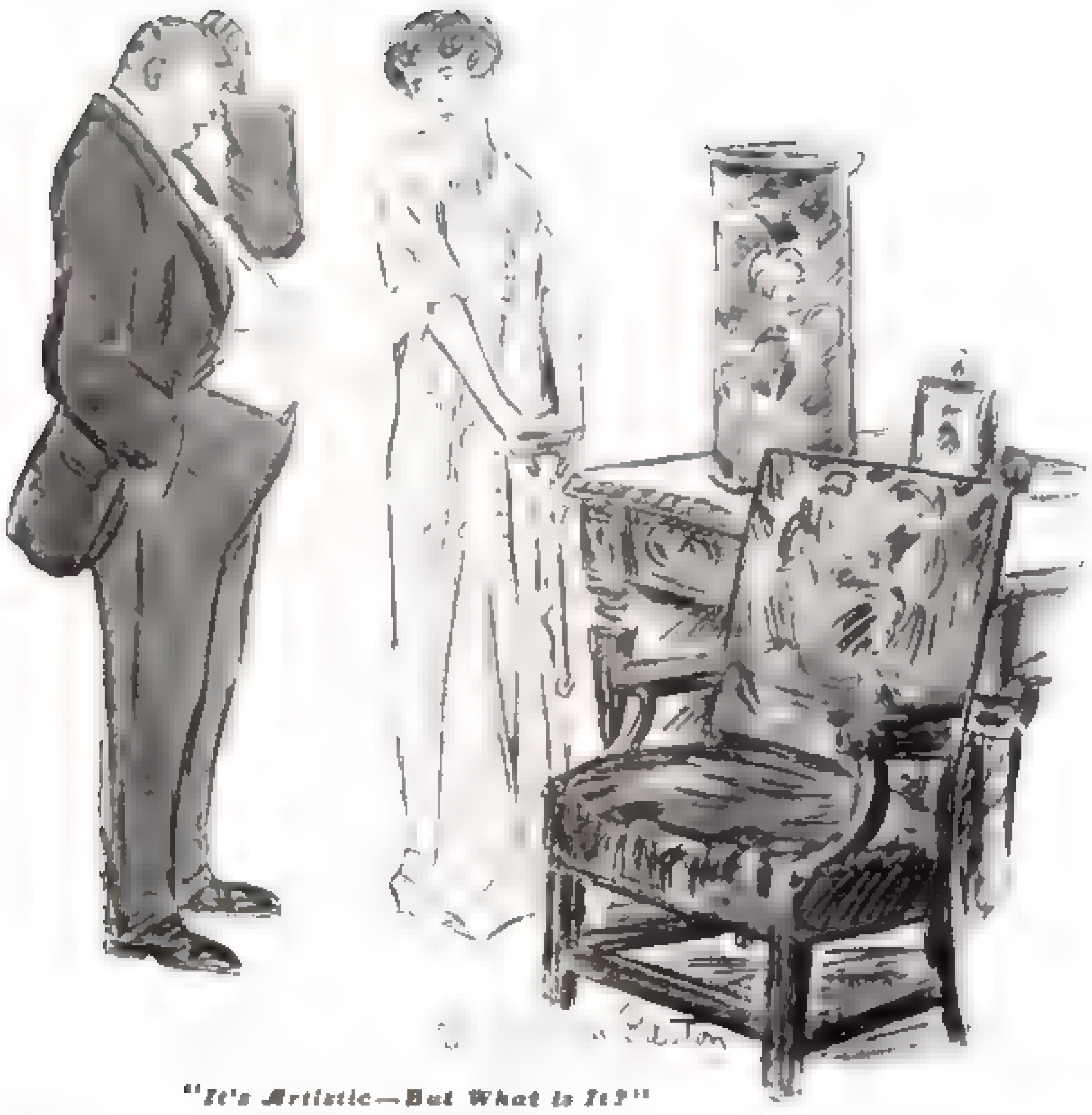
Mr. Detwiller's only consolation—and he grinned over it—was:

"Well, there's no use cryin' over spilt gifts; but did you see how she stuck old Widower Clute for that Japanese porcelain vase?—I noticed she called it vahs!"

"Porcelain?" sniffed Mrs. Detwiller. "Paper-musshay!"

"Well, getting even a paper-what-you-said from old Clute is equal to extracting solid gold from anybody else. He's the stingiest man in seven states. He doesn't care any more for a two-dollar bill than he does for his right eye. I bet she gave him either before he let go."

"Oh, she works all the old bachelors and widowers that way," said Mrs. Detwiller with a mixture of contempt and awe—"invites 'em to a dinner party or two round Christmas marketing time, and begins to talk about how pretty the shops are and how tempting everything she wants is; says she saw a nimitation bronze clock at Strouther & Streckfuss that it almost broke her heart to leave there.



"It's Artistic—But What is It?"

But of course she couldn't afford to buy anything for herself now when she's got to remember all her dear friends; and she runs on and on. And the old bach growls, 'Stung again!' and goes to Strouther & Streckfuss and tells Mr. Streckfuss to send Mrs. Budlong that blamed bronze clock she was admiring. And that's how she gets things. I could do it myself if I'd a mind to!"

Mr. Detwiller felt that there was more envy than truth in this last remark, and he was rash enough to speak up for justice.

"You could if you'd a mind to? Yep! - if you'd a mind to. That's what somebody said about Shakspere's plays—'I could 'a' wrote 'em myself if I'd a mind to!' says he; and somebody else said, 'Yes—if you'd a mind to,' he says. And that's about it. Anybody could do what Mizzes Budlong does if they had the mind to; but the thing is, she's got the mind to. She goes after the gifts—and gits 'em! She don't almost git 'em and she ain't just agoin' to git 'em—she gits 'em! And what gits me is how she gits 'em!"

"Roscoe Detwiller, if you're goin' to praise that woman in the presence of your own lawful wife I'll never speak to you the longest day I live!"

"Who's praisin' her? I was just sayin' ——"

"Why, Roscoe Detwiller, you did too!"

"Did what? Why, I was roastin' her to beat the band!"

"And to think that on Christmas Day, of all days, I should live to hear my own husband, that I've loved and cherished and worked my fingers to the bone and never got any thanks—other women keepin' two and three hired girls—and after him denyin' his own childern things to get expensive presents for a shameless creature like that Budlong woman ——"

All over Carthage on Christmas afternoon couples were similarly celebrating Mrs. Budlong's annual triumph.

Now, of course Mrs. Budlong did not get all these presents without giving presents—not in Carthage! It might have been possible to bamboozle these people one Christmas, but never another. Mrs. Budlong gave lots of presents. Christmas was an industry with her—an ambition. It had long ago lost its religious significance for her as for nearly everybody else in Carthage.

Even Mr. Frankenstein, the Pantatorium magnate, is one of the most ardent advertisers of Yuletide bargains, while Isidore Strouther and Esau Streckfuss are almost persuaded every December. They might be entirely persuaded if it were not for the scenes they witness in their aisles during the last weeks of shopping and the aftermath of trying to collect from the Gentile husbands.

Mrs. Budlong's Christmas presents were of two sorts—those she made herself and those she made her husband pay for. He was the typical husband who never fails to settle his wife's bills so long as he may raise a row about them until his wife cries and looks like an expensive luxury which only a really successful man could afford. Then he subsides until the first of the next month.

II

MRS. BUDLONG'S Christmas campaign was undertaken with the same farsightedness as a magazine editor's. Along about the Fourth of July she began to worry and plan. By the second week in August she had her tatting well under way. By the middle of September she was getting in her embroidered doilies. The earliest frost rarely surprised her with her quilts untufted. And when the first snow flew her sachet bags were all stuffed and smelly.

She was very feminine in her sense of the value of her own time. At missionary meetings she would shed tears over the pathetic pictures of oriental women who spent a year weaving a rug that would sell for a paltry hundred dollars and last a mere century or two. Then she would cheerfully devote fifteen days of incessant stitching at something she carried round in a sort of drumhead.

At the end of that time she would have compiled a more or less intolerable piece of colored fabric which she called a "bureau cover" or a "drape" or a "throw." It could not be duplicated at a shop for less than one dollar and seventy-five cents, and it would wash, perhaps three times.

Mr. Budlong once figured that if sweatshop proprietors paid wages at the scale Mrs. Budlong established for herself all the seamsters and seamstresses would curl up round their machines and die of starvation the first week—but he never told Mrs. Budlong this. Fancy stitching did not earn much, but it did not cost much and it kept her mysteriously contented. She was stitching herself to her own home all the time.

The Christmas presents Mrs. Budlong made herself were not all a matter of needle and thread. Not at all! One year she turned her sewing room into a smithy. She gave Mr. and Mrs. Colonel Tisnower the loveliest hand-hammered brass coal-scuttle that ever was seen—and with a purple ribbon tied to its tail. They kept flowers in it several summers until one cruel winter a new servant put coal in it and completely scuttled it.

The same year she gave Mrs. ex-Mayor Cinnamon a hammered-brass version of a C. D. Gibson drawing. The lady and gentleman looked as if they had broken out with a combination of yellow fever and smallpox, or suffered from enlarged pores or something. And the plum-colored plush frame didn't sit very well on the vermilion wallpaper; but Mrs. Cinnamon hung it over the sofa in the expectation of changing the paper some day. It stayed there until the fateful evening when Mr. Nelson Chur called on Miss Editha Cinnamon and was just warming up a proposal that had been held over almost as long as the wallpaper, when bang! down came the overhanging brass drawing and bent itself hopelessly on Mr. Chur's cranium! Mr. Chur said something that may have been Damocles—but he did not propose; and Mrs. Budlong was weeks wondering why Mrs. Cinnamon was so snippy to her.

The hammered-brass era gave way to the opposite extreme of painted velvet. They say it is a difficult art; and it must be. Mrs. Budlong's first landscape might as well have been painted on the side of her Scotch collie.

Her most finished roses had something of the look of shaggy tarantulas that have fallen into a paintpot and emerged in a towering rage. It was in that velvetocene stratum that she painted for the church a tasseled pulpit cloth that hung down a yard below the Bible. Doctor Torpadie was a very soothing preacher, but no one slept o' sermons during the reign of that pulpit cloth. Mrs. Budlong was so elated over the success of it, however, that she announced her intention of going in for stained glass. She planned a series of the sweetest windows to replace those already in the church; but she never got nearer to that than painted china.

The painted-china era was a dire era. The cups would break and the colors would run; and they never came out what she expected after they were fired. Of course she knew the pigments must suffer alteration in the furnace—but such alteration!

She soon became accustomed to getting green roses with crimson leaves, and deep blue apple blossoms against a pure-white sky; but when she finished one complete set of table china in fifty pieces, each cup and saucer with a flower on it, the result looked so startlingly like something from a medical museum that she never dared give the set away. She lent it to the cook to eat her meals on.

During this epoch, Master Ulysses Budlong, Junior, was studying, at school, a physiology ornamented with a few pictures in color representing the stomachs of alcohol specialists. They were intended, perhaps, to frighten little schoolchildren from frequenting saloons during recess or to warn them not to put whisky on their porridge.

It was at this time that Mrs. Budlong spent two weeks' hard labor painting Easter lilies on an umbrella jug. When it came home from the furnace her husband stared at it and mumbled:

"It's artistic—but what is it?"

Little Ulysses shrieked: "Oh, I know!" And darting away he returned with his physiology opened at one of those gastric sunsets; and—well, it was this that impelled Mrs. Budlong to a solemn pledge never to paint china again—a pledge she has nobly kept.

From smeared china she went to that art in which a woman buys something at a store, pulls out half of it and calls the remnant drawnwork. A season of this was succeeded by a mania for sofa cushions. It fairly snowed sofa cushions all over Carthage that Christmas; and Yale, Harvard and Princeton pillows could be found in homes that had never known even a nightschool alumnus.

There ensued a sober period of burnt wood and a period of burnt leather, during which excited neighbors with a keen sense of smell called the fire department out three times and the board of health once. And now Indian heads broke out all over town, and the walls looked as if a shoemaker's apron had been chosen for the pennant.

There were various other spasms of manufacture, each of them fashionable at its time and foolish at any time. But, foolish soever, Mrs. Budlong was fair. A keen sense of sportsmanship led her to give full notice to such people as she planned to honor with her gifts. She knew how embarrassing it is to receive presents from one to whom no present has been sent; and she made it a point of honor somehow to forewarn her prospective beneficiaries betimes. Her favorite method was the classic device of pretending to let slip a secret. For instance:

"Yesterday morning, my dear, I had the strangest experience. It was just ten o'clock. I remember the hour so exactly because for the last few days I have made it a rule to begin work on your Christmas present just at ten —— Oh! but I didn't mean to tell you! It was to be a surprise. No; don't ask me—I won't give you an inkling; but I really think it will please you. It's something you've been needing for such a long time."

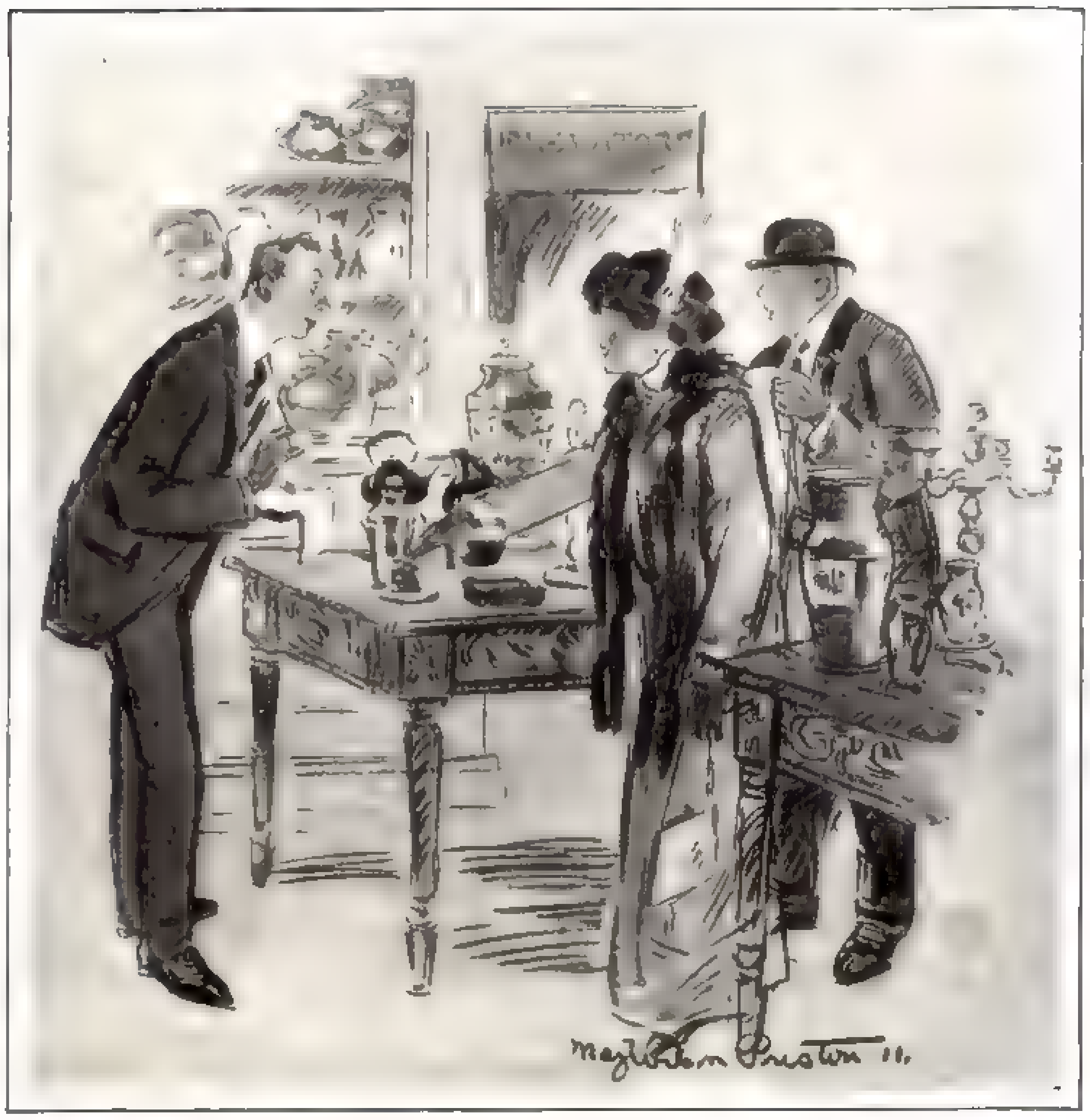
And she left the victim hopelessly to writhe from then on to Christmas, trying alternately to imagine what gift was impending and what would be an appropriate countergift.

III

IN MORE ways than one Mrs. Budlong kept Carthage on the writhe. Christmas was merely the climax of a ceaseless activity. All the year round she was at work like yeast alert in a soggy dough.

She was forever getting up things. She was one of those women who return calls on time—a little ahead, in fact. That made it necessary for you to return hers earlier. If you didn't she called you up on the telephone and asked you why you hadn't. You had to promise to come over at once, or she'd talk to you until your ear was welded to the telephone. Then, if you broke your promise, she called

"But I Told Her You Was. And She Seen You at the Windy" you up about that. She got in from fifty-two to one hundred and four calls a year, where one or two would have amply sufficed for all she had to say.



"Gimme This! Gimme That! Gimme Two of These! Gimme Six of Them! Gimme That! Gimme This! Gimme Them!"

It was due to her that Carthage had such a lively social existence—for its size. Once she fell ill and the people felt as passengers feel when a street car is suddenly braked back on its haunches—all Carthage found itself wavering and poised on tiptoe and clinging to straps; and then it sagged back on its heels and waited. Mrs. Budlong was the town's motorman—or "motorneer" as they say in Carthage. Before she was up she had invitations out for a convalescent tea; and everybody said: "Here we go again!"

If strangers visited Carthage Mrs. Budlong counted them her clients the moment they arrived. Of course the merely commercial visitors she left to the hackmen at the station, but friends or relatives of prominent people could not escape Mrs. Budlong's well-meant attentions. It was sometimes embarrassing when relatives appeared—for everybody has somewhere concealed some relatives he is perfectly willing to leave in concealment.

Mrs. Alex—pronounced Ellick—Stubblebine never forgave Mrs. Budlong for dragging into the limelight some obscure cousins of her husband's who had drifted into Carthage to borrow money on their farm. Mrs. Stubblebine was always bragging about her people—her own people, that is. Her husband's people, of course, after all, were only Stubblebines, while her maiden name was Dilatush—and the Dilatushes, as everybody knew, were related by marriage to the Tatums.

These were Stubblebines that came to town however. Mrs. Stubblebine could hardly slam the door in their faces, but she would fain have locked the doors after them. She would not even invite them out on the front porch. She told them the back porch was cozier and less conspicuous. And then Mrs. Budlong had to call up on the telephone and sing out in her telephoniest cheer:

"Oh, my dear, I've just this minute heard you have guests—some of your dear husband's relatives. Now they must come to me to dinner tomorrow. Oh, it isn't the slightest trouble, I assure you! I'm giving a little party anyway. I won't take no for an answer."

And she wouldn't. Mrs. Stubblebine fairly perspired excuses; but Mrs. Budlong finally grew so suspicious that she had to accept or leave the impression that the relatives were burglars or counterfeiters in concealment. And they were not—they were pitifully honest.

The result was worse than she expected. Mr. Stubblebine's cousin was so shy that he never said a word except when it was pulled out of him, and then he said: "Yes, ma'am!"

In Carthage when you are at a dinner party and you don't quite catch the last remark, you don't snap "What?" or "How?" or "Wha' jew say?" Whatever your home habits may be, at a dinner party or before company you raise your eyebrows gracefully and murmur: "I beg your pardon?"

Mr. Stubblebine's rural cousin, however, said "Huh?"—like an Indian chief trying to scare a white general. And he was perfectly frank about the intimate process of mastication.

And when he dropped a batch of scalloped oysters into his watchpocket he solemnly fished them out with a souvenir after-dinner coffee spoon having the Statue of Liberty for a handle and Brooklyn Bridge in the bowl.

And the wretch's wife was so nervous she talked all the time about people the others had never seen or heard of. And she wasn't ashamed of what she was chewing either. And she said she "never used tomattus."

Mrs. Stubblebine would have felt much obliged to Fate if she had been presented with an apoplectic stroke, but she had to sit the dinner out. And from what she said to her poor husband afterward you would have thought he picked out those relatives just to spite her, when, as a matter of fact, he had always loathed them and regretted them; and the next day he borrowed enough money to lend them and send them back to the soil.

Mrs. Budlong had constituted herself an entertainment committee for all sorts of visitors. If a young girl came home from boarding school with a classmate the real hostess had hardly time to show her to the spareroom and say, "This is the bathroom round here; watch out for the steps—and if the water don't run just wait ——" when the telephone would go br-r-r-r-r! And there would be Mrs. Budlong brandishing an invitation to a dinner party.

When the supply of guests ran low she would visit the sick. If a worn-out housewife slept late some morning to catch up, Mrs. Budlong would hear of it and rush over with a broth or something. It is said that old Miss Malkin got out of bed in spite of the doctor's orders, just to keep from eating any more of Mrs. Budlong's wine jellies.

In Carthage one pays for the telephone by the year. The company lost money on Mrs. Budlong's wire. She was an indefatigable telephonist. She would spend a week-end at the instrument while the prisoner at the other extreme of the wire shifted from ear to ear, sagged along the wall, postponed household duties, made signals of distress to other members of the family and generally cursed Mr. Alexander Graham Bell.

Three wall telephones were changed to table 'phones on Mrs. Budlong's account, and Mrs. Talbot had hers put by the bed. She used to take naps while Mrs. Budlong talked, and she trained herself to murmur "Yes, dear!" at intervals in her sleep.

By means like these, Mrs. Budlong kept Carthage more or less under her thumb. Carthage squirmed, but it could not crawl out from under. This is the history of how the thumb was removed for good and all. It was Mrs. Budlong that removed it. Carthage could never have pried it up.

And the thumb came off because it grew popular.

Hitherto Mrs. Budlong had never been truly popular. People were afraid of her. She was a whipper-in, a social bushbeater—driving the populace from cover like partridges. She would not let the town rest. The merchants alone admired her, for she was the cause of much buying of new shoes, new hats, new clothes, fine groceries, olives, Malaga grapes, salted almonds, raisins, English walnuts and other things one eats only at parties. She was the first woman in Carthage who ever gave a luncheon and called it breakfast as, years before, she had been the first hostess to give a dinner at any time except in the middle of the day. She was also the first person there to say "Come to me" when she meant "Come to our house." It had a Scriptural sound and was thought shocking till Carthage grew used to it.

It was due to her that several elderly men were forced into their first evening dress. They had thought to escape through life without that ordeal. Old Clute would have preferred to be fitted for a pine box and would have felt about as comfortable in it. He tried to compromise with the tailor on a garment that would serve as a "Prince Albert" by day and a "swaller-tail" by night; but Mr. Kweskin could not manage it, even though he struggled valiantly.

So Mr. Clute blamed Mrs. Budlong for yet another expense. Husbands all over town were blaming Mrs. Budlong for running their families into fool extravagances. Mothers were blaming her for dragging them round by the nose and never letting them rest. They never dared trust themselves about the house in a wrapper, for Mrs. Budlong might happen in as like as not—rather liker than not. Everybody in town resentfully obeyed Mrs. Budlong. Roscoe Detwiller wanted to organize a Homekeepers' Union, and strike.

And then, just as the town was fermenting for revolt, Mrs. Budlong came into a lot of money.

IV

THAT is, Mr. Budlong came into a lot of money. Which meant that Mr. Budlong would be permitted to take care of it while his wife got rid of it. One of those relatives very common in fiction, and not altogether unknown in real life, finally let go of her money at the behest of her impatient undertaker; and the Budlongs had the pleasure of seeing the glorious news of their good fortune in big headlines in the Carthage paper. It was the only display Mr. Budlong ever received in that paper without paying for it—except for the time when he also ran for mayor on the opposition ticket and was referred to in letters an inch high as "Candidate Nipped-in-the-Budlong."

Now the cornucopia of plenty had burst wide open on the front porch. It seemed as if they would have to wade through gold dollars to get to their front gate *when* the money was collected.

And now it was Mrs. Budlong's telephone that rang and rang. It was she who was called up and called up. It was she who sagged along the wall and shifted from foot to foot, from elbow to elbow and ear to ear.

After living in Carthage all her life she was suddenly, as it were, welcomed to the city as a distinguished visiting stranger. And now she had no need to invite people to return her calls. They came spontaneously. Sometimes there were a dozen calling at once. It was a reception every day. There were overflow meetings in the room that Mrs. Budlong called Mr. Budlong's "den." It was a place where she kept the furniture she did not dare keep in the parlor.

People who had never come to see her in spite of her prehensile telephone dropped in to pay up some musty old call that had lain unreturned for years. People who had always come formally, even funereally, rushed in as informally and with as devouring an enthusiasm as old chums. People who used to run in informally now drove up in vehicles from MacMulkin's livery stable; or if they came in their own turnouts they had the tops washed and the harness polished, while the gardener and furnaceman who drove had his hat brushed, was not allowed to smoke, and was urged to sit up straight and keep his foot on the dashboard.

People who had been in the habit of devoting a day or two to cleaning up a year's social debts, and went up and down the streets dropping doleful calls like wreaths on headstones, walked in unannounced of mornings. It was now Mrs. Budlong that had to keep dressed up all day. Everybody accepted the inevitable invitation to have a cup of tea, until the cook struck. Cook said she had "conthracted to cuke for a small family, not to run a continurous bairbecue!" Besides, she had to answer the doorbell so much she couldn't get her hands into the dough before they were out again. And dinner was never ready. The amount of tea consumed, and bakery cake, and the butter, began to alarm Mrs. Budlong. And Carthage people were so nervous at taking tea with a millionairess that they kept dropping cups or setting them down hard.

Mrs. Budlong had never a moment, the whole day long, to leave the house; and she suddenly found herself without a call returned. She had so many invitations to dinners and luncheons that her life became a hop, skip and jump.

During the first ecstasy of the good news Mrs. Budlong had raved over the places she was going to travel to—Paris—now pronounced Paree—Westminister Rabbi, Vienna, St. Mark's, the Lion of Lucerne! She talked like a handbook of Cook's Tours. To successive callers she told the story over and over until the rhapsody finally palled on her tongue. She began to hate Paree, St. Mark's and the Lion of Lucerne. All she wanted to do was to get out of town to some quiet retreat—for Carthage was no longer quiet. It simmered to the boiling-over point.

Once it had been Mrs. Budlong's pride to be the social leader of Carthage. Now that her husband was worth—or to be worth—a hundred thousand dollars, Carthage seemed a very petty parish to be the social leader of. She began to read New York society notes with expectancy, as one cons the Baedeker of a town one is approaching.

She lay awake nights wondering what she should wear at Mrs. Stuyvesant Square's next party and at Mrs. Astor House's sociable. She fretted over the choice between taking a letter from her church to St. Bartholomew's, or to Grace, or St. John the Divine's. And all the while she was pouring tea for the wives of harnessmakers and druggists, dentists and grocers! All the more reason for not appearing before them in the same clothes incessantly. With a dinner or a reception or a tea or a ball every night, her two dressy-up dresses became so familiar that she could hardly afford to trot them round much more. And she could hardly afford to get new ones; for, after all, she had not come into the money. She had just come at it or toward it or, as her husband began to say, "up against it."

Mr. Budlong was kept on such tenterhooks by lawyers with papers to sign, titles to clear, executors and executrices to consult, and waivers, deeds, indentures and things, that he had no time for his business.

Like housemaids' knee and painters' colic is millionaires' melancholia. And the Budlongs were enduring the illness without entertaining the microbe.

It is almost as much trouble to inherit money nowadays as to earn it in the first place. Mr. Budlong was confronted with such a list of postmortem debts that must be prepaid for his deceased Aunt Ida that he almost begrudged her her bit of very real estate in Woodlawn. And they began to think that funeral monuments were in bad taste if ostentatious.

They had always accounted Aunt Ida a hardfisted miser before, but now she began to look like a slippery-palmed spendthrift. They began almost to suspect the probity of the poor old maid. Worse yet, they feared that some later will might turn up, bequeathing all her money to some abominable charity or other. She had been addicted to occasional subscriptions during her lifetime.

The Budlongs themselves were beginning, even at this distance from their money-to-be, to suffer its infection, its inevitable reaction on the character. Those who live beyond their means joyously when their means are small become small themselves when their means get beyond living beyond. The Budlongs began to figure percentages on sums left in the bank or put out on mortgage. They began to think money—and money is money, large or small. Mrs. Budlong began to feel that she had been unjust to Aunt Ida. What she had called miserliness was evidently prudence and thrift, and other pleasant sounding virtues.

When it came to the point of deciding that she must give a large dinner to wipe off a number of social obligations all at once, and she found that the olives, the turkey, the Malaga grapes, the English walnuts and a man from the hotel to wait on table would total up twenty-five dollars or so, she found herself figuring how much twenty-five dollars would amount to in twenty-five years at compound interest.

She grew frantic to be quit of Carthage—to rub it off her visiting list. Unconsciously her motto became Cato's ruthless *Delenda est Carthago;* but she could neither wipe Carthage off her map nor free her feet from its dust. Her husband's business required him yet a while. Even to close it up took time; and he would not and could not borrow money on Aunt Ida's estate until he was sure it was his.

All the while, however, the festival reveled on. People in Carthage, to whom New York was an inaccessible Carcassonne, were now planning to visit Mrs. Budlong there at the palatial home she had described. Some of them frankly told her they were coming. Wealth took on a new discomfort.

Mrs. Sally Swezey afflicted the telephone with gossip: "Mrs. Talbot was saying yesterday, my dear, so many people have threatened to visit you in your home on Fifth Av'noo, that you'll have to hang hammocks in your yard."

That was the discomfort of the morrow, however. Today was busy enough. One morning she was called to the telephone by the merciless Sally Swezey with a new infliction. There was something almost ghoulish in Mrs Swezey's cackling glee as she sang out across the wire:

"We're all so glad that the next meeting of the progressive euchre club is to be at your house."

Mrs. Budlong's chin dropped. She had quite forgotten this. Sally chortled on:

"And, say, do you know what?"

"What?"

"Everybody says you're going to give solid gold prizes, and that even the booby prize will be handsomer than the first prize was at Mrs. Detwiller's."

"Ha-ha!" laughed Mrs. Budlong in a tone that sounded just like the spelling.

Mrs. Budlong's wealth seemed to be accepted as a sort of general legacy. All Carthage assumed to own it in community and to enjoy it with her. Her walls rang with the hilarity of her neighbors; but her laughter took on more and more the sound of icicles snapping from the eaves of a shed.

She became the logical candidate for all the chief offices in clubs and societies and circles. She suddenly found herself seven or eight presidents and at least eleven chairwomen. The richest woman in town heretofore was Mrs. Foster Herpers, wife of the pole-and-shaft manufacturer. He owned about half of the real estate in the county, but his wife had to distil money out of him in pennies. With a profound sigh of relief she resigned all her honors in Mrs. Budlong's favor.

Being president chiefly meant lending one's house for meetings, as well as one's china and tea and sandwiches, and being five dollars ahead of anybody else in every subscription. Mrs. Budlong was panicstricken with her own success, for there is nothing harder to handle than a dam-break of prosperity.

Worse yet, Mr. Budlong was ceasing to be the meek thing of yore. Every day was the first of the month with him.

It was well into November when he flung himself into a Morris chair one evening and groaned aloud:

"I don't believe Aunt Ida ever left any money! If she did I don't believe we'll ever get any of it. And if we do I know we'll not have a sniff at it before January. One of the lawyers has been called abroad on another case. We've got to stay in Carthage—at least over Christmas."

"Christmas!" The word crackled and sputtered in Mrs. Budlong's brain like a fuse in the dark. The past month had been so packed with other excitements that she had forgotten the very word. Now it blew up and came down as if one of her own unstable Christmas trees had toppled over on her, with all its ropes of tinsel, its eggshell splendors and its lambent tapers.

V

FIRST, Mrs. Budlong felt amazement that she could have so ignored the very focus of her former ambition. Then she felt shame at her unpreparedness. She caught the evening paper out of her husband's lap to find the date. November ninth and not a Christmas thing begun! Yet a few days and the news-stands would apprise her that Christmas was coming; for in the middle of November all the magazines put on their holly and their Santa Clauses, as women put on summer straw hats at Easter. Mrs. Budlong's hands sought and wrung each other as if in mutual reproach. They had been pouring tea and passing wafers when they should have been Dorcasing at their Christmas tasks. And now, at the eleventh hour, she found herself without a single present tatted or painted or hammered or fired. It had been left for her husband—of all people—to warn her that Christmas was imminent!

If he had been a day later the neighbors would have anticipated him as well as the magazines. The Christmas idea seemed to strike the whole town at once. Mrs. Budlong became the victim of her own classic device of pretending to let slip a secret. The townswomen shamelessly turned her own formula against her.

Mrs. Detwiller met her at church and said:

"Yesterday morning at eleven I had the most curious presentiment, my dear! I remember the hour so exactly because I've been making it a rule to begin work on your Christmas present every morning at —— Oh, but I didn't intend to let you know. No, dearie, I won't tell you what it is. But I can't help believing it's just what you'll need in New York."

Myra Eppley, with whom Mrs. Budlong had never exchanged Christmas presents at all, but with whom an intimacy had sprung up since Mrs. Budlong came into the reputation of her money—Myra Eppley had the effrontery to call up on the telephone and say:

"Would you mind telling me, my dear, the shade of wall paper you're going to have in your New York parlor, because I'm making a —— Oh—but will you tell me?"

Poor Mrs. Budlong almost swooned from the telephone. She did not know what the color of her wall paper would be in New York. She did not know that she would ever have wall paper in New York. She only knew that Myra Eppley, too, was calling her "My dear!" Myra Eppley also was going to give her a Christmas present—and would have to be given one.

Mrs. Budlong had received fair warning, but she felt about as grateful as a wayfarer feels to the rattlesnake that whizzes: "Make ready for the coroner!"

Next, young Mrs. Chur—Editha Cinnamon that was, for she had finally landed Mr. Chur in spite of the accident, or because of it—called up to say:

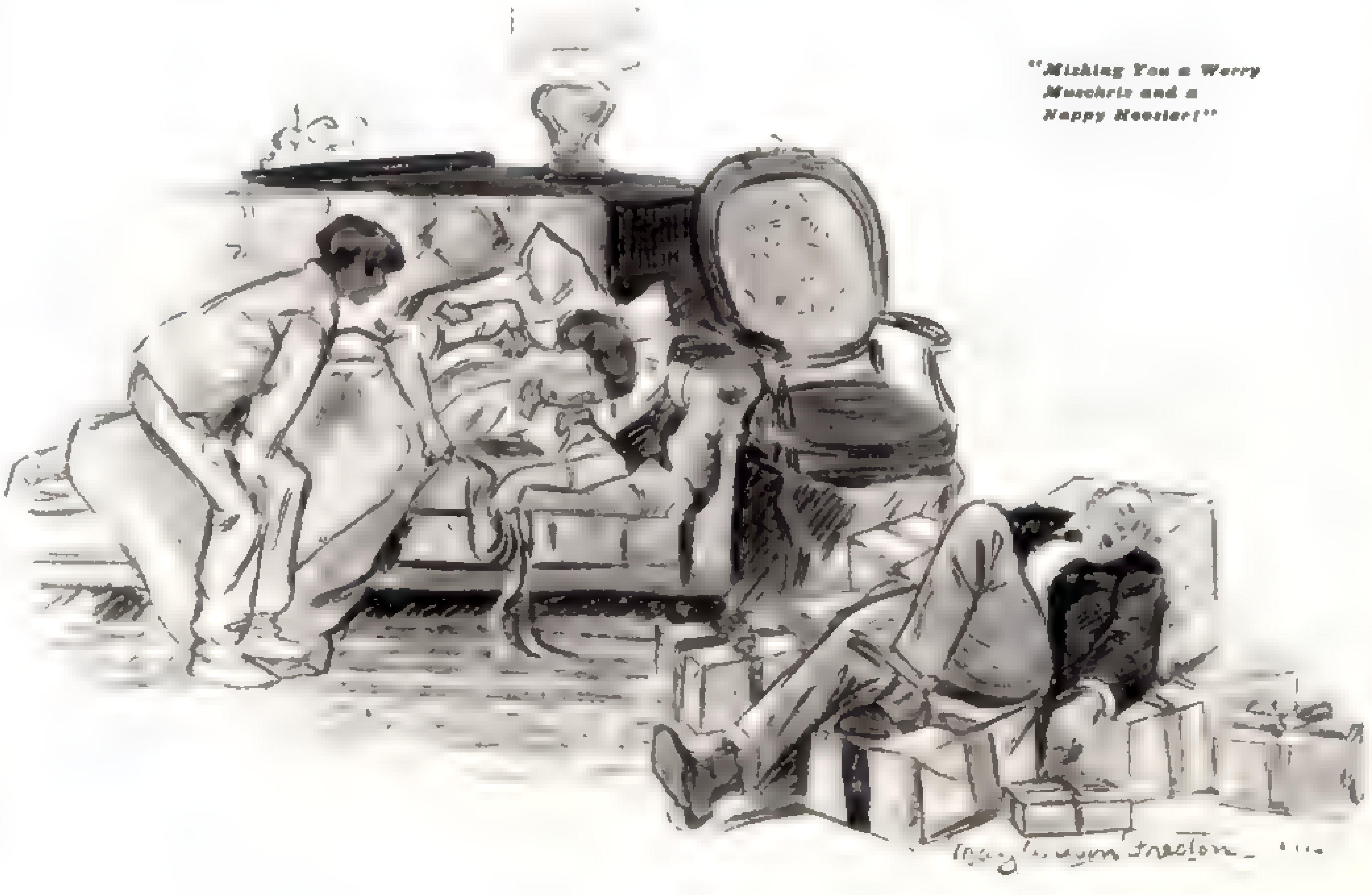
"Oh, my dear, my husband wants to know what brand of cigars your husband smokes; and would you tell me, deary, what size bath-slippers you wear?"

When Sally Swezey came to the progressive euchre fight at Mrs. Budlong's she noted with joy that her hint had borne fruit. The prizes were, indeed, of solid gold. Mr. Budlong did not learn it until the first of the following month, when the bill came in from the jewelry store.

As if she had not done enough in forcing solid gold prizes on Mrs. Budlong, Sally had to say:

"I'm just dying to see your back parlor, my dear, this next Christmas afternoon! It has always been a sight for sore eyes; but this Christmas it will be a perfect wonder, for I do declare everybody in town is going to send you something nice."

This conviction was already chilling Mrs. Budlong's marrow. Of old she would have rejoiced at the golden triumph; but now she could only realize that if everybody in Carthage sent her something nice it was because everybody in Carthage expected something nicer. And she had not tatted or smeared or hammered a thing! As usual, too, the excess of work on hand had a paralyzing effect. At a time when she should be half done she could not even begin!



"Mishing You a Werry Muschris and a Nappy Noosier!"

VI

DAYS and days went by in a stupor of hopelessness. Thanksgiving came and the Budlong turkey might as well have been a crow. In desperation she decided to make a tentative exploration of the shops now burgeoning with Christmas splendor.

(Continued on Page 50)

WHAT OF 1912?—By Samuel G. Blythe

A Deadlock Might Occur, and Dix is Safe and Sane

II—East of the Mississippi

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT'S strength as a candidate for reëlection to the Presidency does not increase as you come east from the Mississippi, but his strength as a candidate for renomination for that office does increase.

There is just as much dissatisfaction in the Republican party in this territory as in the territory west of the Mississippi, but the means for expressing it in opposition to the nomination are not so available. Few of the states in this section have primary laws that will enable the voters to select delegates to the national conventions, and the machinery of the Republican party has not yet been taken from the men who have long controlled it—men who are old-line, Old-Guard, old-idea and old-method politicians. They will, in most instances, control the delegations; and, as a matter of course, those delegations will be for Mr. Taft's renomination.

That is about as far as the oldsters will go however. They will not be able to control the election; and, as it stands now, Mr. Taft will lose at the November election some of those states that have been consistently Republican in national elections since 1896. Indeed, if the Democrats nominate the right kind of man Mr. Taft will lose most of them—not all, but more than he thinks or the Old Guard leaders suppose.

Still, the Old Guard leaders are not entirely blind to the situation. To use a Wall Street term, they—or a good many of them—have taken their losses for 1912 and are playing now for 1916. They might be able to complicate the nomination of Mr. Taft if they wanted to by throwing their state delegations against him, but they do not think that worth while; and as long as Mr. Taft, the President, wants a renomination, they are in duty bound to give it to him, no matter what they may think concerning the chances of his election. On the other hand, some of them profess to see little in this dissatisfaction and opposition to Mr. Taft, and say, once he is nominated and the spellbinders get out and begin to yell "Rally, boys! Rally!" the Republicans, bound to the Grand Old Party by old ties, will come flocking back to the standard and will vote for Mr. Taft to prevent what every sane Republican must know—the Old Guardsters say—will be a tremendous calamity to the nation: the election of a Democratic President.

Will Mr. Taft Withdraw?

MEN who are in touch with conditions in the West and elsewhere have gone to these leaders and asked them: "Why nominate Taft and wreck the party?" Their only answer has been the famous one of Colonel Roosevelt when he was asked why he made James R. Garfield Secretary of the Interior. "Jimmie wanted it," said the Colonel. "Mr. Taft wants it" is their reason. It has been pointed out to the Southern Federal officeholders who will be delegates that there will be positively no nourishment for them in the election of a Democratic President. They will all lose their jobs. However, favors past and to come in the period between the nominating convention and the exit from office of a possibly defeated candidate on the following March fourth hold them. They have had theirs and they are willing Mr. Taft should have his.

Moreover, these Old Guard leaders are not so sure that it wouldn't be a good thing for all concerned to have the Republican party defeated, and they are quite pleased with the idea that Mr. Taft shall be the instrument. Those who have watched White House policies and understand national politics know that the men who have posed as the friends of Mr. Taft; the men who have been his dependence in Congress and with whom he has consulted as much as he has consulted with anybody; the men who have taken his orders—in a sense, at least—and who have tried to carry out his policies or, to put it another way, have not opposed his policies to too great an extent—these men were all opposed to the original nomination of Mr. Taft. They fought him—not very intelligently, to be sure, but in the only way they knew how—before the convention. They financed and carried on the campaign of the "Allies."

I have before me the last statement issued by the authorized press agent of the Allies a few days before the Chicago convention, where Mr. Taft was nominated. It is interesting, in view of the fact that the men in the East who are now in line for Mr. Taft's renomination—Senator Crane, of Massachusetts; Senator Penrose, of Pennsylvania; Secretary of State Knox; former Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island; former Senator Hemenway, of Indiana; Uncle Joe Cannon, of Illinois, and many others—were the upbuilders and upholders and financiers of the fantastic movement of the Allies.

After commenting on the claims made by the Taft managers as to the delegates they had secured, the authorized press bulletin says:

> HISTORY WILL REPEAT ITSELF AT CHICAGO. No pre-convention FAVORITE ever won a nomination for President in a Republican convention since the founding of the party except William McKinley; and back of him was a tidal wave of popular sentiment which is not surging for Secretary Taft; and Harrison in 1892—nominated by officeholders and beaten by the people. Seward had two-thirds of the delegates to the convention of 1860 pledged. Blaine was within twenty-six votes of a nomination on the first ballot in 1876—nearer than Secretary Taft will be.
>
> The fatal weakness of the Taft candidacy is that it is an absolutely MACHINE-MADE product, not vitalized by popular sentiment. Its bandwagon is loaded down with men who will jump over the wheel the moment the vehicle shows signs of stalling—and that sign is in sight.
>
> The Chicago convention will make a nomination not the product of INTIMIDATION; not the result of COWARDICE on the part of party leadership; not involving the surrender of party prospects in a hundred Congressional districts and a dozen Northern and border states; and not imposing upon the Republican party the necessity of proving that the support of predatory wealth has not been secured for the Taft candidacy at the sacrifice of the policies which the Progressive wing of the Republican party has been led to believe it represents.

Now that bulletin is interesting from two viewpoints. It sounds like a regular Progressive outcry instead of the last word of the most reactionary section of all the reactionaries in the Republican party. It shows what was the pre-convention temper of the men who, in the East, are now all for the renomination of Mr. Taft. The bulletin was never recalled or disowned. It shows the reason for the present position of these men. Mr. Taft was not President in 1908, but Mr. Roosevelt was! It amounted to the same thing. Mr. Roosevelt used the power of his office to nominate Mr. Taft, just as Mr. Taft is using the power of his office to renominate himself. The results will be the same, as far as nominating goes—if Mr. Taft persists.

The candidacy of Philander C. Knox, now Secretary of State; of Charles E. Hughes, now an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States; of Joseph B. Foraker, of Ohio; of Joseph G. Cannon, of Illinois; and of Charles W. Fairbanks, of Indiana, were all a part of the so-called Allies' campaign. Back of these candidacies were the Old Guard of the Republican party, who are now all acquiescent in the renomination of Mr. Taft. Pre-convention literature is likely to be ill-considered and not to be taken too seriously, and it would seem that the author was a better prophet for 1912 than for 1908; but he knew the sort of game his employers were up against and referred to it feelingly. Likely as not the dose of fighting against Presidential power in securing delegates which the Allies got in 1908 sufficed them. They know now, as they should have known before, how useless it is, with that big block of Southern delegates to be had by any Republican President for the command.

With the party machinery largely in the hands of these men in the East, and these men—in most of the states—ready to turn their delegates to Mr. Taft, it is apparent that his strength for renomination increases east of the Mississippi. New York and Pennsylvania and New England were assured to him long ago. That has been fixed for months. If Taft sticks, the leaders in these states will stick too. If Taft does not stick, they will begin to look for a compromise candidate.

Mr. Hearst is Very Friendly to Clark's Candidacy

They will never support La Follette or let him have any delegates if they can avoid it. They all consider Taft as renominated, will do what they can to help him make a campaign, and are getting their houses in order for a Democratic President.

The Proceedings of Big Business

ONE of the traditions to which the old-line leaders in both parties cling is that pleasing one about the power of Wall Street and all it types in the way of Big Business in effecting nominations and elections. Wall Street was powerful in the past; but Wall Street isn't so powerful now, owing to various little restrictions placed on election manipulation by the Congress and the people in various parts of the country. Wall Street, or men representing Wall Street, nominated Judge Parker in 1904, and what the people did to Judge Parker is still a shuddering memory. Even with direct primaries, Big Business might spread about a lot of money and get some results, but—and here is the pecuniary point—Big Business isn't going to spread about any money in primaries or elsewhere. Big Business has had its lesson two ways—one from the people and one from the White House.

Big Business does not want Mr. Taft elected, but Big Business is sorely put to it to find some Democrat it does want. It abhors Woodrow Wilson and isn't any too sure of Governor Harmon, who certainly did do some scandalous tax-raising things—to the Pennsylvania Railroad, for example. So Big Business is marking time and contenting itself with saying: "Nothing could be worse than the situation now, and we won't contribute a darned cent to anybody." The trouble with Big Business is that, though its representatives are kings in finance, they are pigmies in politics. They know all about money, but they know so little about the United States and the people in them that these manifestations of distrust and attack, which are and have been so frequent, made those representatives throw a succession of fits of surprise and grief.

J. Pierpont Morgan, for example, is a large and imposing financial magnate who has an intimate acquaintance with all kinds of money and all the kinds of money-dodges there are; but Mr. Morgan and the men who revolve round Mr. Morgan have but a crude conception of what is going on politically in this country, and the meaning of the political manifestations of the upheaval. At that, they know more now than they knew a few years ago; and the work of their education is going on slowly but surely. They have messed in in some Presidential campaigns before now, with varying results, more especially after the elections; and they may mess in this coming election—not in nominating on the Republican side, but in election on that side and in nomination on the other side. Still, their broad and free financial style has been cramped a good deal by laws that make it possible to find out about corporation contributions. Furthermore, if there is any corporation in this country that would feel safe in getting anything from either side after contributing, it surely is long on confidence and hope.

There is no doubt that Big Business would like to be in a position to dictate, but Big Business isn't and never will be again. Big Business doesn't know it yet, but it has glimmerings and presently will come to understand. So, when you hear the political wise men gravely discussing whether this man or that is acceptable to the Big Fellows, it doesn't mean so much as it once did. Indeed, that is a good time to laugh. Big Business cannot stop Mr. Taft's nomination if it tries—nor can Big Business nominate any Democrat the way Judge Parker was nominated; in fact, the Democrat who will be nominated is likely to be as objectionable to Big Business as Mr. Taft must be probably more so.

However, there are evidences here and there that certain crafty gentlemen who have turned tricks before now for the safe-and-sane outfit are not without knowledge of the possibilities of the Democratic situation in the territory I am considering; and that makes that situation extremely interesting. The two-thirds rule in the Democratic National Convention gives any group of manipulators a good fighting—or, better yet, gambling—chance. If a long-continued, stanch deadlock can be maintained for a time between leading candidates there will be an opportunity to slip almost any man over. Suppose the two leaders should be Harmon and Wilson, each with a lot of delegates, but neither with enough to nominate. Suppose there was a deadlock for several days, with these two leaders grinding one against the other. Everything in politics is the result of compromise, as is everything in legislation. Hence, the compromisers would become active; and one man's chance is as good as another's if his geography is right.

The Oldest Political Game

THE oldest political game in the world is the multiplication of candidates to defeat any one candidate. That is why—in the East particularly—the favorite sons are being trotted out. Big Business and its satellites in the East do not want Wilson and are not so ardent for Harmon as formerly. So, when you examine into the states where the local leaders have always been responsive—to be mild about it—to the demands of Big Business, you will find some of these leaders are supporting favorite sons, as many of them as have reasonably good excuses in the shape of reasonably good favorite sons.

In this situation there appears a choice collection of fine Italian hands—fine Democratic Italian hands, to be exact. There is the fine Italian hand of William Jennings Bryan, who does not want Judge Harmon nominated and who has bestowed his blessing and benediction and the benison of his indorsement on half a dozen or more candidates. Then appear the fine Italian hands of the old-liners, the men who have retained control of the organizations—who do not like Bryan; and they are multiplying candidates to prevent the nomination of Wilson, standing for Harmon at the moment here and there—but operating with favorite sons where opportunity presents. Also, the f. I. h. of William Randolph Hearst, who wants what he wants—whatever that may be.

Take Indiana, for example: Tom Taggart and his outfit are all excited about Governor Marshall as a candidate. To be sure Tom didn't want Marshall nominated for governor, but Tom wants him nominated for President; or, rather, there are some other people Tom doesn't want nominated for President. The state of New York will be in the game with a delegation for Governor Dix. Illinois is in the throes. They say Carter Harrison, mayor of Chicago, is waiting for a chance to come out; but Mr. Hearst has designs on Illinois himself. Mr. Hearst had the delegation from Illinois in 1904. One of the most affecting sights ever seen at a national convention was John P. Hopkins and Roger Sullivan leading that 1904 Illinois delegation to St. Louis and voting it for William Randolph Hearst! And over in Massachusetts, if Governor Foss is reelected—this was written before the decision at the polls—he will be a candidate and turn up with the Massachusetts delegates; and mayhap some others from New England. Of course, if he is defeated he won't be much of a candidate; but if he is reëlected governor he will be on the spot with his handful—a sort of a free-lance fine-Italian-hander—waiting to see what will come out of the stress and turmoil.

You see, it's a great game. There are possibilities for almost anything—from murder on the broad political highway to kidnaping of a favorite son; from quick work with the stiletto to coarse work with the ax. There are chances for manipulation, combination, assassination, fascination, coalition, extermination and sensation. And the stake is a big one! The Democrats think—with reason—they have a better chance to elect a President this time than they have had since 1892, and they are hungry for the perquisites. They will fight desperately and maneuver skillfully, for they think the prize is theirs.

The West has no candidate for President on the Democratic side—I mean the Far West. Indiana has one and Illinois is likely to have one. Missouri, of the Southwest, has two. Then come Ohio and New York and Massachusetts and New Jersey; and the South—the real South—is likely to have Underwood, of Alabama, and mayhap Bailey, of Texas, just to make it more difficult. That next Democratic National Convention will be worth going miles to see!

The situation is simpler in this section of the country from a Taft-nomination viewpoint. Mr. Taft will have a big majority of the delegates. There is no doubt that Wisconsin will be for La Follette. That is a certainty—if Mr. La Follette continues as a candidate. Nor is there any doubt that Michigan will be for Mr. Taft in the convention. There is considerable insurgency in Michigan, but it will not manifest itself in delegates for Mr. La Follette.

Illinois is in a turmoil. The venerable Shelby M. Cullom, who must be reëlected to the Senate by the legislature to be chosen this fall, recently went to Illinois to compose the difficulties in his party. He is somewhat of a composer, too, is Uncle Shelby; but he could make no progress and sorrowfully gave up the job and went back to Washington, saying he would run again if his party should desire him to; but that, as far as he was concerned, he could find neither head nor tail to the politics out there.

The Insurgent wing of the Republican party is very active. It is headed by Charles Crane, who was selected for Minister to China by President Taft and who was recalled from the dock in San Francisco just as he was about to sail, and after he had scattered interviews about what he intended to do in China, all the way from Washington to the Golden Gate. Mr. Crane has never felt there was any reason for this humiliation—and he is an active person, with a large fortune and a retentive memory. He has associated with him Professor Merriam, who was defeated for mayor of Chicago by Carter Harrison last spring, and is a strong La Follette man—and some others equally important.

When these men determined to try to get Illinois away from Taft they came to Washington and conferred with the Progressive Senators. They asked for something definite to tie their movement to. They demanded a candidate. Their visit resulted in the letter proffering the leadership to Senator La Follette, which was written but not published, because some of the Progressive Senators did not see how they came to have any powers for naming a candidate for the Presidential nomination, and would not sign it. Senator Cummins didn't sign, for example, and others. Still, the Chicago men got what they were after, which was a knowledge that Senator La Follette would be a candidate for the nomination; and they went back and began work.

There is plenty of Progressive Republican sentiment in Illinois if it can be crystallized, and that is what Crane and Merriam and the others are trying to do. Meantime the Old Guard is making desperate efforts to secure an undivided delegation for Mr. Taft. The result is likely to be a split delegation, with some Taft men and some La Follette men on it. It is too early to suggest the proportion, but it is safe to say the delegation will not be unanimous either way.

Mr. Taft will have the Indiana delegates unless a fight is made there. Former Senator Beveridge would be able to wedge some La Follette men into the delegation if he were disposed to make a personal fight. Mr. Beveridge's old opponents in his own party, the Fairbanks-Hemenway-Watson crowd, are for Mr. Taft as it now stands. In case Mr. Taft should retire there would be an immediate movement to get Charles W. Fairbanks into line for the nomination. However, as Mr. Taft, at the time this was written, had said nothing about retiring, Mr. Fairbanks must, for these purposes, be considered a very dark—almost an effaced—horse. The result in Indiana depends entirely on the fight that is made. If the Progressives put up a hard fight they have a good chance to get some of the delegates.

Even in Mr. Taft's own state, Ohio, there are rumblings against him. James R. Garfield and some of his friends up Cleveland way are beginning to get active. They might be able to squeeze in a delegate or two here and there, but the probabilities are that Mr. Taft will go to his renomination supported by his own state. He will have New York, Pennsylvania and West Virginia, as the situation now is, unquestionably, if he remains a candidate.

Massachusetts in the Mix-Up

ALSO, New Jersey and Delaware will be for him, and Murray Crane and other New England powers will see to it that New England casts its vote—in the convention—for him. There are more Insurgents in New Hampshire than elsewhere in New England, judging by results, but Massachusetts has a strong Insurgent spirit. The fight for governor over there between Foss and Frothingham is being made on the tariff issue. It was not decided when this was written, but will be decided before it is read; and the result will be a sort of index to the temper of the people in the East—an indication that will be interpreted variously and temperamentally. Too much dependence must not be placed on it either way, however, for the personality of Governor Foss and various other things will be mixed in the result.

The disposition of the dissatisfied Republicans of New England is not to oppose Mr. Taft's renomination, but to

(Continued on Page 57)

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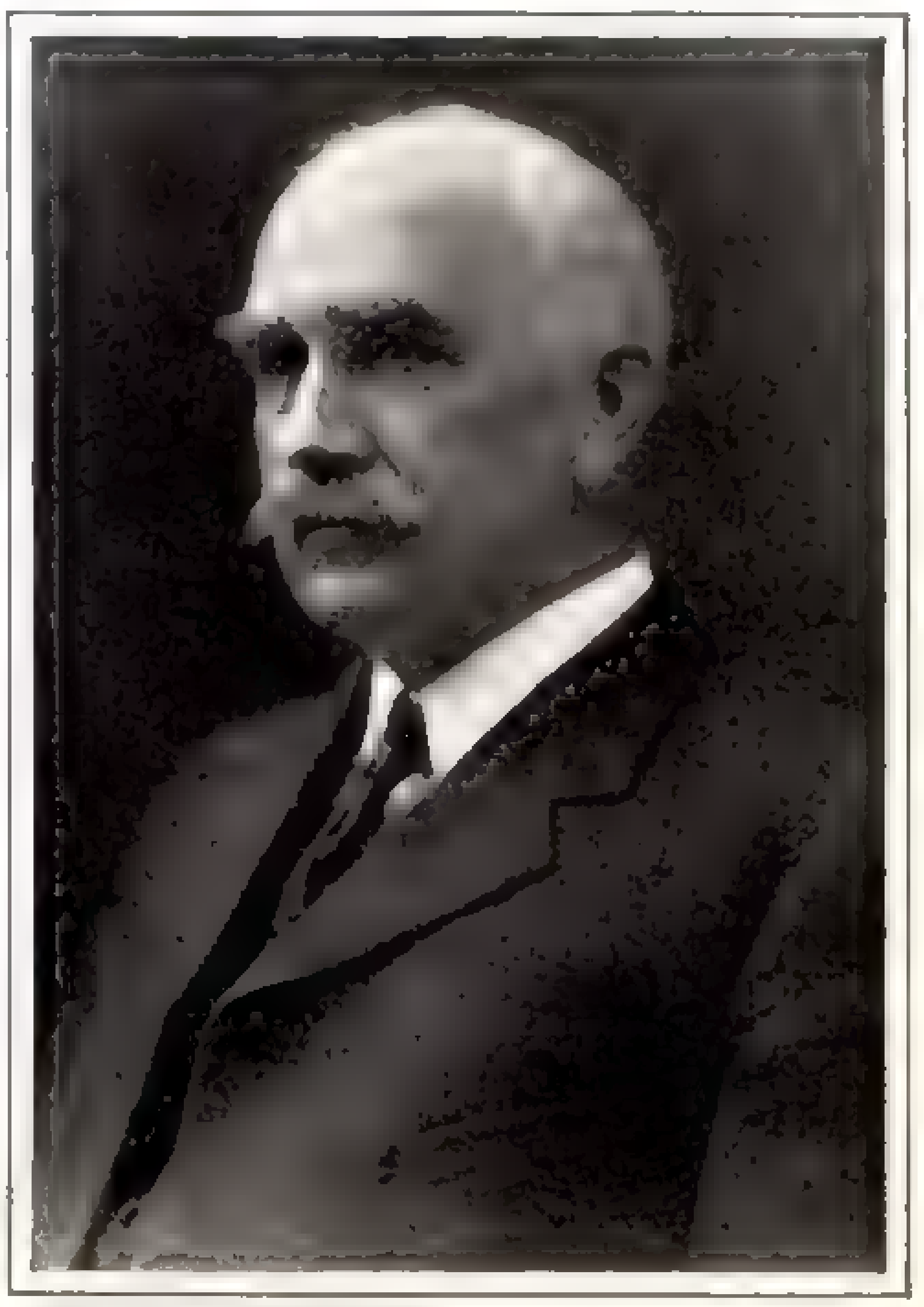
Big Business and Its Satellites in the East Do Not Want Wilson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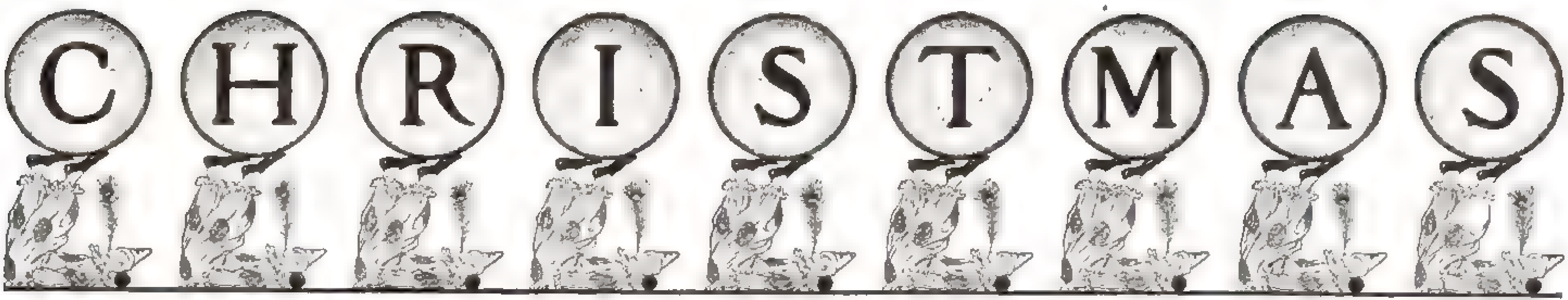
Governor Harmon, Who Certainly Did Do Some Scandalous Tax-Raising Things to the Pennsylvania Railroad



White Folks' Rights

I STOPPED in fo' to git a cuttin' er dat wax gerangium yistiddy," said Uncle Peter to Viney, indicating a small plant among the rows of flower-pots improvised from tin cans and preserve jars that decorated the porch's edge; "but Henry Clay tol' me you was up at de Slocumses he'pin' Mis' Fanny make some kind er tea, so I 'lowed dat I'd wait twel you was home to give me de cuttin'."

"I wan't he'pin' Mis' Fanny make no tea," denied Viney. "I was he'pin' her serve refreshments at a meetin'."

"Dat's funny now," said Uncle Peter meditatively. "Seem lak to me Henry Clay say hit was some kin' er tea—sass'frass tea hit soun'ed lak—on'y diffunt."

"Oh!" Viney assumed an air of importance. "I reckon Buddy was tryin' to say suffidge tea, on'y he didn't git de p'nouncement right."

"Suffidge tea!" repeated Uncle Peter wonderingly. "Ise hearn er boneset tea an' catnip tea, but I disremembers evah hearin' er suffidge tea. What kin' er ailment am hit good fo'?"

"Uncle Peter!" Viney's face took on an expression of superiority born of recently acquired knowledge; "Ise s'prised at yo' ign'unce. De suffidge tea what Mis' Fanny had was a meetin' give by de white ladies in town what ain't got nothin' to keep 'em busy, an' dey done met fo' de puppose er 'scussin' how dey gwine to git mo' rights den dey am got now. Leas'ways, dat's what I mek out fum de talk what I ketch heah an' dere whiles I was passin' de ice cream an' cake.

"You see, white ladies am a way yondah smahter an' higher up dan de cullud women, an' de Lawd knowed what He was doin' when He fix things de way dey is now. But dey am somep'n I has always tuck noticement of, an' hit's dis: take any of us cullud folks what's got enough to do us jes' middlin' well, lak a good place to sleep in, plenty er co'nmeal, an' bacon an' coffee 'nough fo' de nex' week, two good ahms to wuk wid, an' a cl'ar day fo' to dry de clothes, an' you don' fin' none of us traipsin' roun' lookin' fo' Ol' Man Trouble. No, suh! But white folks, Ise noticed, ain't no sooner'n got one thing dey am aftah, dan dey sets hit down on de flo' an' picks up an' chases aftah sump'n else dey sees a way off yondah. De trouble wid white folks is dat dey am runnin' aftah tomorrow all de time, stid er stickin' clost to today.

"Take Mis' Fanny, fo' ninstance. De las' time Cunnel Slocum went to Nashville he brung her one er de fines' dresses what evah you sot eyes on. Mis' Fanny say hit was a important gown, an' when I ax her what kin' er gown am dat she say hit mean dat hit was brung fum ovah de sea. Well, I knows dat dey was a heap to see on hit, an' ef 'twas me dat own such a gran' dress I'd be struttin' up an' down lak a turkey cock an' dat swole up an' proud dat couldn't none er you niggers touch me wid a ten-foot pole.

"But Mis' Fanny ain't no sooner'n kiss de Cunnel fo' de dress dan she say: 'Yes, hit's jes' lovely, Cunnel, but now dat Ise got de dress Ise got to have a hat to go wid hit, an' de on'y kin' er hat dat's fitten to match hit am one wid a bird er Pa'dise plume on hit.' Fum dat minit she didn' give de Cunnel a mossel er res' twel he sont ovah to de city fo' de plume—an' hit costin' all of fifty dollahs. Den she had to git shoes an' gloves an' a pa'sol to match hit, an' de Lawd knows what else. An' dat's de way hit goes all thoo.

"Ef a pusson's a-gwine to keep on huntin' fo' mo' rights all de time dey is somep'n gwine to go mighty wrong in no time. When de Lawd give women de right to bawn dey own chillen an' fetch 'em up de way dey ought to be fotch up, an' look aftah de chillen's pa de way he ought to be looked aftah, she's got 'bout as many rights as she can lay holt on an' take keer of. I don' want no mo' rights dan I has already. I has so many of 'em now dat sometimes I sets back an' wonders dat some of 'em don't spill off'n me 'cause dey am so crowded fo' room. I has de right to take in five washin's a week. I has de right to pay de rent 'cause Isom's out of a job mos' er de time, er else ef he has a job de mizry in his side keeps him fum wukkin' at hit. I has de right to nuss him an' de chillen when dey am sick. Dem's de big rights I has, an' I don' know how many li'l' rights I has.

"'Laws!' says I, when Mis' Fanny tol' me dat some day all de white ladies is gwine to vote. 'Ain't dey 'nough things fo' a man an' his wife to qua'l 'bout widout fussin' ovah who dey wants to be Pres'dent?'"

"Maybe dey won't qua'l," suggested Uncle Peter. "Maybe de wife'll vote fo' de same man as her husband."

"Ef dat's de case," said Viney with some asperity, "what's de use in her havin' rights? All dis heah talk dat I heerd 'bout suffidge 'minds me er somep'n what happen in de Buffo'd fam'ly oncet, an' when I tells hit I ain't meanin' no disrespec' to de white ladies. Mistah Robert Buffo'd was down in de Torpid Zome one time, an' when he come back he brung a li'l' monkey 'long wid him fo' a pet. De monkey was so plum full er fleas dat Mis' Buffo'd wouldn' have hit roun'. Not dat de fleas worrited de monkey, 'cause hit was as cheerful as a cricket when hit fus' come an' hit was 'cause de fleas kep' hit busy chasin' aftah 'em all day long. But John, de drivah, tuck hit outside an' sprinkle some stuff on hit what driv ev'y las' one er dem fleas away. Den de monkey was brung in de house agin, but he wan't de same animal. He jes' set an' look mizzable, not havin' hisself to keep him busy; an' de fus' thing you knows dat monkey had scratched up mo' funisher twel hit was somep'n scan'lous. Dey sent him out to de barn an' locked him in a li'l' room, an' he got full er fleas an' happy agin."

Viney gave Uncle Peter his cutting. "Mis' Fanny say dat she's a 'suffered yet'; but hit ain't near as much as she's a-gwine to ef she don't quit monkeyin' wid politics an' leave em to the men."

—BLANCHE GOODMAN.

Merely a Legend

By Wallace Irwin

A wealthy Broadway waiter bought a paper from a newsy;
He gave the boy a punctured dime and said: "Oh, keep the change!"
But the honorable urchin cried: "You're evidently woozy!
I don't take coin wot I don't earn! Go on; quit actin' strange!"
So the waiter kept his pennies and resolved at once that he
Would straightway stop accepting tips from folk of high degree.

Next day a politician slipped a quarter to the waiter;
The waiter turned the coin for luck, then gave it straightway back.
"Excuse me, sir," he stuttered; "I'm a stern corruption-hater,
And I can't accept a quarter smelling loudly of the sack."
The politician grasped the coin and very nearly ran
To seek a new environment and be an honest man.

The Boss he poked a hundred at the chastened politician,
Who spurned the tainted token with a word of bitter thanks.
"I can't afford," he murmured, "to debauch my high position
By taking money garnered from the corporation ranks."
So the Boss he closed his checkbook in a highly Christian vein
And swore he'd never turn his hand to bribery again.

The Financier he slipped ten thousand ducats to the Boss,
Who chucked it back imeejut at the wicked malefactor.
"If I'm to lead the cause," he said, "I can't be taking dross
From organized corruption, like the merest vice-contractor."
So the Financier, quite edified, put on his hat of silk,
Fired all his hireling Senators and lived on malted milk.

And thus began a great crusade of honest legislation—
The railroads changed their policies to suit the public good;
The grocer and the butcher shunned each vile adulteration,
And the Best Man got the vote of all the people—as he should.

Here's the moral: If we ever wish to reach Utopia's state
Let our Newsboys start a movement that will educate the Great.

Stripping the Tin

DEARIE, I'll help you to open that can. See how ingenious these new-fashioned keys; just twist the wrist—see how clever the plan—off comes the cover as nice as you please. Give me the tin—see, we lay it down flat; where is the key that you twist the top in? See, now I find where that small nib is at, twist the key in it and strip off the tin. Now the key's placed as intended to be; one little turn and the lid starts to strip. Pshaw, that one must be an imperfect key; too small, I think, for the nib starts to slip. Now hold it tight while I try it again; something's the matter as sure as you're born. I seem to start it all right and just then off slips the key. There—that tin thing is torn! Put this can back on the shelf for just now; get me another that's perfectly made; put it down here and I'll soon show you how to strip this tin top off, so don't be afraid.

THERE—that is better; now get me a key. See—the nib fits it and starts to unwind; this is the way 'twas intended to be. Once in a long time you're quite sure to find a can that's imperfect. Now watch me and see just how it works—just a firm, simple twist. Some time you may want to do this and be sure of the method with fingers and wrist. Here at the edge is the nub of the thing; once over that and the rest is quite plain. Now we have got the lid started and—Bing! That blessed key-top is broken again. Well, we'll unwind it and start in anew; bring me a key from another tin can: bring me an old one—I think that will do; they should make keys on a bit stronger plan. Better put back this can also, my dear; we'll start afresh with a new tin and key. Now I'll put this can right down over here and then strip the lid off as it ought to be.

THIS one goes better—I knew that it would; patience is virtue in such things as these. All that you need is a key that is good and a can that is perfect—it's clear as you please. See how the lid strips as smoothly as grease; hardly an effort to strip off the tin. Just start it right in that little tin piece—much will depend on the way you begin. Now the edge lifts and the worst of it's done; this is the hard place, this little spot here: once that is started the rest of it's fun. Oh, we'll have lunch soon, of that never fear! Give me a napkin to put in my lap, lest the oil spatter and soil my good clothes; watch this top roll up as smoothly as——Snap! Now the lid's split—how provoking it grows! Send these cans back and these keys to the store. What's in this tin, Dearie—sardines or cheese? Bring me a new tin; we'll try it once more. Get me the old-fashioned can-opener, please!

—J. W. FOLEY.

The Amazing Adventure of Letitia Carberry

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

XIII

AS I HAVE said, Tommy came in about dawn. Miss Lewis had dropped into an uneasy sleep and Tish was dozing in the chair beside her; Aggie was stretched out on the couch, with a cubeb cigarette burning in a saucer beside her, and was resurrecting her mother's sister again when he came in. He beckoned me out into the hall after he had told us about the coat.

"Miss Blake is ill again," he said. "The second shock after the first, you know."

"Not seriously, Tommy?" I asked, putting my hand on his arm.

"I don't know," he said miserably. "People don't go from one fainting attack into another, without —— I guess you've seen how it is, Miss Lizzie. I—it would kill me if any harm came to her!"

"No harm is coming to her," I reassured him. "If the strain has had this effect on Miss Lewis, who has about the same nervous system as a cow, of course it would go hard with a finely organized girl like Miss Blake. And—don't be foolish, Tommy. No finding of surgical knives in that girl's room, or of rosettes where they don't belong, is going to make her guilty of anything wrong. If she's in trouble it's not of her own making."

He fairly put his arm round me and hugged me, to the horror of a passing nurse.

"Blessed are the spinsters," he cried, "for they are the salt of the earth! Do you really think that?"

"I do," I said firmly. "And shame on you, Tommy Andrews, for having thought anything else! I shall stay with her for an hour or two."

"If you will," he said gratefully, and we started toward the dormitory.

On the way over, Tommy told me more clearly what had happened. The body of the "carbolic case" had been taken to the mortuary by Jacobs and Briggs—Marshall, the other night orderly, having refused to go. On the way up, Jacobs, who was running the elevator, complained that it was out of order. It was an old-fashioned lift, moving always very slowly, and built on the familiar cable-and-wheel principle. Twice during the ascent the cage stopped entirely.

Near the top floor the cage began to vibrate wildly and Briggs had been obliged to steady the wheeled table on which the corpse lay.

Jacobs, who had told Tommy the story, said that both he and Briggs were alarmed, fearing that one of the cables had broken; while he worked with the lever Briggs looked up apprehensively through the metal grill in the center of the cage. The car was still shaking from side to side, and refused to obey the lever. Jacobs turned to Briggs and threw up his hands.

"It's stuck!" he said. "Either it's going to drop, when it gets ready, or ——"

He said Briggs wasn't listening, but was standing looking up at the grill with his face blue-white. Jacobs looked up too, but he was a second too late. He had a sense of something white moving just out of his range of vision and the car ceased vibrating.

Briggs was still staring up and the car was moving again, as if nothing had happened to it. At the mortuary floor Jacobs had touched Briggs on the arm, and he shivered and helped him wheel the table out of the cage. Then Briggs asked him to lower the cage until he could see the top; but there was nothing there. After that they took the body to the mortuary.

"What did Briggs think he saw?" I asked nervously, holding to Tommy's arm. The hall was dark.

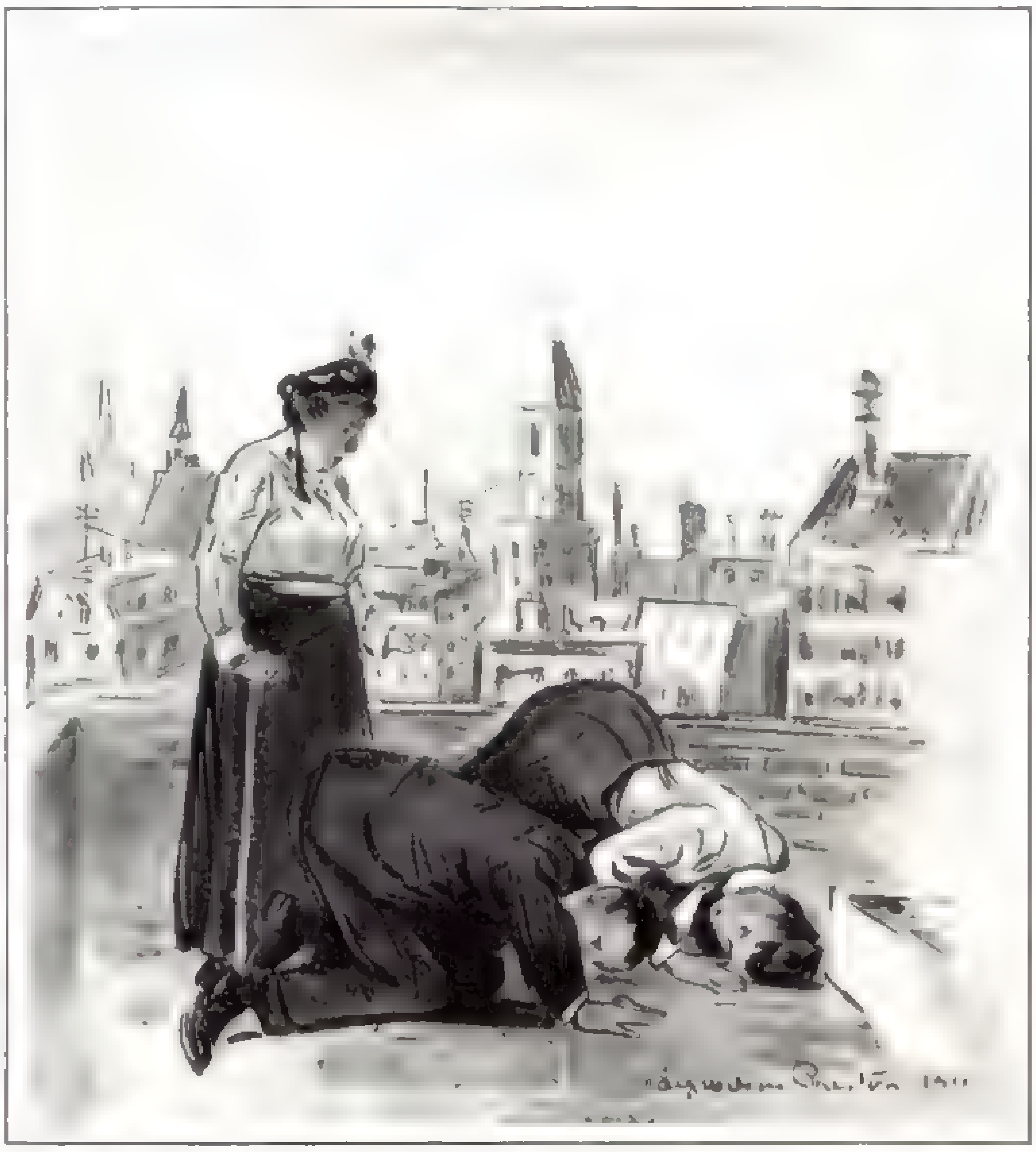
"It's rather fantastic," Tommy said; "but—he declared there was a bare foot planted directly on the grill of the cage."

"A foot!" I gasped.

"A foot," said Tommy soberly. "And I'm going to tell you what I wouldn't care to tell Aunt Tish or Miss Aggie. I've been on top of the cage myself, just now, with a candle. There are innumerable footprints in the dust—distinct marks of a naked foot; but it is always the right foot!"

I shivered. "Tommy!" I quavered. "The mark on the wall where Johnson was found was—the print of a naked right foot. Tish and I saw it."

"I know," he replied, and fell to thinking. "Well," he said after a moment, "I'd better go on. Jacobs moved the cage down, but there was nothing on it or in the shaft over their heads. It ends just above that floor; and, as the doors to the shaft were all locked, if anything had been above the cage it could hardly have got away. Briggs himself said he thought it was an optical illusion and was apparently not nervous when Jacobs went down to get Miss Lewis. He was gone some time, Miss Lewis having insisted on being fortified by something to eat before she went up.



I Dare Say We Looked Queer

Finally, as we knew, he had got Miss Lewis and they went to the mortuary.

Briggs was sitting there quietly with his pipe lighted and a newspaper on his knee. He was neither reading nor smoking, however, and Jacobs said he was staring overhead with a queer expression on his face as if he were listening to something.

He started to say something to Jacobs, but Jacobs signaled him to be cautious and pointed to Miss Lewis. Briggs had nodded and resumed his pipe. Everything was quiet and peaceful, Jacobs insisted. Tommy and Hicks had appeared some time before and gone up the stairs to the roof. The man who had been sent to guard that corridor, one of the laundry men, was dozing in a chair halfway down. Jacobs, not being needed in the mortuary, went down to him and roused him by shaking. He and the laundry man were talking when Miss Lewis came down to the empty ward across from them and, turning on the lights, went in in search of something she needed.

Jacobs was positive there had not been a sound from the mortuary, except that a gust of air from its open windows had swept along the hall and the glass-topped doors had slammed shut. There had been no outcry, no struggle. When Miss Lewis went back briskly and opened the doors she found Briggs apparently gone and the sheeted figure on the table as before.

It was only when she turned down the sheet that she discovered the truth—the body of the murdered orderly on the table and the corpse not to be seen. It was then she screamed.

"We have sent for the police," Tommy finished. "We didn't want any publicity, but now it has to come. It's beyond us. The strange thing is," he said, "at the time it happened every corridor, every ward, every possible means of access to the mortuary was guarded."

"Yes, and with the one nearest it sound asleep!" I commented scornfully. "And goodness knows how many of the others!"

"Jacobs was in the upper hall," he contended; "and, whoever was asleep beforehand, none of them was asleep after Miss Lewis shrieked, Miss Lizzie. There are only two means of access to the mortuary, the fire-escape and the steps. Jacobs was just beyond the steps all the time, and Hicks and I were on the roof near the fire-escape. Nobody left by those two exits. That's positive."

"There is another door in the mortuary," I said. "What is that?"

"Mortuary linen closet," said Tommy. "Always kept locked, and still locked."

"You haven't examined it?"

"The linen-room woman carries the key and she is away overnight."

"Nobody was missing?"

"We made a tally immediately, with the guards all watching every door and window. The two internes and I made the count ourselves—not a soul was missing."

"He was—strangled?"

"No. That's one of the queerest things about it. He had been squeezed—his chest is caved in, and I think the autopsy will show that a point of one of the ribs entered the heart. Death was instantaneous."

"And the brown coat?" I asked. "How did it get there?"

"God knows!" said Tommy, and rapped at Miss Blake's door.

XIV

TISH stared at me the next morning when I told her the story Tommy had told me and laid the key of the mortuary linen closet on her tray.

"The Blake girl is still out of her head," I finished up, "and I found the key, as I tell you, on her dresser, labeled as you see it. I don't want you to show it to Tommy, Tish."

"Tommy!" said Tish scornfully, and pushed away her breakfast untasted. "I tell you, Lizzie, if I had had charge of things last night that poor wretch would have carried in this tray this morning, with the tea slopped over everything as usual. Tommy is a nice boy; but he's stupid."

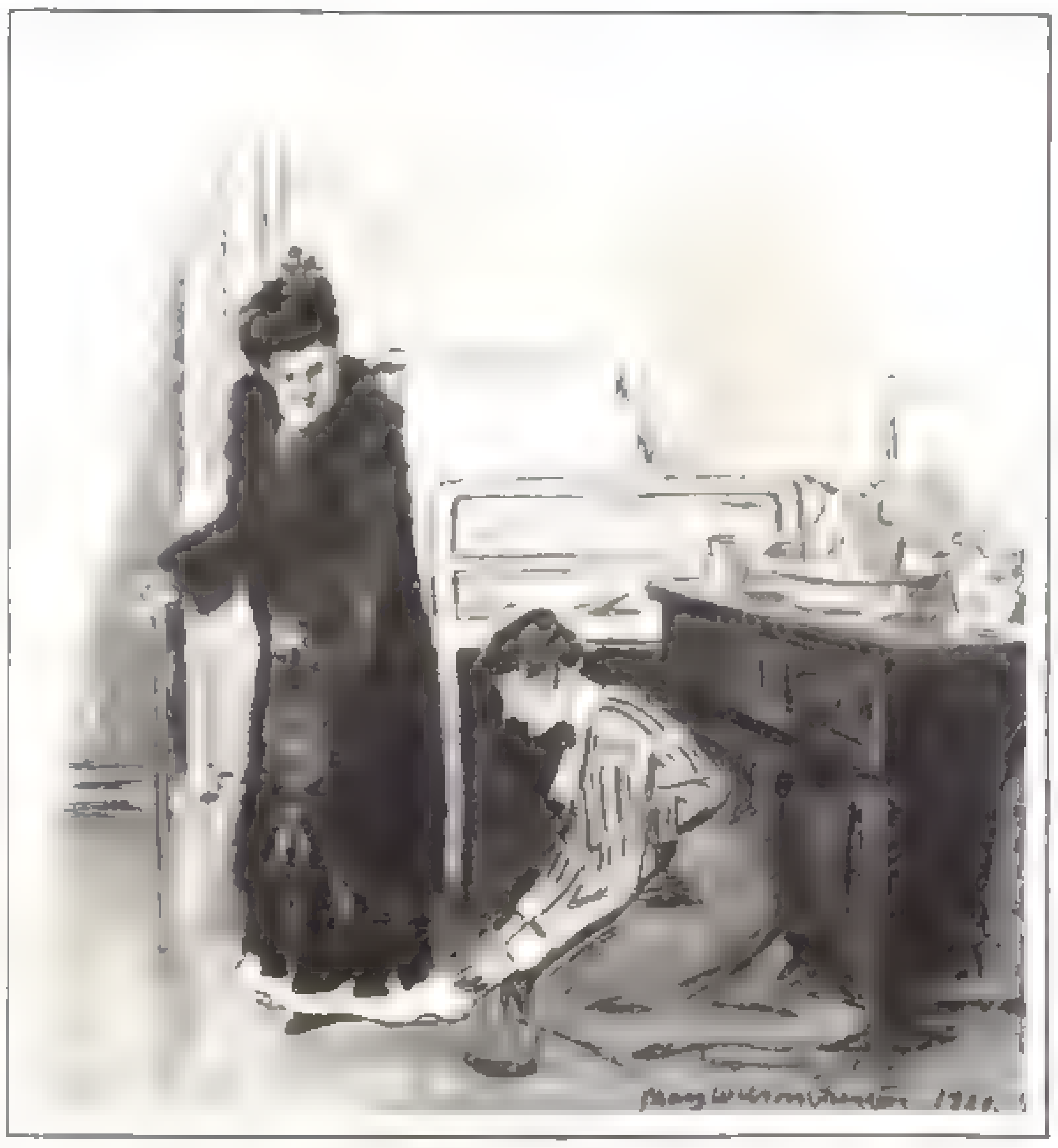
"But I don't understand," said Aggie from the bed. "If you think, Tish Carberry, that finding the key to a linen closet is going to prove anything against that pretty Little Nurse, I'll tell Tommy about it myself."

"Exactly," said Tish coldly. "And if you do I wash my hands of the whole affair. So far as I'm concerned in that case, she can go under suspicion for the rest of her life."

"Suspicion of what?" Aggie demanded tartly. "She didn't kill Briggs, I suppose. Even if she could have broken his ribs, as Lizzie says, and she's a perfectly respectable girl—you can see that in her face—she was right here on the stairs when it happened, wasn't she?"

Tish got up and put the key of the linen closet in the lower bureau drawer.

"Don't be any more of a fool than you can help, Aggie," she said, and shut the drawer. "I don't think Miss Blake



I Made Her as Respectable as Possible, at Least on the Surface

killed Briggs, or got up on the wall and made a footprint a foot and a half long near the ceiling, or hung Johnson by the neck to a chandelier. And if my nephew chooses to be so head over ears in love with the young woman that he's no more capable of logical thought than a guinea-pig, I shall look into the thing myself."

"Guinea pig!" said Aggie. "Now then, that's another thing, Tish. The rabbits ——"

"Lizzie," Tish said, snubbing her completely. "Will you see if Miss Durand is off duty yet? I want to talk to her. Lewis won't be back from breakfast for an hour. She can't Fletcherize and tell that story at the same time."

The hall nurse promised me to find Miss Durand and send her to Tish's room, and started at once on the search for her. She turned to say, over her shoulder and with bated breath, that detectives were in the building now; that Tommy was with them, and that there was a story that they'd found some curious prints on the wall in the room where Johnson's body had hung.

"A foot, and just beside it a woman's hand," she said. "I hear they are going to take impressions of all the hands in the hospital today!"

I carried this to Tish and she affected indifference; but she was visibly uneasy, and at different times I caught her staring fixedly at her palm.

At eight o'clock Miss Durand came in, looking tired and white. Tish asked her to sit down and offered her a little port wine, but she refused.

"No, thanks," she said. "I'm off to bed soon; and if I can only sleep—I didn't sleep much yesterday."

"Too noisy, I dare say," said Tish. "Poor Briggs complained of the same thing in this very room yesterday."

"Oh, it wasn't the noise. I—I got to thinking." She tried to smile. "There have been so many strange things happening!"

"I should think so," said Aggie. "That poor Miss Blake! Do you think ——"

Tish fixed her with a cold eye and Aggie's voice trailed off to nothing. She looked frightened.

"Miss Durand," said Tish, suddenly hitching her chair forward, "I would like you to tell me why you left Johnson to die alone and why you absented yourself from your ward for fifty minutes."

Miss Durand turned even paler and got up. "I didn't understand that you ——"

"Sit down," said Tish. "You'd better tell me, as a member of the Ladies' Committee, than tell the police. I don't start with the belief that half the hospital is guilty and the other half accessories to the crime—and that's what the police will do, according to my experience."

"You may ask Bates ——" she began.

"So I may," said Tish cheerfully. "And if you are round he'll say you were away a scant ten minutes; and if he's alone he'll swear to an hour or more."

"It was less than an hour—I'd swear to that anywhere," said Miss Durand. "It couldn't have taken as long as that!"

"What couldn't have taken so long?" Tish demanded.

Miss Durand looked round at the three of us and seemed to be thinking. "What do you mean by saying I'd better tell you than tell the police?" she asked.

"Just this," Tish said briskly, getting out her sheet of notepaper. "I flatter myself I can see as far through a stone wall as most people, especially if there's a crack to look through. I've been looking at this particular stone wall off and on since four o'clock this morning; and—I think I see daylight."

"Humph!" said Aggie. "Then, the least I can say, Tish ——"

"Now, Miss Durand," Tish began, biting a point on her pencil, "we'll get at this systematically. Did Briggs have any enemies in K ward?"

"He wasn't popular. I guess old Johnson hated him about the most."

"Ah!" said Tish, and put that down. "Did you know Johnson was dying when you left the ward?"

"He'd been dying for twenty-four hours and had been unconscious for six," she defended herself. "Nobody can tell when that sort will make a clean getaway."

"Good gracious!" Aggie ejaculated, and even Tish looked shocked. Miss Durand was clearly not in Miss Blake's class; seen in the morning light, her face looked hard as well as tired.

"I see," said Tish, and put down "clean getaway." "Now, Miss Durand, why had Linda Smith been crying when she came to you at midnight that night?"

"Miss Smith told me she had had some words with the head nurse. She had missed a lecture that evening."

"Why did she miss the lecture?"

"I don't know."

"Don't know or won't tell?" asked Tish.

"Don't know," snapped Miss Durand; and, for all I didn't like her, I thought she was telling the truth.

"Now, Miss Durand," Tish observed, sitting back and fixing her lame leg on its hassock, "I'd be glad to hear why Miss Linda Smith took you away from your ward that night and where you went."

"She had forgotten to attend to something and she came back to fix it."

"What?"

Miss Durand stared at Tish and Tish leaned back, with her pencil stuck through the knob of her hair, and stared at Miss Durand. As I have said somewhere else, Tish is a masterful woman, and Miss Durand felt it.

"She had forgotten to turn in Johnson's clothes," she said. "That is always done after a death; the clothes are held in the office for the friends to get. We went to the basement clothes room."

"But Johnson was not dead." "The chances were he would die that night. The clothes should have been ready in case relatives had wished to remove the body at once."

"The trip to the clothes room would take," Tish said dryly, "about ten minutes. Why didn't she go alone?"

"I—I hardly know. She was nervous and upset. You see, her three years are almost up, and she and the superintendent are on bad terms. She has always said that he would make use of any small mistake she made to keep her from getting her diploma."

"When would she naturally get it?"

"Next week."

"Very good," said Tish, and put something down. "Now then, what happened in the clothes room?"

"I didn't go in."

"Where were you?"

"The morning milkcans were being delivered. I went to the other end of the basement past the engine room, and got a glass of milk. I was thirsty."

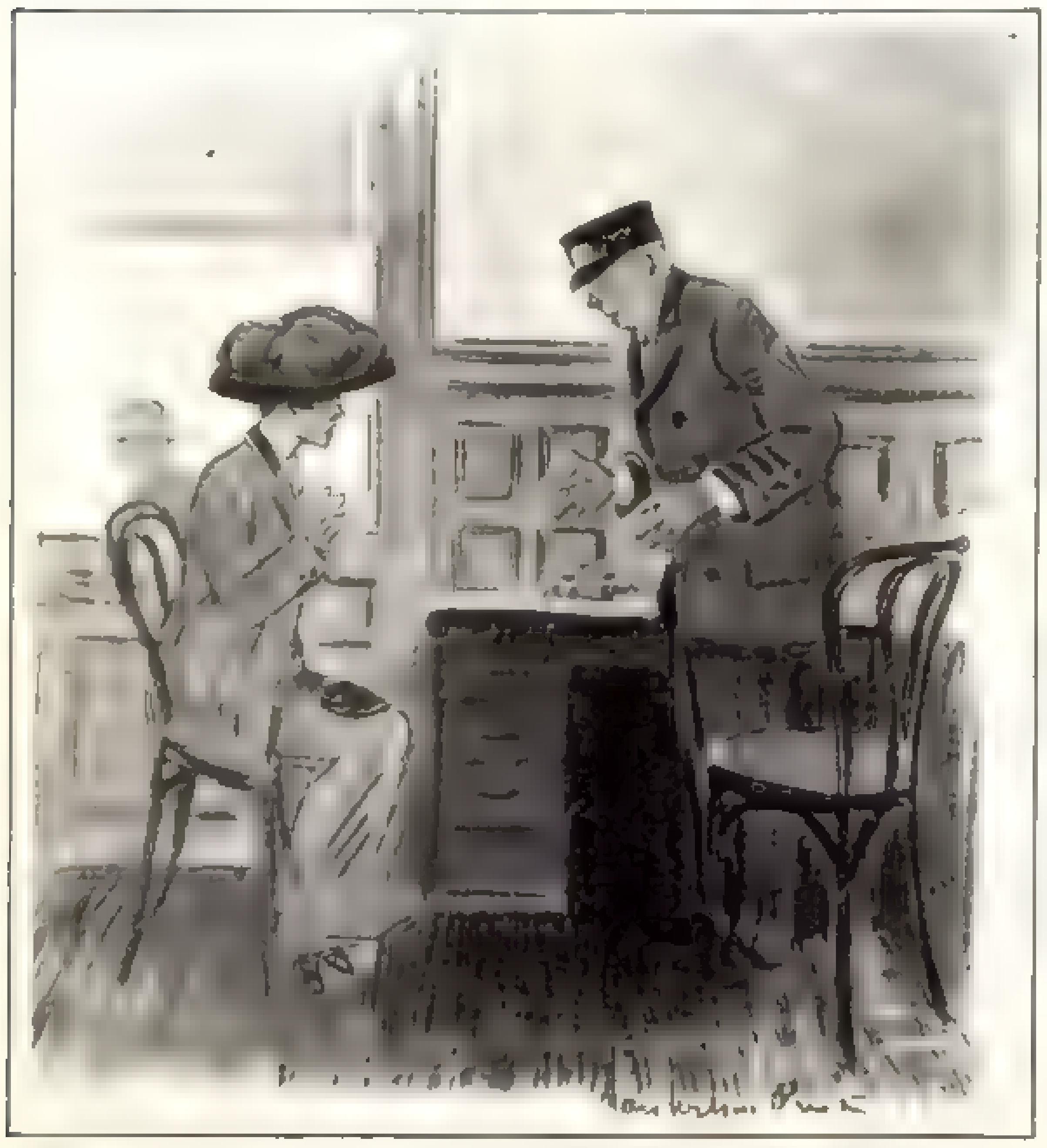
"I see. And that took forty minutes?"

"No," said Miss Durand. "When I got back to the clothes room I couldn't find Miss Smith. The cellar man sitting on the stairs said she had not gone up. I was worried and we both searched for her. We couldn't find her."

"But you did find her. You went back to K ward together."

"I didn't find her," said Miss Durand. "When I came back to the stairs she was sitting there with a bundle in her lap. She was white. The cellar man asked her if she felt sick."

"How did she explain her absence?"



"Excuse Me, Ma'am, But You Haven't Noticed a Small Green Snake, With Red and Yellow Markings, Anywhere Round Here, Have You?"

"She didn't," said Miss Durand with her curious smile. "She's a very queer woman, Miss Smith is."

"Humph!" Tish said, and put down a line or two. "Well, I reckon the next thing to do is to see Miss Smith. She looks pleasant enough, but you can't tell by looking at a toad how far it can hop."

Miss Durand got up and prepared to go. She still wore her curious smile.

"I think this toad has hopped a good ways, Miss Carberry," she said. "Linda Smith has gone, bag and baggage—nobody knows where!"

XV

AGGIE being better, and having declared that no power on earth would make her spend another night in the place, we planned to leave about noon that day; but Tish's astonishing conduct drove all idea of leaving from our minds.

In the first place, Miss Lewis came in from breakfast, looking a little bit better, and insisted on giving Tish's knee its massage as usual. Tish was sitting poring over the notes she had made, however, and wouldn't even as much as look up.

"Get away!" she snarled, with her pencil in her teeth. "There's nothing wrong with my knee."

Miss Lewis looked at me.

"There was something wrong with it yesterday," she said, with her thumbs tucked inside her belt and her spectacles flashing. "It's got cured pretty quick, I think."

"I don't employ you to think," said Tish, hopping past her and opening the lower bureau drawer.

"You needn't employ me at all."

"That's a fact," Tish said in a relieved tone. "It hadn't occurred to me. You go in and take care of Miss Pilkington today, Miss Lewis. There's nothing pleases her like being taken care of."

"There's nothing the matter with Miss Pilkington either," snapped Miss Lewis; but Tish was getting down on her knees by the drawer, groaning as she did it, and she only threw an absent reply over her shoulder.

"Oh, well," she said, "you know what I mean. I didn't mean to offend you. You're a good nurse, but I've got something else on hand. Give Miss Pilkington a bath and put talcum on; she'll take to it like a baby."

Miss Lewis opened her mouth to refuse, thought better of it and went to Aggie's room. Tish drew a long sigh.

"Thank Heaven!" she said. "They'll keep each other busy for the rest of the day."

Which they did. Aggie emerged from her room when Tish and I, breathless and dirty, got back late that morning. She was powdered and manicured, curled and French puffed, and she knew the history of every private case on the floor—name, age, family scandal and operation. She was primed to talk, but by that time Tish and I had no time to stop. Things were approaching a climax.

Well, Miss Lewis and Aggie off our hands, Tish emptied the lower drawer and spread its contents on the floor in front of her. First of all she laid out the two roller-towels, with the S. P. T. showing. Then followed the brown tweed coat, secured by a dollar to Jacobs; the small surgeon's knife; the dented brass candlestick; the bandage Linda Smith had picked up in the upper hall; the linen-room keys and Charlie Sands' letter about Hero at the Zoo. Then, with the sheet of notepaper in her hand, she began to play a sort of checkers with the different things. The two S. P. T. towels she put together and, using this combination as a king, she proceeded to jump the other articles, one by one, moving them around in the intervals and consulting her notes.

At the end of the game, as well as I could make out, the king had it. At least, the two towels seemed to have Charlie Sands' letter cooped up in a corner, and the other articles lay in a humiliated heap on Tish's lap.

"Well!" I said, "I see the towels win, though I think you cheated once."

Tish stuffed the notes into the bosom of her dress and tumbled the other things back into the drawer. Then she got up, making horrible faces as she straightened her knee.

"I'm sorry it's raining, Lizzie," she said. "We'll have to go out."

"Where?" I asked sarcastically. "To the matinée?"

"To the Zoo," she replied; and hauling down her bonnet from the cupboard she stuck it on her head. "Shall we need a taxicab?"

"Probably, if you intend to go out in your nightgown," I said coldly.

If I expected Tish to be confused, however, I was disappointed. With her bonnet still on, she put on her shoes and stockings, her black broadcloth skirt, a lambs'-wool vest and her long fur coat. It wasn't until she was finished that she remembered her nightgown underneath everything.

"It's a little long, isn't it?" she said when she'd started for the door with six inches of white trailing all round her. "Pin it up, Lizzie—that's a good girl."

"I'll do nothing of the sort!" I said. "If you want to make a goose of yourself with a knee that you are forbidden to step on, and maybe a taxicab accident with you fixed like that underneath, I'm not going to be a party to it."

"Very well!" said Tish; and, getting a pair of scissors, she was about to cut off eight inches of her best French nightgown when I weakened and got the safety pins. It was plain Tish was in no mood to stop at trifles. I made her as respectable as possible, at least on the surface, and by that time, seeing she was determined to go, I got ready and went with her.

Now a patient can't leave a hospital without a card being sent down, signed by the interne and countersigned by the superintendent, and brought back by the elevator boy for the signature of his family, his religious adviser, and the police bureau, or something almost as complicated. Not knowing anything of this, however, Tish and I went down in the elevator, past the door man and out the front door, called a taxicab and drove away with perfect ease and calmness.

We went to the Zoo. That is generally known now, though that Tish went in her nightgown is here for the first time set forth. What we did at the Zoo I do not know exactly. I might as well have been back with Aggie, being bathed and talcumed. Tish let me help her into the building, pointed to a chair in the anteroom and spent twenty minutes in the private office of the superintendent.

I was rather bitter about it. In the first place, I don't like Zoos; and, in the second place, after I had been there ten minutes a man in uniform came in and examined all the corners of the room and turned over every chair. When he came to the one I was on he said: "Excuse me, ma'am, but you haven't noticed a small green snake, with red and yellow markings, anywhere round here, have you?"

I was frozen in my chair.

"No," I said as calmly as I could; "unless I absentmindedly put him in my handbag!"

"Oh, I didn't mean that, lady," he hastened to explain, "I meant—he may be curled on the rungs of your chair."

I got up at that almost instantaneously, and he turned the chair over.

"Not here," he said, disappointed. "Little devil—this is the third time he's slipped out this week!"

"Is he—is he poisonous?" I asked.

"Well," he said thoughtfully, "some people say he isn't, but personally I shouldn't care to sit down on him in the dark."

He went out and closed the door; and when Tish came back she declares I was standing in the middle of the room with my skirts held up, and turning slowly round in a circle.

There was a glitter in Tish's eye that I had never seen before, as we drove back to the hospital. I attempted to explain a little of how I felt at being left in a place like that, where at any moment something might break loose for the third time that week, and why I was turning round; but she told me tartly not to bother her.

We returned to the hospital in silence and I paid for the taxicab. It was not until we were back in Tish's room, and I had put her into her chair and got a hot-water bottle under her knee—which had gone on a strike about that time and refused to bend at all—that I spoke.

"Well?" I asked.

"Well—what?"

"Have they lost anything—any animals?"

"No," said Tish calmly. "I knew that before I went there. Lizzie, what day was it the two medical internes left?"

"This is Friday," I said. "It was Tuesday evening, Tish."

"I thought so," she observed. "Now reach me my notes, Lizzie, and go call Bates."

XVI

BATES came unwillingly. His shrewd face was pale and twitching, and he insisted on knowing why he was wanted.

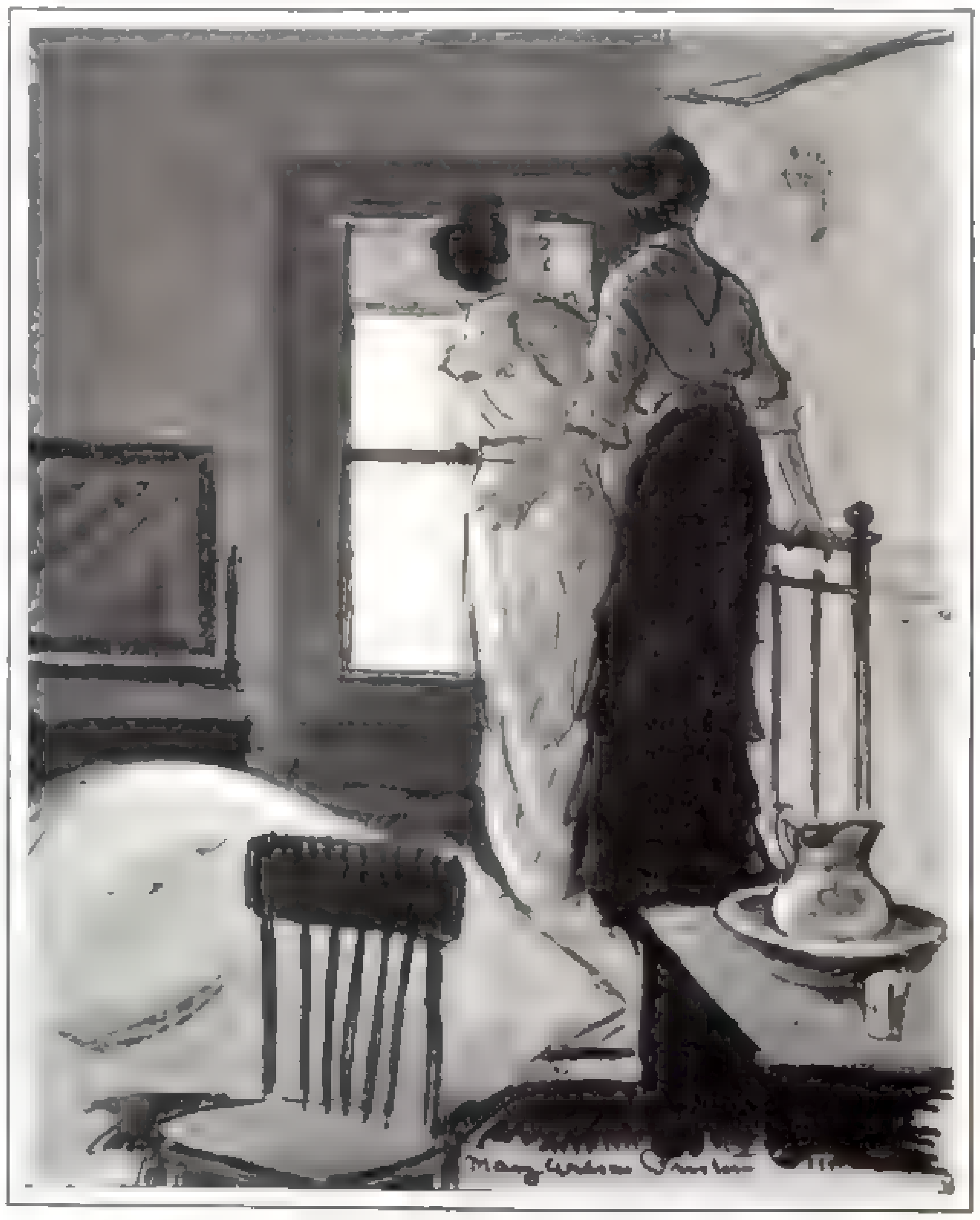
"I cannot tell you, because I do not know, Mr. Bates," I said. "Miss Carberry wants to speak to you. That is all."

"I haven't time," he said. "I'm helping out in the wards today. One of the day orderlies has got to take Mr. Briggs' place tonight, and he has gone to bed to get some sleep."

But I got him to go finally and we went together along the hall, his carpet slippers flapping loosely as he walked, his shirt open at the throat and showing his lean brown neck. I thought to myself uneasily that the man looked like at least a potential criminal himself. Just as we reached Tish's door Tommy came out.

I sent Bates in, for Tommy put his hand on my arm.

"What has she been up to?" he asked as the door closed. "She's sitting in there in a kimono, with her foot on a stool; and she's got her bonnet on."



"The Mark on the Wall Was—the Print of a Naked Right Foot!"

"We've been out," I said tartly. "Or she's been out; I only went along. We went to the Zoo, Tommy, and she left me to sit on snakes, with green and red markings ——"

"What!"

"Well, it only happened that I didn't. And she's got hold of something. I never saw her in such a state."

"The Zoo!" cried Tommy, and whistled. Then he smiled. "I see," he said. "The Murders in the Rue Morgue, eh? Well, what happened?"

"I haven't any idea. She's got some sort of a scent, and she's got her nose to the ground and is running like mad. If she's interfered with today she'll bite!"

"I see," said Tommy. "Well, good luck to her!"

"How is Miss Blake?"

He lowered his voice. "She's conscious; but don't tell Aunt Tish, please. She wants to ask her some questions and I don't want her disturbed. She's very weak." He looked down at a little case he had in his hand and then at me. "I'm going to give her a hypodermic," he said, "and the nurse is doing something else. Would you mind coming over with me?"

Well, of course I'd wanted to hear what Tish asked Bates; but, as I've admitted before, I'm a good bit of a fool when there's a love affair on hand, and I'm fond of Tommy.

"All right," I said, and we went. I thought I heard Tish's voice raised angrily as we left the door, but the next moment there was only the quiet hum of Bates' speaking.

The Little Nurse was lying in bed with her eyes closed. She looked white, but her lips had more color than the day before. She opened her eyes as we came in and put out her hand to me.

"You're very good," she said. "You see I am better."

Tommy beamed.

"And just in time!" said I. "One more fainting fit and Dr. Tommy Andrews would have been tied up in a strait-jacket."

She colored a little and looked at him.

"I've been telling her," said Tommy, catching my eye, "about Miss Lewis and the mouse last night. A girl with a set of lungs like that is lost in a hospital. She ought to be in a garage, blowing up auto tires."

"And—everything was quiet last night?"

"Not a sound—except the aforesaid yell. Never knew the house quieter." He reached over and caught her wrist. "Nerves as tight as a string!" he said. "You're going to have a hypodermic and relax a bit."

"Since you *will* be my medical adviser ——" she said half shyly, and held out her right arm.

Tommy fixed the hypodermic and came over to the bed. "Ready!" he said; but, instead of the right arm, he leaned across and drew up the short white sleeve of the left. She made a quick movement, but was too late.

"Good Heavens!" he said, and we both stared. The arm was covered with bruises from elbow to shoulder!

. . . .

Tommy walked back with me to Tish's room, but at first he said nothing; and neither did I. The girl had offered no explanation and he had asked none. The poor little arm had been too pathetic.

Just before we reached Tish's door, however, he stopped.

"The sheer brutality of it!" he said. "She's only a bit of a girl and she's been through something horrible. But I'm not going to ask her about it and I won't have her questioned by anybody else. If I'm satisfied it's nobody else's affair."

"Listen to the egotist!" said I. "And why is it your affair only?"

"Because I'm going to marry her if she'll have me," he said hotly. "And after I have her, and can protect her, I'm going to kill whoever put those fingerprints on her arm."

"Fingerprints!" I cried.

"Yes," he said, and opened the door.

Bates had gone and Aggie and Tish were together. Tish still wore her bonnet and she had a crimson spot on each cheek.

"Tommy," she said, the moment we entered, "I've sent for the linen woman and I want you to stay by. As soon as I've seen her we're going to the Blake girl's room."

"Oh, no; you're not," said Tommy calmly. "You'll go there over my dead body."

"That wouldn't be much of an obstacle!"

"She's very ill. I won't have her disturbed," said Tommy, and set his jaw. They both have the Carberry jaw. Tish made an impatient movement. "Is the top of the elevator flat?" she added.

"The center is, I believe." Tommy was doubtful. "What on earth ——"

"Never mind!" said Tish grandly, and the linen woman knocked.

"Mrs. Jenkins?" asked Tish.

"Yes'm," said Mrs. Jenkins. She was a tall woman in black, with a white apron and a thimble as badges of office.

"I wanted to ask you for the key to the mortuary linen closet, Mrs. Jenkins," said Tish.

Mrs. Jenkins fidgeted and glanced at Tommy.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I—haven't got it just now."

"Indeed!" Tish raised her eyebrows. "Aren't you responsible for that closet? I have a particular reason for asking."

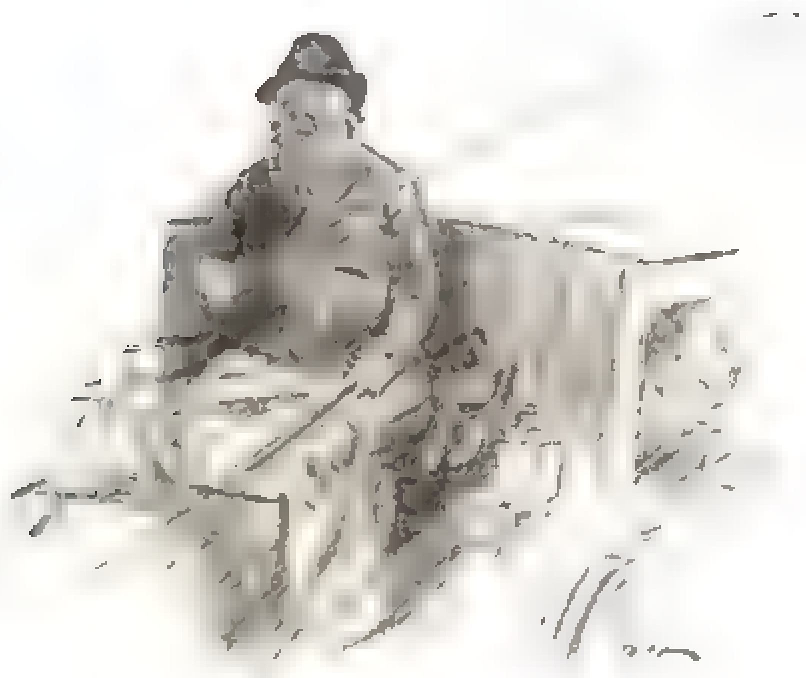
Mrs. Jenkins turned to Tommy. "Since you're here, Doctor Andrews," she said, "I suppose it's all right; but we don't give the keys of any of the closets to the patients usually."

(Continued on Page 40)

An Old Woman and a New One In the Old World

By CORRA HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH



The Way Socrates Must Have Looked After He Had "Made a Night of It"

YOU may refuse to be a wife or a mother, but it is beyond the power of any woman to refuse to become an aunt. If I could have exercised choice in this matter I should have preferred to have been Peggy's uncle during this expedition in search of the super and nether woman. When a young and beautiful American girl goes abroad she should take two steamer trunks, seven languages and an uncle. If she wants more let her take another language at least and a change of uncles. No mere woman is equal to the hardships involved in keeping up with her.

After a night's voyage from Harwich to the Hook of Holland and a day's journey by rail we reached Berlin, more dead than alive. The sea between England and Holland is designed specially for the confusion of the inner man, even more for the confusion of the inner woman. And the trains on the Continent dash along with a kind of hysterical, jerky speed that is distracting. Peggy sat on one side of our compartment like an infirm little white ghost with disheveled hair, and I sat on the other wishing for a seat in a parlor car at home. We were both too outraged by our discomfort to talk to each other, but there was no one else to whom we could speak and be understood. Peggy's four years of classroom German proved to be a foreign language in Germany.

After we had submitted to the frugality of our first continental breakfast of rolls and coffee, Peggy fell asleep leaning back with her lips closed in a grim pink new-woman line across her softly rounded face and I began to feel the spell of the land through which we were passing. Even in one's old age one may enjoy the mental anesthetic of fresh impressions. I untied my bonnet strings and took off my gloves. It was very early in the morning. I had the sensation of having my face bathed in a new kind of dew as the sun arose and spread a yellow fan of light over all the windmills and meadows and thatched roofs of the houses. The canals glistened in it and the pale leaves of the lindens and poplars shone like trembling silver-green veils. The same sun shines upon the cotton fields in Georgia and over the smoky New England villages, but he does a different business altogether in Holland. The flowers are not the same—nothing fancy about them; just stocky little yellow and red blossoms all in a row. The very grass is faded and coarse. The cows are made so much alike with the same black and white spots that I wondered as we passed herd after herd how they told themselves from one another. The very people are different from our people. They are more related to the earth, as if they had literally sprung from it.

Privilege Versus Prejudice

THE homeliness of everything in Holland is so harmonious as to be entrancing and to convince any thoughtful person that beauty is not a surprise in some eccentric perfection, but depends upon a sort of consistency of the whole. Anywhere else these men and women would have seemed homely, but here they made little groups in the fields and along the roads like some pictures in the art galleries of Europe before which Americans stand reverently. The women reminded me of old-fashioned posies in their white headdresses, red bodices and blue skirts. They are thick, as if they had plenty of room in their wide bodies for the bearing of a sturdy race, and they appear to have achieved a beautiful peace of mind upon the subject of style that English and American women of the same class have never accomplished. They have worn their white-winged bonnets so long that their features belong inside them, as a prayer belongs in a poor heart. What dignity, what peace of mind—to have one fashion for a thousand years! Never to be obliged to worry over new Easter bonnets! To survive half a dozen civilizations with a white-winged head, a red bodice and a blue petticoat! How much one might accomplish then in the way of bringing the features up to match the matchless integrity of art, provided we chose the right garments in the beginning! But it cannot be done in our country, not without destroying too much vanity and too much commerce, to say nothing of our fear of caste.

For if we American women chose one dress and held to it even five years half the business of France would be ruined and our own Wall Street wrecked. Also the time we spend changing our fashions twice a year would require reinvestment—and it is harder to invest the time of idle women than any amount of better capital. After all I reckon it is an open question which is the higher type—the woman who buys two fifty-dollar hats every season or the one whose thoughts never go beyond a headdress designed for her in the middle centuries. It may be better to exercise the mind about fashions than not to exercise it at all; for it is generally understood that the Dutch women are not particularly clever; but they are thrifty and industrious.

Peggy slept peacefully through Holland and I was glad she did. To have had her pressing her nose against the windowpane and staring at these quaint inverted tulip-shaped women and wondering whether they were awakened to a proper sense of their rights to suffrage would have destroyed the languid good humor of my own observations.

That is one trouble about the new woman—she lives, moves and thinks insistently in that one vernacular of equal rights for all and special privileges for none. Maybe it is the way for her to win her cause. "What two generations of women want they get!" is how a clever Englishwoman expresses it. But it is often wearisome to be with them long in the wanting period. I may be disloyal to my sex, but there are times when I like to lean back and take my ease in the old order of things. I confess a guilty comfort in the knowledge that probably I shall never live to cast a ballot or to see any of my female relations run for the office of sheriff. And I cannot help feeling sorry for the men, even if they have brought all this trouble on themselves by the naïve advantage they have taken of women's helplessness. There is a good deal of the Ichabod in the modern man—departed glory—as far as women are concerned. He may refuse them their rights, but he can never restore himself to the splendor of their old-time illusions concerning him. They have turned out the sweet pink glow cast by the romantic imagination, pulled up the shade, and they are looking at him for the first time calmly, too dispassionately in the awful revealing daylight of commonsense. This is not the kindest way to judge any one. Women could not bear it from men any better than men do from them. We are all poor creatures, male and female, and we die before we can face our existence and get our proper bearings. I reckon it is the Lord's will or it would not be so, but it is hard luck if we do not get the chance to rise and live again, if merely to show how much better we could have lived if we had known sooner what was right.

A Confession of Helplessness

I WAS just composing myself to follow Peggy's example and take a nap when the train stopped at a station. Immediately the corridor outside our compartment was filled with men wearing uniforms and an air of authority, much fiercened by bristling upturned mustaches. Peggy opened her eyes, stared and then assumed the astonished spitting expression of a small white kitten flattened against the wall at the sight of a strange dog. The men gesticulated and spoke at length, using more consonants, I thought, than ought to be in any language, and sounding them in their trombone noses until the very air was resonant with the fearful din.

"Peggy, we are going to be arrested!" I whimpered. "Help me find our passport; I've got it somewhere in my bosom."

But I had so many things in my bosom that I became confused and pulled out my coral earrings instead. I never wear them, but I always like to have them with me. Meanwhile my niece found her voice.

"What does this intrusion mean?" she demanded with dignity and the best Georgia accent.

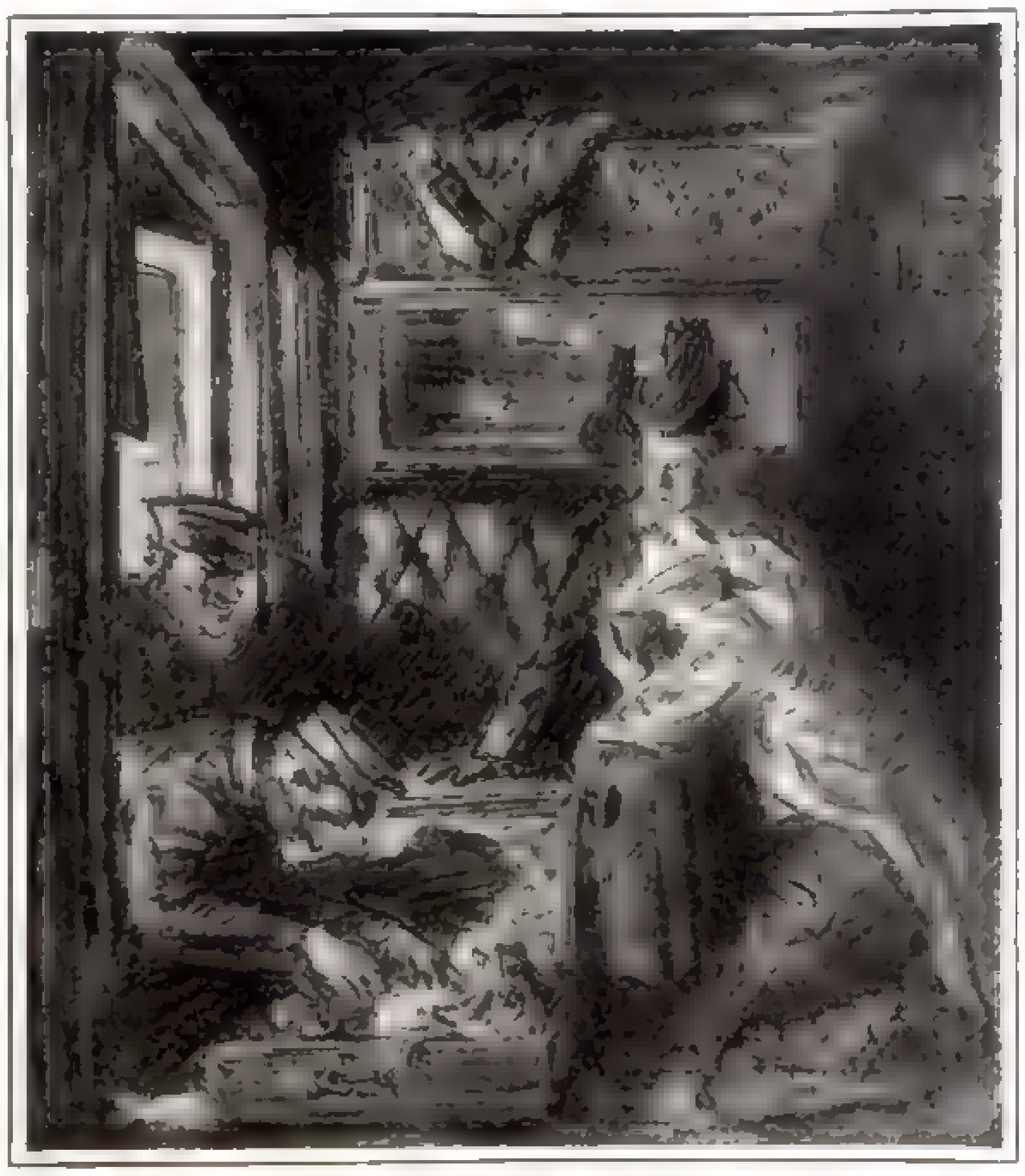
The men replied, but of course we could not understand, and as they began to make threatening motions toward our bags Peggy arose and sat down on her suitcase. I have never seen so much desperation depicted in so small a face. This appeared to increase the suspicions of our tormentors and one of them made as if he would pluck her up. She slid off and took refuge between my knees, hiding her face there and trembling with truly feminine terror. The man ripped open the suitcase and began exploring the contents. Suddenly it dawned upon me that they were customs officials, as one of them looked up and repeated a number of times:

"Cigarettes? Spirits?"

"No!" I screamed, thoroughly indignant that two respectable American women should be suspected of smuggling tobacco and liquor into Germany. We had passed through the customs at four o'clock in the morning at the Hook of Holland and did not know that we had to endure the same ordeal again till we reached Berlin.

Peggy was so chagrined over this incident that she made a poor companion during the rest of our journey. That which mortified her, I think, was the fact that she had confessed her entire feminine helplessness before two persons of the opposite sex. Your new woman has not yet learned that no theory of suffrage will make a woman brave except along her own sacrificial lines.

We reached Berlin at five o'clock in the afternoon and had our first interview with a foreign cabman, and whatever



No Theory of Suffrage Will Make a Woman Brave Except Along Her Own Sacrificial Lines may be said of cabmen of other nations it is best never to try to make a German jehu understand English. Though you speak with the tongues of men and of angels, if you do not speak German he will take you to Potsdam when you want to go to Kalckreuth Strasse. They are all old, bald-headed, paunchy, very red in the face, with patches of half-foraged whiskers on their chins. They remind you of the way Socrates must have looked after he had "made a night of it," if you can picture Socrates in a dirty shirt, a red string tie and a black oilskin beaver mashed in at the top.

I might write an interesting chapter giving the experiences of two strangers in a hospitable foreign country. I shall never forget Peggy's mortification when she ordered lemonade for some American friends who called on us and was served with an immense platter of ham and eggs. There is no doubt about it, a woman's tongue is her sword, and when she is deprived of the use of it she becomes a meek and cowardly being. Peggy never appeared to a better or falser advantage than she did among the Germans—demurely silent, patiently, exquisitely dramatic in her efforts to make herself understood. And I shall set down here before we come to more important matters that she escaped all romantic complications, because she refused to translate the ardent eye speech of a young German officer belonging to the household where we visited.

Concerning Matrimony and Mustaches

BERLIN is to Germany what New York is to the United States—its caldron, the place where the human temperature reaches fever heat and stays there. The life of the country is no more to be inferred from it than that of America can be inferred from New York. But it has the advantage of containing all the elements of the Empire. It is a magnet that draws men and women of every degree and station, from the peasant to the Kaiser. After London, Berlin gave the impression of having been founded in the mythological period, rather than in that of romance or Christianity. In London the monuments are to kings and to martyrs and they commemorate the courage, loyalty and Christian piety of the people. In Paris the monuments that predominate are to poets, artists, musicians, novelists and philosophers. If there ever were any raised to kings there most of them have been destroyed. But in Berlin one could imagine that Brobdingnags were the first inhabitants and that they were all sculptors bent upon commemorating the myths of antiquity, there is so much primitive ruthless strength displayed in the numberless statues, the great majority of which are pagan in their significance. The city is decorated everywhere with strange leviathan sea-monsters. We could scarcely look up without beholding some old Merlin fish lashing his tail against the side of a great building, or a merman struggling in the net of two or three mermaids in the arid center of some *Platz*. This is queer when you think how far inland the people are, and that in England, with its seafaring people, not one monument of this kind could we find.

The people are very cordial to Americans, but they are not inclined to look on them as desirable matches for German men. The theory is that our women have too much influence over their husbands. This suspicion of the American woman exists throughout the Old World to such an extent that it is certain neither an Englishman nor a German could marry one without sacrificing some part of the respect of his envious countrymen. In Germany the objection to the American woman is especially strong because there the men pride themselves upon the dictatorship they enjoy in the marital state. It is the custom for the husband to command his wife, if he sacrifices his comfort by marrying.

I may as well deliver my whole mind on the German man now while he is in the reader's sight. Nature appears never to have forgiven him something, and has taken the grudge out by endowing him with a kind of hardy bulbous countenance. His one protest against her is his mustache. This is to him what the tail is to the peacock. It is the one operatic note in an otherwise rather commonplace countenance. By brushing it up the wrong way he gives himself a falsely frisky air or one of great fierceness. To see him with it drooping naturally the way it grows is like looking at a dog with his tail between his legs. He makes an inexpensive-looking soldier, a slovenly student, a grimy artisan, a dingy-looking commercial and professional man, and an official with baggy trousers; but he has the best-groomed mustache in Europe. He is so domestic that he will domesticate himself anywhere, even on the sidewalk with a chair, a table and a pot of beer. Peggy and I used to sit in the Zoological Gardens in the evening and observe about five thousand German men and women making themselves at home under the trees between the two bandstands. They lacked that stiffness Americans always show in public places. They smoked, drank beer, sang snatches from the prevailing opera, entertained each other in family groups varying all the way from the grandparents to the youngest child, exactly as we should do at home before an open fire with the blinds drawn.

The German men must have been especially designed by Providence for fat husbands, with a disposition to bounce children upon their knees—but on account of poverty the tendency among them is not to marry. This is first because they earn enough to support themselves comfortably, but not enough to maintain a family on the same plane of life on which they move as bachelors. Second, because they serve those years in the army during which young men are most willing to risk marriage. But this celibacy on the part of so many men does not affect the population of Germany.

It is difficult to imagine a place where more children are to be seen than in London, but Berlin has more of them. The streets are full of little round-faced, straight, very fat-legged boys and girls, always singing like incipient tenors and prima donnas and having as good a time as you can imagine. The Old World is kinder, more intelligently considerate of the needs and nature of children than we are in America. Every little three-cornered lot left over between two converging streets is made into a playground for them. One of the prettiest spots in London was a barren mudbank on the Thames that had been converted into radiant flower gardens for the poor children of that quarter.

Presently I shall discuss the women of Germany more particularly, especially in their relation to the Woman's Movement. But before we come to that I must write it down here that the person who has had more practical influence upon German life during recent years is a woman who does not belong to the movement and is a foreigner. This is Ellen Key, of Sweden. Not only do her broad views upon love and marriage appeal to the Germans, but her working theory of life as it is coincides with their practical needs.

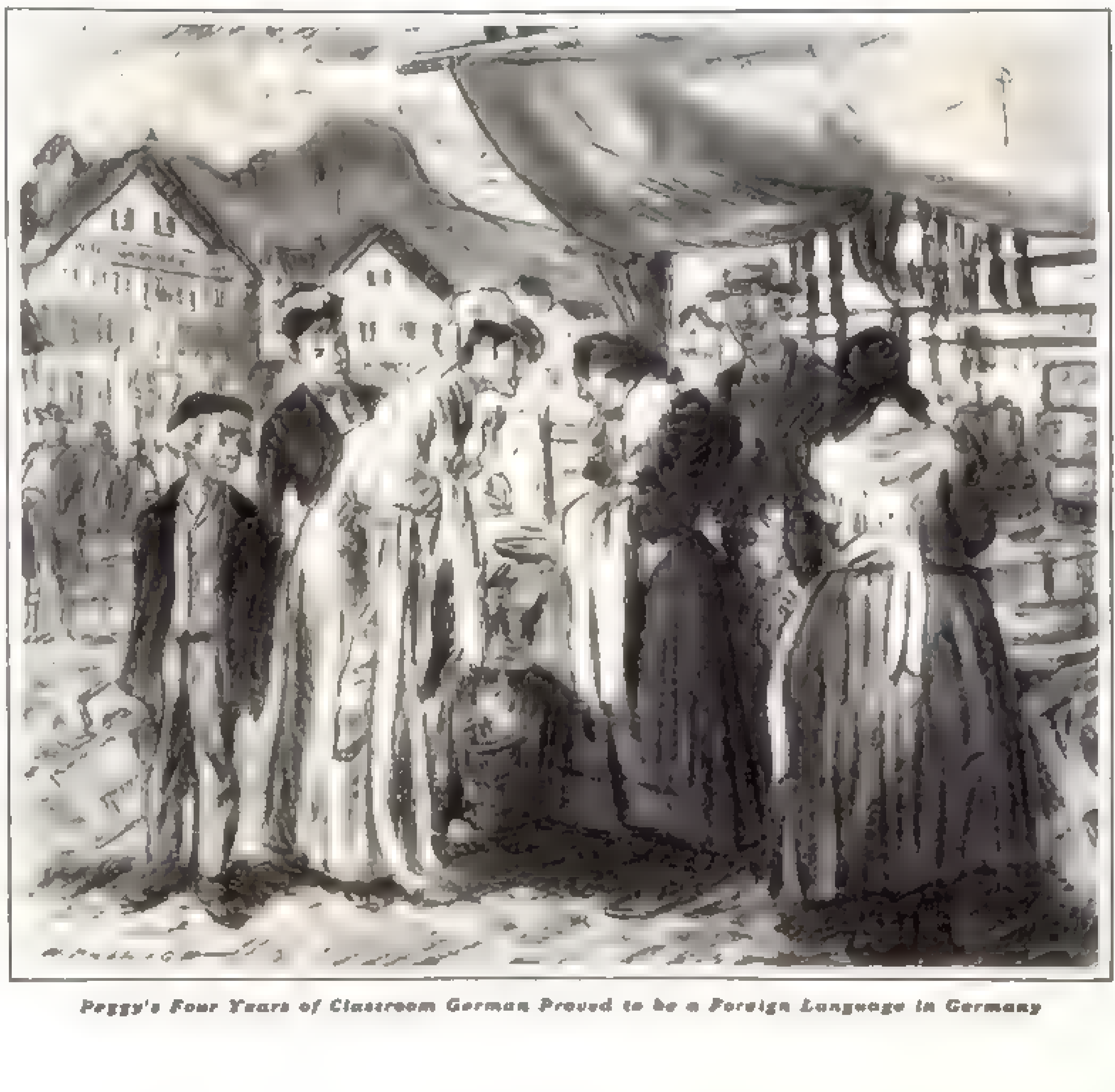
The women of Germany are divided into the usual classes by society and youth. The men there do not begin to receive and honor a woman until she is nearly fifty. Then they show that ideality and graceful sentimentality in their bearing and attentions to her for which the nation has so long been famous. In the home where Peggy and I visited the elderly women of the family were invariably received with a kind of filial acclamation by the men when they entered the room. Their hands were kissed and they were always conducted with quick impromptu gallantry to the seat of honor at the table or in the drawing room. The reverse is the case in our country. A woman may be that truly feminine sovereign, a leader in society, after she is fifty, but if ever you see the men paying her any pleasant attention it is usually because they are afraid of her, not because they particularly admire her. Americans do not like anything that is old except pictures and tapestries and graven images of bronze and stone, among which they invariably appear egregiously new themselves, as any one will tell you who has seen a touring party of them making a sort of charge of the light brigade through the art galleries of Europe.

Thrifty Customs of the Fatherland

I DO not know why elderly women should be more inclined toward gossip than toward movements, but they are. I should have much preferred spending the whole of our visit in Berlin in this natural old-lady fashion, listening to the tattle of the engaging *Frauen* of my own age tell of the customs of their country, and comparing, say, the frugality of the German lover with that of the American. When he becomes engaged he places a gold ring upon his sweetheart's left hand. When they are married he takes it off and puts it on the middle finger of her right hand as the wedding ring. The custom seemed more honorable to me than the effort an American clerk makes to save two hundred dollars out of a seventy-five-dollar-a-month salary to buy a diamond for his betrothed. But, in spite of my own inclinations, I could not resist Peggy's enthusiasm after she discovered the various heads of the Woman's Movement in Germany. Toward the last I was obliged to go about with her to the meetings of their councils and even to call upon some of the leaders.

In Germany there are a million more women than there are men, and two-thirds of all the women in the Empire must work for their own support. Out of the remaining one-third come the idle rich and the wives and mothers. The universities have been open to women about fifteen years, and though most of the *Fräulein Doktoren* know how to take care of themselves, higher education has already bred enough bachelor women to make them a feature of the situation. The Kaiser sets the highest standard of what is expected there

Peggy Slept Peacefully Through Holland and I Was Glad She Did



Peggy's Four Years of Classroom German Proved to be a Foreign Language in Germany

(Continued on Page 61)

SANTA CLAUS, JR.

By Wallace Irwin

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PETER NEWELL

SQUBHURST
OYSTER LAKE
CROOKED CREEK
C.R.R.
N
S
E
W
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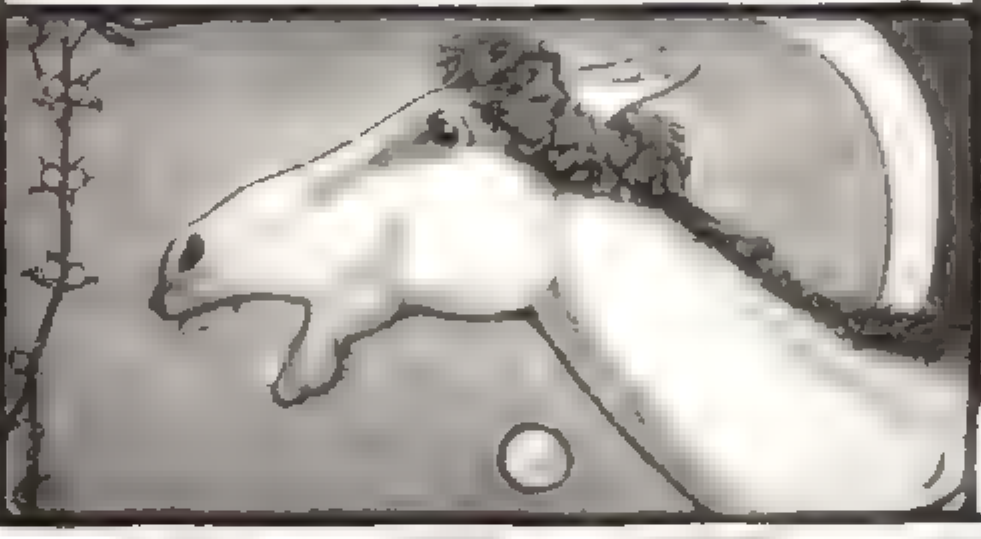
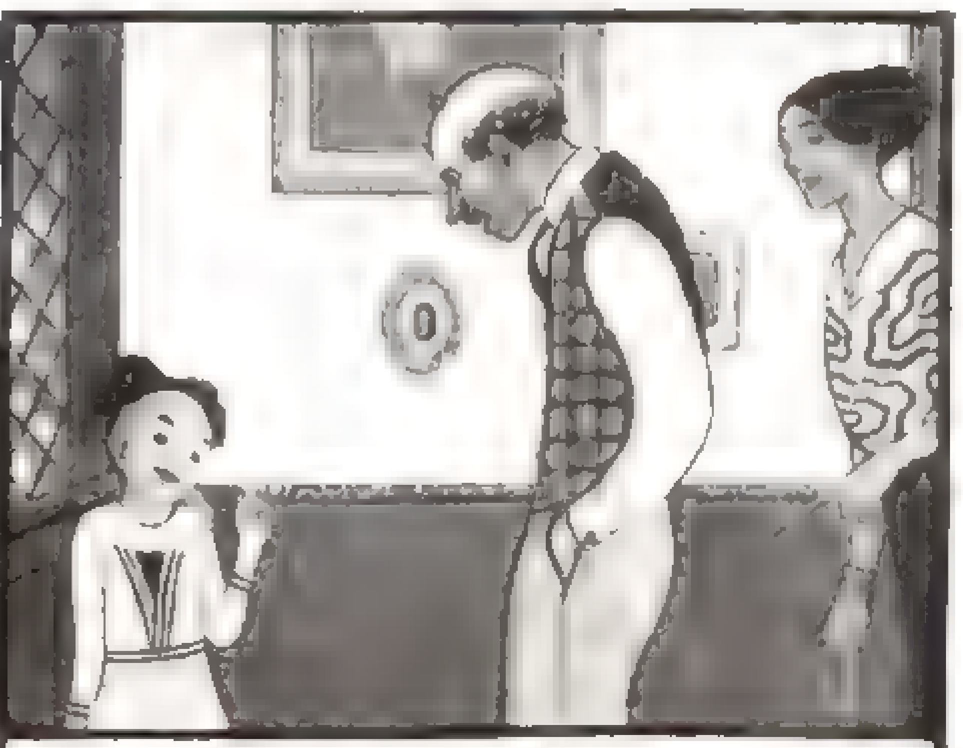
"'Twas the Night Before Christmas." Our Scene is the Home
Of Charlemagne Grinder in Squbhurst, N. J.

A Modern Myth in Which the Gift Horse Opens His Mouth and Bites





"You Can Stuff Little Bobby, Who's Wearing a Bib,
But You Can't Jolly Me With That Santa Claus Fib"

I SUPPOSE, since I'm writing a holiday "pome,"
That I might as well start in the time-honored way—
"'Twas the night before Christmas." Our scene is the home
Of Charlemagne Grinder in Squbhurst, N. J.
Average, practical folk were the Grinders—
Neither of them was a very high stepper;
Jogging life's road in respectable blinders,
Salt of the earth—somewhat lacking in pepper.
Mother kept house with a slavish endurance;
Father, engaged in the trade of Insurance,
Shoveled the dross
For a rather tight boss
Doubling his dollar wherever he turned it,
Made a fair salary—Lord knows he earned it!
Owned his own home and a few shares of Steel
And drove a two-cylinder automobile.

'Twas the eve of the Yule. Mr. Grinder put on
A smile of hypocrisy, aimed to deceive—
A manner, I own, which the best of us don
When we flimflam our children and hope they'll believe.
"Now, dears, off to bed!"
He affably said,
"For Santa won't come while the children are waking."
Wee Bob scaled the stair
With obedient air,
But the preter-mature and sagacious Belle Claire—
Aged twelve—wisely winked. "Dad, you know that you're faking!
You can stuff little Bobby, who's wearing a bib,
But you can't jolly *me* with that Santa Claus fib."
So saying, she grinned at her parents' confusion
And retired with the look of one lost to illusion.

Now, dressing a tree, though it's sacred to Yule,
Is a job that in detail would weary a mule.
Poor father was tired. Soon his lips formed a pouch
Portending a really un-Christmaslike grouch.
"Great Kelley!" he grunted, "this darned Christmas Spirit
Is driving us all to destruction, or near it!"
Though poor Mrs. Grinder
Spoke just a bit kinder,
Her voice took the tone of a gloomy reminder:
"I've oftentimes thought—though the thought may be rash—
That Yule is the time of Competitive Trash,
When we're loaded with junk, though we're dying for cash.
Why *should* we be pestered because
We've dozens and dozens
Of forty-third cousins
And thousands of something-in-laws
Who eagerly fasten their claws
On many a bargain-sale pack
And send to us smugly
The Cheap and the Ugly,
Which we haven't the nerve to send back?"

"Very true," replied Grinder, "I almost can't bear it—
There's a ton of their rubbish packed up in the garret;
Two dozen plush albums from poor Cousin Polly,
A barrel of picture-frames, thanks to Aunt Dolly,
Eight sets of 'Earth's Wonders' from old Uncle Raleigh,
And—merciful golly!—
The climax of folly,
Those hand-gilded fire-shovels painted by Molly!"

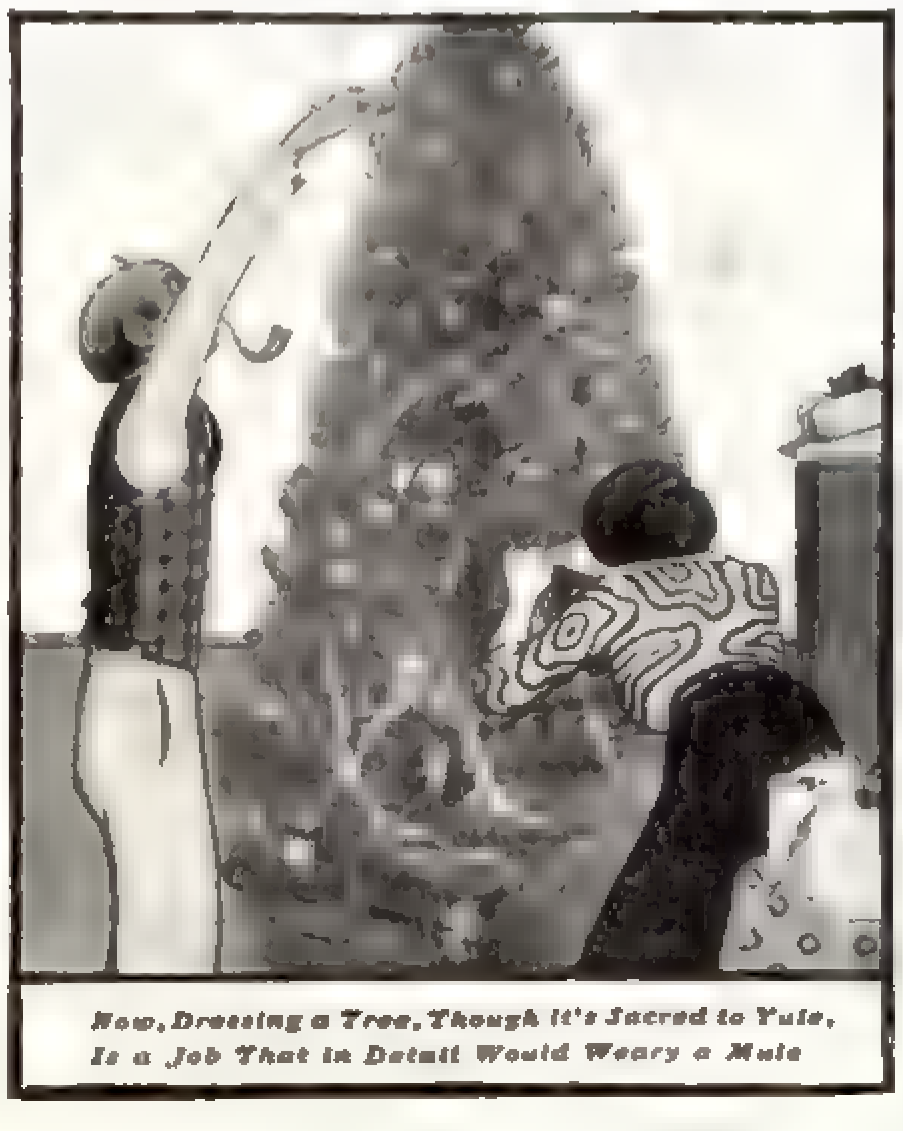
"Yes, and some stingy Scrooge," Mrs. Grinder exclaimed,
"Is the worst of the lot and the most unashamed.
He's been sending our children, these several years,
The very same presents—my poor, harmless dears!—
For I find by the stockings of Bobby and Claire
On each Christmas morn near the mantelpiece there . . ."
"I know what you find," grumbled Grinder in scorn,
"A twenty-cent doll and a little tin horn
Marked 'From Santa, With Love for a Good Girl and Boy.'
It's a pretty poor joke, though a joke I enjoy.
What dime-squeezing, purse-pinching, stingy old dog
Dares send us such gifts under such an incog? . . ."

What was that?
On the roofs,
Pit-pat, tit-tat,
Came the clatter of hoofs,
Then an Elfland, heart-fluttering jingle and jangle
Of frost-silver bells in harmonious tangle!
Aloft, in the snow,
A voice shouted "Whoa!"
The scampering trotters grew slow and more slow.

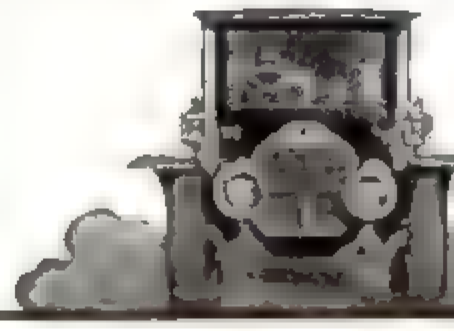
Mr. Grinder's complexion went pallidly green,
Mrs. Grinder's went pallidly white
As they scrambled confusedly back of a screen,
For even they knew what these portents must mean—
Santa Claus riding the Roads of the Night!

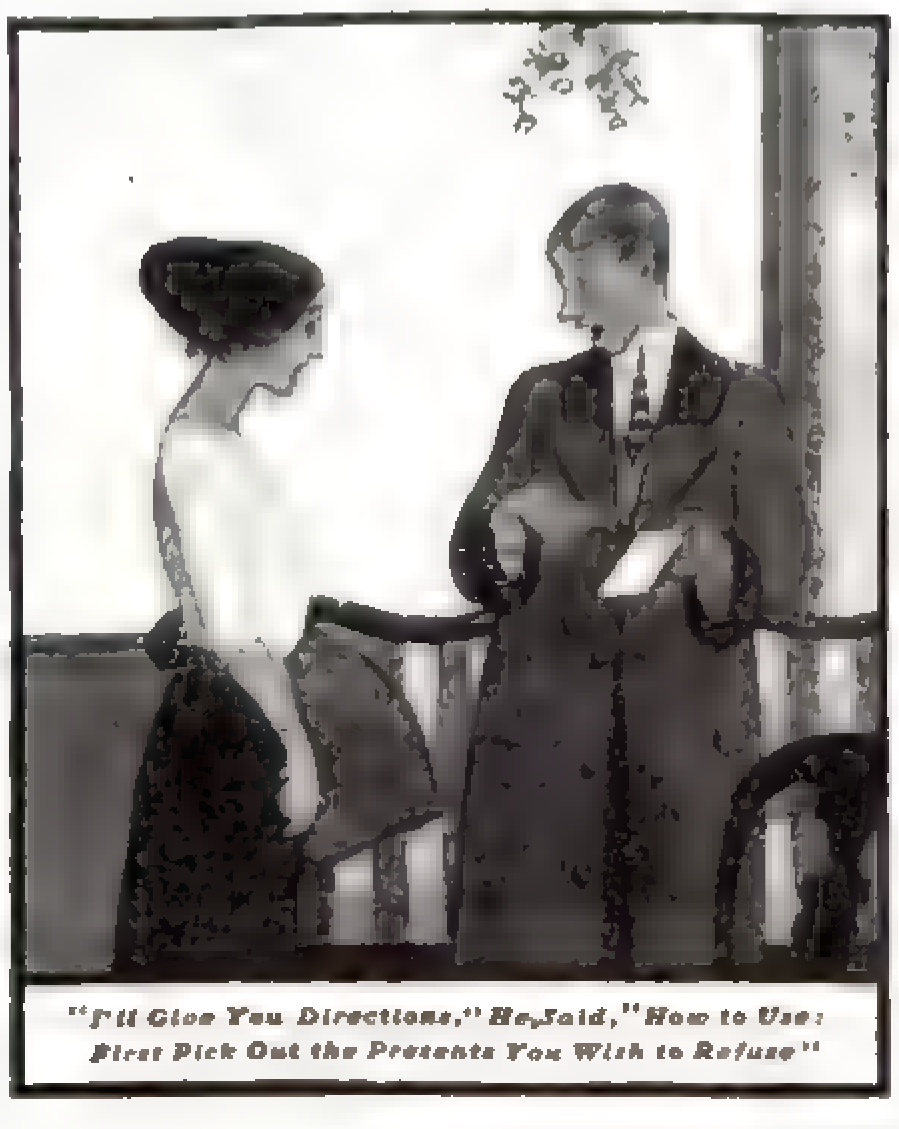
Came a slip
And a slide
Down the chimney
With a rip
Of a glide—
And by Jim'ny!
Pell
Mell
In
Fell
A little fat gentleman out of the gloom,
Out of the fireplace and into the room;
A white-whiskered optimist, peaceful and Hague-y
With a striking resemblance to Andrew Carnegie.
He slung from his back
A whacking fat sack
Which he loosed with a look that was sly.
The Grinders observed and became so unnerved
That they wanted to giggle or cry;
For that bundle contained—Oh, ye folly of follies!—
Not a thing but tin horns and wee twenty-cent dollies!

A flaxen-haired doll Santa took from the rest
And a little red horn, which he blew as a test,
Then with a smile
Of benevolent tact,
Which is always worth while
In a generous act,



Now, Dressing a Tree, Though It's Sacred to Yule,
Is a Job That in Detail Would Weary a Mule





"I'll Give You Directions," He Said, "How to Use:
First Pick Out the Presents You Wish to Refuse"

He labeled the presents and laid them with care
By the stockings of Bobby and haughty Belle Claire,
And he said, as he raised a plump finger in air,
"Bless the small lad,
Bless the girl dear!
Won't they be glad
That Santa was here!"
Then whisk! up the ingle he flew with a jingle,
And lo! through the room thrilled a warm human tingle,
A happiness-wave in the wake of Kriss Kringle.

II

'Twas a week after Christmas, and poor Mrs. G.
Was cleaning the house with a vigorous spunk.
She said she believed
They had never received
Such a deluge of ugly and meaningless junk.
She banished the rubbish with cynical glee—
Away to the attic! To limbo, ye dozens
Of monstrous reminders from uncles and cousins!
And she dumped with the rest, sniffing loud in her scorn,
Santa Claus' presents, the doll and the horn.
"So much," said she, "for that annual bore——"
But hark! what's that stopping outside? Such a roar!
Look! a whale of a limousine car at the door
Paused, trembling in gasoline rage—and behold!
An Eskimo driver stepped forth in the cold
To help down the owner, a dapper young man
Whose manner was spick as his clothing was span.
He wore a green tie and a derby of tan.
Came a ring at the bell.
The housemaid breathed hard
As she let in the swell
And took up his card
To her mistress. The pasteboard, which seemed to distress 'er,
Read:

SANTA CLAUS, Jr.

HIS FATHER'S SUCCESSOR

On the drawing-room sofa he sat. As he sighted
The lady he rose and exclaimed: "Ah, delighted!"
Then before she could speak he went on: "I believe
My Governor called here on last Christmas Eve
And left for your kiddies a doll and a horn?"
"He did," Mrs. Grinder said, "sure as you're born—
But how did you know?" Whereat Santa Claus' son
Replied: "Oh, your case is a typical one.
Poor Dad's getting old. Now I took him in hand
And I find that for years he's been ranging the land
Dropping down flues with the object forlorn
Of leaving each child—what? A doll or a horn!
That stuff might have gone in your grandfather's time,
But for kids of today—my dear Madam, a crime!
The Pater, though awfully kindly at heart,
Is 'way out of date—fact, he never *was* smart.
How lucky it is—I'm of age now, you see—
He's turned over Christmas entirely to me.
The way it's been run both a shame and disgrace is;
I'm bound to reorganize—strict business basis;
Trading stamps given with every transaction,
Value received—guaranteed satisfaction."

"But how?" gasped the lady. "Dear Madam, I know
That Yule has become both a byword and taunt.
For the Perfectly Useless your money you blow
And get in return what you plainly don't want.
All this shall be changed "
"But how?" she began.
"I've got it arranged
On an up-to-date plan.
First, if you please, take this plain if not quaint blank."
He took out a bundle of slips marked
"Complaint Blank,
Number 10,000,000—Form A—Series 2."
Its shape was commercial, its color was blue.
"I'll give you directions," he said, "how to use:
First pick out the presents you wish to refuse
And on each paste a blank
Stating candid and frank
Just why you don't care for the gifts that you spurn
And the sort of a present you'd like in return.
Then fill in with sender's address and full name;
And I will arrange
That he sends in exchange
The gifts that you ask for. Fair trade is our aim."

(Continued on Page 69)

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH

IV

LIFE in New York, or rather that part of New York life to which the Hodges introduced us, was in more ways than one a revelation. In effect, briefly, it liberally expounded the text, "Eat, drink and be merry." Its philosophy, however, embraced no thought of tomorrow. They—and in time we as well—lived entirely in the present.

These people were not fast; they were merely quick. Inactivity bored their active minds. At the same time, if the life they led was not exactly wholesome it was still never scandalous. They lived thoughtlessly, carelessly, but it was always openly.

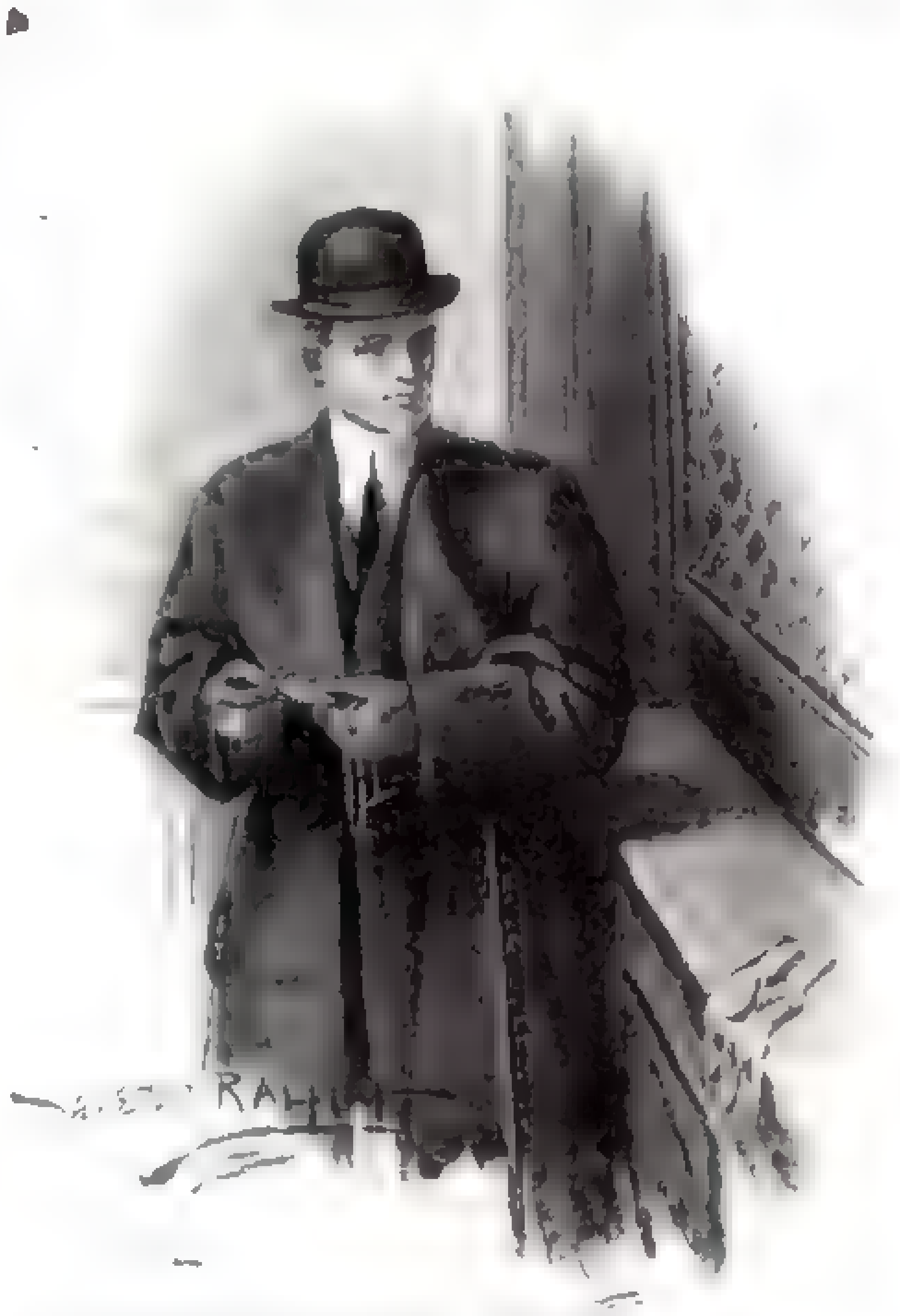
The Hodges' apartment was in Park Avenue close to Central Park. The building was one of the best. Marble, bronze, gilt, enameled woodwork and other costly fittings predominated. Evidently the architect had striven his utmost to bury the least hint of modest simpleness. In other ways besides—the service, for example one saw the same effort. Liveried attendants -they were English too—stood at the entrance; the carriage man on guard under the glass portico was a real functionary; and even the boys that ran the elevator were trained, responsible servants. In their maroon, scarlet-piped uniforms topped off with white cotton gloves they looked always spick and span, spotlessly whisked to the last straw. The first time I saw them I blushed to think of the greasy negro that had yawned Jennie and me through the cheap nine-hundred-dollar flat uptown.

I didn't take that flat. As I've said, Jennie and I never again set eyes on it. Once we had seen the Hodges' home—had heard Mrs. Hodge's opinions on the matter—we felt it would never do for us to submerge ourselves in anything so cheap and dingy.

There were nine rooms and three baths in the Hodges' home. It was on the eleventh floor; and in New York the higher up you go the higher go the rents. Hodge paid four thousand a year. Of the nine rooms, all but the kitchen, the servants' quarters and a guest chamber opened on the street. The three others faced a court. It was a deep, narrow court and quite dark as well. As in a mine shaft, daylight entered its depths only for a brief period at midday. However, this was the one, the only drawback—as Mrs. Hodge assured us—that the apartment house possessed. Otherwise, in its style, its smartness and the luxury of its appointments it was exceptional. As Amy said—Mrs. Hodge, you know—it was a home into which you might ask any one.

Personally I wanted an apartment like hers. On the eighth floor one was vacant, but naturally the rent was beyond me. However, in West One Hundred and Twelfth Street I found an almost identical suite. All its windows were on the street, its nine rooms were even larger and more airy and, what is more, the rent was only sixteen hundred dollars. The agent offered it at fourteen hundred dollars if I would sign a three years' lease.

"Gracious, man!" Amy exclaimed, horrified. "One Hundred and Twelfth Street! Do you want to bury yourself alive? Why, up there you'd never see a soul!"



It Was My Father's Watch. On it I Raised the Money I Must Pay Out to My Housemaids

"Yes, but look here!" I retorted. "I'm not going to pay four thousand for an apartment. At that figure I'd rather have a house."

Incidentally I didn't say four thousand was more than I could afford. For by this time I'd learned that Amy and Amy's friends never mentioned what they couldn't afford.

"I know," answered Amy decisively; "but you've got to remember location's everything. If you don't care to pay four thousand why not look at one of the smaller suites downstairs?"

We did look at one. It consisted of a drawing room, dining room, one bedroom, a bath and a kitchen, and a servant's bedroom. Everything in it was admirable, elegant. Its decorations were exactly as in Amy's apartment—rich to a degree. As it was in the rear of the house, however, all but the drawing room looked out on the court I've just described. As for the drawing room it was exceptionally large and ornamental. Moreover, the suite being on the fourth floor, the drawing-room windows did not face the court. Instead they looked out over the roofs of a row of side-street dwellings.

Amy made us see that a view, or rather the lack of one, was not material. As she said, our chief use of the apartment would be at night when the shades, of course, would be drawn. So we took the suite. Its rent was fourteen hundred dollars a year.

There was, in fact, nothing else to do. Especially was this the case since Amy had been so kind, insistently kind—so kind, I might say, as virtually to insist upon it. In the matter of everything else she was equally kind. "You must begin right, you know," she declared, another result of this being that the one maid of all work we had planned developed into two. We paid twenty-five dollars a month to the chambermaid, who served also as waitress; and thirty dollars a month for our cook.

Jennie began to grow aghast. At each new arrangement that Amy arranged Jennie gasped the more.

"But, child!" exclaimed Amy, rolling her doll-like eyes; "you don't understand. Haven't I said that in New York, if you wish to grow prosperous you must first look it? Of course," added Amy with a deprecatory droop of her heavy lashes, "if I seem officious now——"

The contrary rather. Amy knew New York, whereas neither Jennie nor I, as it had now begun to dawn on me, in the least knew it. I was sincerely obliged to Amy for her counsel.

Moreover, I saw no reason to disclose that I had only five thousand a year—that aside from my salary I was penniless. Even had I confessed it I doubt if Amy would have minded me. She knew, and consequently it was at once known to her friends, that I—well, that I, to be frank, was the nephew of rich old Jessup Agnew. My position was flatly settled.

Of course this new way of living demanded a new adjustment of the schedule. Our rent now was fourteen hundred. Service at approximately fifty dollars a month was another six hundred, and the household bills I figured in at a hundred and fifty a month, or eighteen hundred for the year. This total of thirty-eight hundred dollars left a balance of twelve hundred flat. On this both Jennie and I must dress, amuse ourselves and our friends, find pin-money for luncheons, cabs, carfare, and so forth. Decidedly it left me no chance whatever to save anything. However, as I pointed out to Jennie, there would be time for that later on. As soon as I learned the ropes—the ways, I mean, by which Hodge and his friends made money—I'd make money too. This also I said to her largely, magnificently.

"Very well then," agreed Jennie. "If it's for the sake of your position, your future, we won't try to save for a while. But mind me now," she added, bobbing her head, "we must spend five thousand a year, not one cent more."

So at the rate of five thousand a year Jennie and I began.

Somewhere I've said that Hodge made money. He did; in fact he made off and on a great deal of money.

But there was this about it—in the word's larger meaning neither Hodge nor his friends had wealth. All had incomes, of course—some of them pretty good incomes too—but the fact remains that not one of them possessed a fortune. However, the lack of one seemed to make little difference. Each one lived exactly—as luxuriously, I mean—as if the money he spent was the interest on large invested capital. Whether any of them saved anything out of their incomes I can't say. I doubt it, though. Each was a consistent spender. Theirs was the class that makes New York's lavish night life what it is.

It was to this life that we were introduced. Not that I cared for it, but these were our friends and we must do as they did. In short order I'd learned to expect nothing of Oglebay socially. Out of the office I never saw him. At the close of business he was as far away from me as if daily he went to Europe for the night. His path rarely crossed the path on which our new friends took us straying.

Take Hodge, for example. He was known to every head waiter from Washington Square to Central Park. One pays for this privilege, let me add—pays heavily. By tipping right and left, by buying lavishly and never questioning the bill, Hodge got what he wished. He achieved distinction. He had his pick of the best. The best table in the best restaurants always was his; the best waiters always waited on him. Every time Hodge and his parties entered a Broadway or a Fifth Avenue establishment a little sensation ensued. Waiters, from the captains down to the omnibus, fluttered about him, and you saw at once he was a somebody. At any rate Hodge ranked high in the life, the society, he chose, and that apparently was what he sought. To be known—to be called by his name even by the usher at a Broadway first night—seemed to afford him no end of satisfaction. Restaurants and cafés were his clubs. He belonged to no others.

Amy seemed also to share this complacency. However, Amy had no delusions about it—dreams, for example, such as a Sherry dinner gave to Mrs. Figler. The life was to Amy merely a means of amusement. Least of all did she imagine that it led to social prestige. It didn't, she knew it didn't, and that it didn't still left her serenely, perfectly satisfied. To be utterly frank, Amy would not have bothered herself with the effort that social prestige entails. The bright currency of a saying coined by herself exactly states her case. "In New York, when you're out for a good time it's easiest to buy it ready-made."

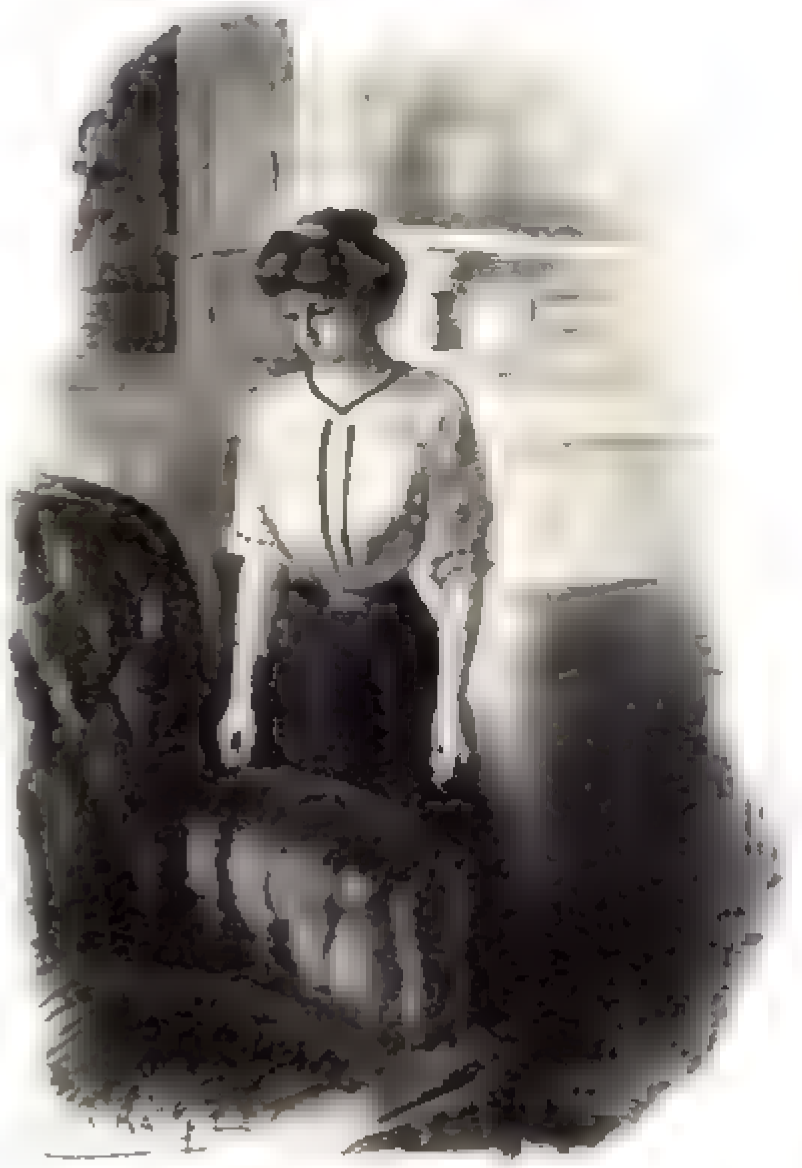
I don't know what Hodge made a year. It may have been fifteen thousand dollars—possibly it was as much as thirty thousand dollars, even more. There was one queer side to it, though, a condition that showed through Amy and the other women in that life. It was this: If Amy and these others had everything in the way of dresses, gems, motors, and so on and so forth, one thing they lacked frequently—ready money! Unlimited credit was theirs, but they seldom had any cash.

Ultimately I learned why. Hodge—his friends as well—each and all of the lot were using their ready money for all it was worth. Only when they'd made some exceptionally lucky stroke were they willing to convert part of their paper profits into coin. On these occasions, and they were rare enough, let me add, the wives for a while were flush. All the bills were paid, and further credit was established at the butcher's, the florist's, the dressmaker's, the jeweler's. It established also, I may say, confidence in other quarters—that is, between husband and wife—between the money-getter and the spenders of the money.

They fairly took one's breath away, Hodge and these other men. Extraordinary fellows! In their talk one heard of but one thing. It was "opportunity"—always opportunity, nothing else. One was a lawyer with a good clientele; another was a doctor with a growing practice; a third was the high-salaried New York selling agent of a Western manufacturer. I mention these merely as types, for Amy and Sam numbered their friends by the dozen. However, though each man was active in some particular vocation, not one of the lot looked for the expected opportunity to arise in his own particular calling.

Sustained effort as a means of growing rich cut no figure in their minds. Either they were Wall Street dabblers, hopeful that in the market they would make a sudden killing, or if not that they had their eyes open for chances in some equally speculative field. They plunged on real-estate options, in mines and mining shares. They took fliers in all sorts of ventures—any old sort, in fact—the various, most often visionary promotions of which New York seems to be a fruitful field. Of course each attended more or less to his own particular duties; otherwise he could not have escaped a downfall. The fact remains, however, that not one of them had his heart in his own special calling. Work was to them merely a means of existence until the happy day arrived, the moment when they had made their killing.

I have been at some pains to describe these friends of ours. They form a large class in New York City. They are big talkers and sometimes they even do big. But enough! From the moment that Jennie and I gave our dinner at the Waldorf to Hodge and his wife the fever that was in his blood, the thirst for sudden riches, seized me too! I felt that some day Hodge—he or his friends—would help me to one of these opportunities. The thought had much to do with my future course. Incidentally the five thousand dollars I'd once thought so much now shamed me by its smallness.



Jennie Turned White to the Lips. "You Haven't it?" She Exclaimed

Amy, along with her other aids, introduced us to her tradesmen. I may say they were in keeping with Amy's means of living. Jennie was scandalized, utterly aghast at the prices they demanded. "Oh, yes," Amy said idly; "everything comes higher in New York." This explained, of course—though it in no way reassured us—why our first four-months' bills ran far above the hundred and fifty dollars we had allotted. Jennie began to grow dubious. "Jim, you must not ask so many people to dinner," she announced, and added: "We mustn't have so many dinners either." Then she brought out the household bills.

I am like other husbands. I hate household bills. The drudgery of skimping, saving here and there on a beefsteak or even a chop, bores me stiff. All I ask to know about the bills is their sum total. My only concern was that the amount of them should not run above the allowance I had made. "Look here, Jennie," I said grumpily, "I don't want to see your bills. If you can't manage on what I give you I suppose I'll have to give you more."

Jennie said nothing. Presently, however, I began to note my words had made an effect. When we had guests our dinners were as before; when we were alone there was a difference. Dishes like boiled beef and cabbage began to make their appearance *en famille;* and I can still recall the air of supercilious disdain with which Norah, our waitress and chambermaid, delivered them to the table. However, at the end of the next month—it was our fourth in New York—the bills had come down appreciably.

"We've had less; and besides," added Jennie, "I've been buying over in Third Avenue. Things are much cheaper over there than in Park and Madison avenues."

"Eh, what! You've quit Amy's tradesmen?" I exclaimed.

Jennie nodded, then laughed. "They rather sniffed, you see, when I began buying corned beef instead of capons." Amy had said that no one ever thought of buying in Third Avenue. According to her it was the haunt only of East Side tenement bargain-hunters. "But you can't go over there, Jennie!" I protested.

"Can't I?" she retorted, laughing.

The fact remains, however, that even with Jennie's bargain-hunting our expenditures were not materially decreased. Jennie's domestic economy was apt, yet not even that could keep pace with our growing obligations. It was a condition of the life.

For six months this life went on as full of change and color as the changing images of a kaleidoscope. Hodge and his friends were assiduous entertainers. On one night there would be the theater, perhaps the opera, or more likely a roof garden or a vaudeville show. Supper always followed, usually on Broadway. Next night found us at Sherry's, the Plaza or the Waldorf. Other nights they—and we—devoted to bridge, or again Hodge and his friends were off up the road in their motors and we went along. None was ever idle. It looked as if they—we too—never rested. In New York, too, if one is active one can be active only at a cost. Be sure of this!

Amy and her husband were, to be sure, quite free-handed, a generous pair. Had I wished it, I dare say we two might indefinitely have sponged on them. At any rate, I knew the Figlers did. Day in and day out—rather, night after night—Figler and his wife ate the Hodges' dinners, sat in the Hodges' theater seats, rode in the Hodges' motor, yet never so much as made even a pretense of returning this hospitality.

I was not like Figler nor was Jennie like his wife. We at least made some effort to pay our way. Of course it was beyond me to return Hodge's favors in the same scale on which they were given; still we must do our little. Hodge's bill for wine and cigars alone would have supported a family; a single dinner such as his wife gave would have maintained another family for a week. The flowers with which Amy decked her home in themselves cost enough to have dressed Jennie in style. And mark me! all this was not laid out merely with an eye to ostentation. Hodge thought it all literally a necessity. But this is not the point. What I seek to make clear is that even the hangers-on in such a life pay heavily some way for the experience.

It was not only in our home that the drain began—and ran. Every time we and the Hodges met it meant a hole in my pocket. I recall one instance in particular that illustrates. It occurred halfway in our acquaintance, a night in November. Hodge on the spur of the moment had suggested a run up the road in his motor. Eight o'clock found us at an inn twenty miles up the Hudson River. The place was distinctive, distinctive in itself, in its kind, as a place for Hodge to seek. The house, an old-time mansion, had been converted into a hostelry, the bar and restaurant of which were main features. Hodge called for dinner, leaving its choice, as was his habit, to the head waiter. "Something simple, you know what," was Hodge's only recommendation.

The repast was as he had ordered, simple. It was served, however, with a delicacy, an art, that even Fifth Avenue could not have surpassed. At ten o'clock, after the cigars, Hodge called for the bill. I demurred at his paying it. It was my turn to stand treat, I insisted.

"Nonsense!" laughed Hodge, drawing out a pencil. Hodge always signed, in fact. Cash he rarely paid.

I still demurred. "All right, old chap," he promptly suggested. "Let's match."

To match was Hodge's favorite amusement. "Heads or tails?" he cried, and flipped a double eagle.

"Heads!" I called.

It came down tails and I turned up the restaurant check. The amount was twenty-two dollars and seventy cents. The one bottle of claret had in itself cost seven dollars.

To make up for this extravagance I lunched for a fortnight in a Fulton Street quick lunch. The place was far enough from Wall Street to assure me that I should be seen by none that knew me. "Beef and ——" at ten cents the plate is hardly a dish that a Wall Street financier cares to eat in public.

Another experience was when at supper I asked the party "What will you have?" Hodge did this invariably. Mrs. Figler promptly took boned squab and an endive salad; her husband took a broiled lobster. Total, three dollars. Amy, on her part, enjoyed a *canapé;* her husband ordered a caviar sandwich. The *canapé* was only seventy-five cents, but the sandwich cost two dollars. A fact! It was real Astrakhan caviar. I took a sandwich too—Swiss cheese. The check, including drinks, cigars and ices for the ladies, amounted to eleven dollars. Again it was Fulton Street for mine.

I merely mention these as instances. Alone they amount to little. Occurring regularly as they did though, twice a week, often more, they soon became vital.

We quit entertaining in public. As Jennie said, there was little good in paying a dollar a portion for fresh mushrooms that she could serve at home for a quarter. Mrs. Figler's boned squab that had cost also a dollar Jennie served at home for thirty-five cents. Not that we often had mushrooms and squabs, however. They were reserved for our guests, who at their own homes had given us the like. Corned beef and cabbage were more and more entering into our life as early winter approached. Still Jennie and I really didn't mind. We were quite willing to make any little sacrifices that were necessary for the pleasure of entertaining our friends. What really bothered us was the way my money kept dribbling out.

But if in my case it was a dribble, in Hodge's it was a deluge. I wondered how even he could stand it. In Wall Street, even among the luckiest, it is either a feast or a famine. At the moment famine ruled. Presently, however, I learned how Hodge—he and his like—manage to keep up the pace.

It came out through Amy. She and Jennie had gone shopping and Jennie had seen a dress. It was a lovely dress, from all accounts, and Jennie had eyed it longingly.

"Yes, it is nice! Why don't you take it?" Amy suggested.

Jennie shook her head. Though she didn't say so, there was already a big dent in her dress allowance. Not that Jennie had been spending it on finery though. Unknown to me she had secretly taken the money to meet our growing household bills.

Amy still urged her to take the dress. "It's a bargain and so pretty!"

Upon this Jennie said frankly that she couldn't afford it. "Not this month at any rate," she added, whereupon Amy had rolled her doll-like eyes.

"Gracious, child!" she ejaculated, almost as if scandalized; "do you mean that you buy what you want only when you have ready money?"

It was precisely what Jennie meant. Again Amy had exclaimed; and in her voice, after once she had caught her breath, pity and indulgence sounded wonderingly.

"My dear girl, this isn't Ohio! Don't you know that if the butcher and the grocer—all the rest too—didn't expect to wait for their pay half the families in New York would have to shut up shop?"

Jennie didn't know. It was now her turn to look wonderingly.

"But, Amy!" she protested; "it can't be possible that you buy things without knowing when you'll be able to pay for them!"

Amy sighed. It was a sigh, however, less for herself than for Jennie.

"Gracious goodness, child! One gets the money somehow—now, don't we? But that's not it! You'll find that if you don't set yourself a certain standard of living, and stick strictly to it, your friends will drop you like a hot potato!"

Not an elegant speech, of course, yet true! Undeniably true! At all events even the normally good-hearted Amy would drop her friends should they suffer reverses, exactly as she herself would expect to be dropped under like conditions. It was, perhaps, the reason why in Amy's set all were rated, not by what they had, but by what they seemed to have.

There came finally a moment's pause.

"Look here, Jim," Jennie one evening abruptly said; "Sam Hodge said something last night about some business chance—you and he together."

Yes, so he had. Only—and this I didn't mention, however—I'd begun to wind the fact that Hodge was pumping me for a tip Uncle Jessup again, you know.

"Well?" I prompted.

"Oh, nothing," murmured Jennie, and added thoughtfully: "Of course we need a little extra money, there are quite a lot of bills; but that's not what I mean. I was wondering," said Jennie quietly, "if Hodge offered to let you in on any chance where you'd get the money."

Gad! I'd begun to wonder too. Nor was that the worst of it. One thing led to another, and I sat down to figure where I stood. The result was disquieting. My bank balance totaled sixteen dollars and ninety cents only; my account at the office was overdrawn a full three weeks' pay; and my bills outstanding footed up to the neat little figure of six hundred dollars or thereabouts.

"The fact is," said Jennie, "we'll have to go slow till we get some of these bills paid off. We'll be in hot water if we don't."

"Nonsense!" I retorted; "we can't do that now, especially just when Christmas is coming on. Why, what would they think of us? But after Christmas," I added, "if nothing in the meanwhile turns up we'll go a little slow."

Micawber himself could not have sounded more promising. Something turn up?—oh, yes! By now I, too, had begun to nose about me, scenting here and there the possible opportunities that Hodge and his friends talked about so big.

Wall Street offered many chances. Perhaps some may now wish to know what I was doing down there. Let me say it was little. My duties were, in fact, so slight that they seemed hardly duties at all.

The firm of Oglebay & Prentiss was, as such things go, a fairly large concern. They had big offices, many customers and were well thought of in the Street. "Investments" one read on their letterheads, but it is a fact that the income from this source would hardly have paid their rent. Marginal trading, speculation, made up the bulk of their business. However, Wall Street fully sanctions this. Without marginal trading—call it gambling, if you like—without Wall Street's speculation there would be no Wall Street. Be that as it may, though, Wall Street's life, its methods, have little part in my story. I touch upon them only as they concern myself

I never became manager of Oglebay's uptown office. The first day I reported for duty we had a little talk. "Between us, Jim," said Frank briefly, "I've decided to give Figler the sack. When he goes I mean to bring the uptown man down here and put you in his place. You just stay round and learn the ropes."

It astonished me to learn this about Figler. It was especially astonishing when I recalled that only the night before he had been Oglebay's guest at dinner. "You see," said Frank lightly, "Figler's getting rather useless. Lately he hasn't brought in trade enough to pay for his salt. Besides," he added with a sudden show of warmth, "I've just caught him playing the market, and that's something I won't stand for—anyway, not among the men I hire!"

I was again astonished. Why it should be all right for customers to deal in stocks and all wrong for an employee to do the like I couldn't see. Later on I learned. Stock speculation makes a man unfit for other work. Any Wall Street employer will tell you so. But be that as it may, I hung round and learned the ropes. Occasionally I took an order from a customer. As occasionally I suavely asked another to put up a little margin. The most of my time, though, was put in at conversing with those in the customers' room and dodging their efforts to get my opinion whether stocks were going up or stocks were going down. I had been cautioned not to commit myself. All brokers' employees are so instructed. To have given my opinion would have been on a par with a faro dealer's forecasting the turn of a card.

Figler was there always. I felt sorry for Figler, though indeed I might well have spared myself the feeling. At any rate, out of my pity grew a little regard for him. Besides, he was well grounded in Wall Street practice, knowing all its ins and outs, and generously enough he tried to share his knowledge with me. At first, though, I would have nothing to do with the man I thought myself slated to replace, yet gradually I let him get a little closer. It was Figler, in fact, who gave me my first inkling of Wall Street's many chances.

He himself, however, was one of the unluckiest, and at the same time most hopeful, of all the stock gamblers I have ever seen. Everything he touched seemed to go wrong, so that had I coppered Figler's deals—that is, sold when he bought or bought when he sold—I believe I should have made a handsome profit.

By one method, however, Figler kept himself in spending money. It was a scheme employed by more than one sharp Wall Street clerk. The game is known as "beating the wires" and is substantially this:

As is no doubt known, no bucketshop ever makes a bona-fide sale. They merely bet against you on price quotations. For these quotations each bucketshop depends on a central organization, which itself steals the information from the New York Stock Exchange tickers. On very active days, however, these tickers are often as much as five minutes behind the market on price quotations. Therefore, the bucketshops not only lose this five minutes, but in every case where the news has to be relayed they suffer a still greater loss of time. Out-of-town bucketshops may, in fact, fall as much as ten minutes behind the market, sometimes even more.

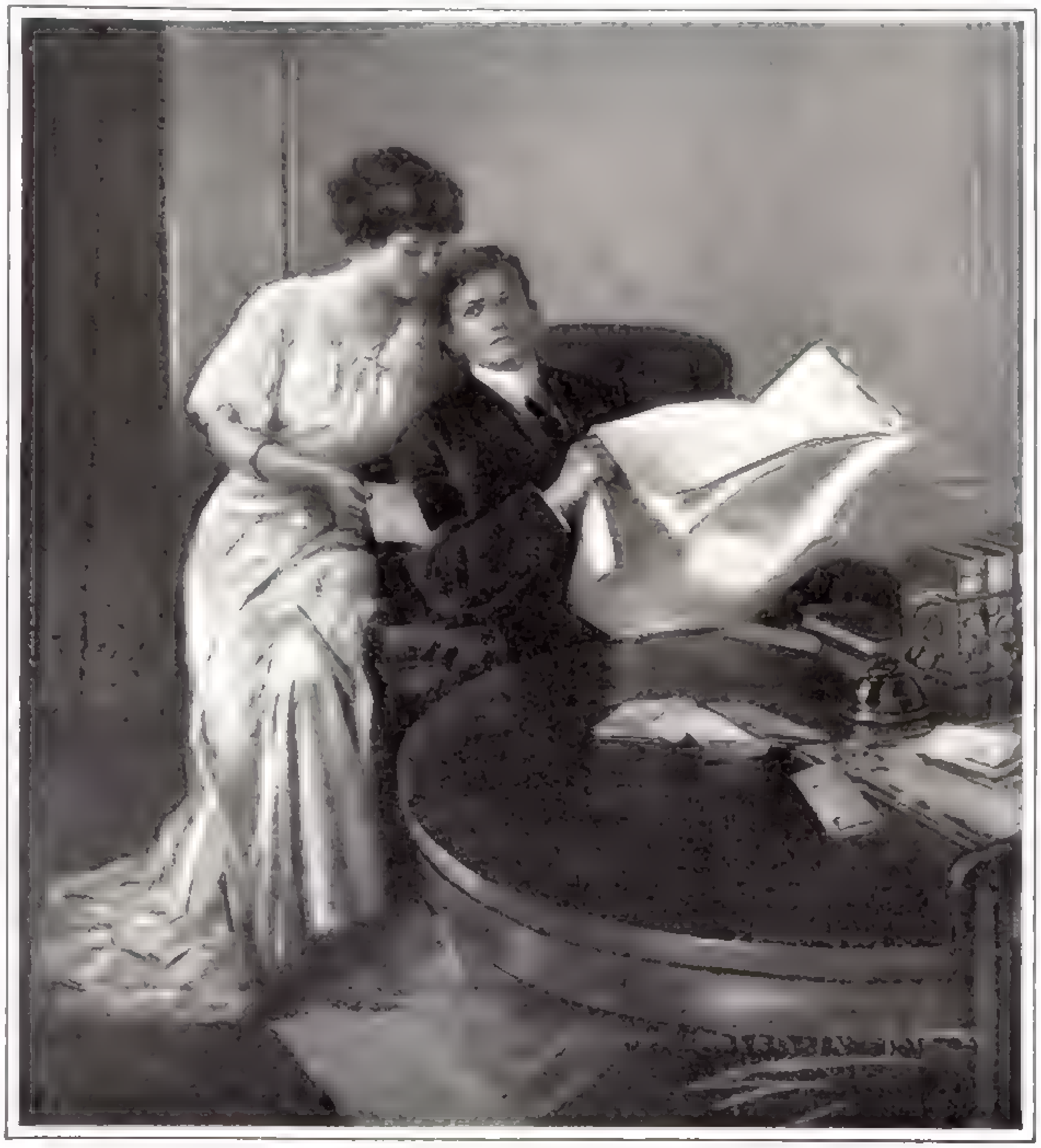
This was how Figler worked it. Oglebay & Prentiss, as members of the Exchange, had a direct wire to the floor. They had also direct private wires to several out-of-town correspondents. Using the telephone first, Figler would get the news of some stock that had just begun to rise or to break and would instantly telegraph—by the firm's private wire—to a friend in an office out of town. Then this friend would as instantly bet on the sure advance information in one of the local bucketshops.

The game, in fact, is practically identical with that by which the old-time wire-tapper beat the poolrooms. Its only drawback was that it could be played only once or twice in the same bucketshop. Whoever wins in a bucketshop, you understand, is instantly open to suspicion.

I scorned a share in such games. As a matter of fact, Figler never offered me a share. Instead, I suspect that in my case he was out for bigger game. He looked to make a killing more lawfully—that is, by a regular market deal—and relied on me for the tip. As you'll note, my old bogey still lurked vitally in my background. I again refer to Uncle Jessup.

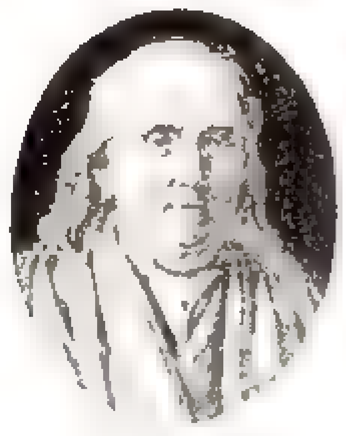
I dare say Figler did much to spread my high renown. At any rate, one by one every dabbler in the customers' room took a shy at me. Figler, however, was the most

(Continued on Page 65)



"Look Here, Jennie, I Don't Want to See Your Bills"

THE SATURDAY
EVENING POST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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 2, 1911

The Crime of Being a Politician

CONSERVATIVE persons never wearied of repeating that Roosevelt was a politician. They now make the same point against La Follette. He keeps poll lists of voters all over his state, burdens the mails with correspondence and uses every honest device he can think of to get people to vote for him.

La Follette is a politician, and from the conservative point of view that constitutes his whole crime. The ancient régime in France was exceedingly complaisant toward radical philosophy—until somebody proposed to act upon it. Conservatism in the United States has no objection to La Follette's doctrines—except as he is able to put them into effect by being a politician. For a La Follette who preached radicalism, but was unable to carry his own precinct, not even the Financial Chronicle would have a harsh word. If La Follette were not a politician he would be as harmless to the Manchus as he was useless to the rest of the population.

Paying As You Go

AN ASSESSMENT life-insurance company, said to be the most successful of its class in the country, recently announced its intention to abandon the assessment plan and write new policies only on a reserve basis. For a generation this company has furnished its members good insurance at a remarkably low rate. Meanwhile a great many other assessment companies, less fortunate and less ably managed, have gotten into trouble because they attempted to furnish insurance too cheap.

Many persons join an assessment company. When one of them dies the others are assessed pro rata to pay the death benefit. The members thus pay the death claims as they arise and, theoretically, nothing else is required; but practically, as experience shows, this simple paying as you go, with no forethought of tomorrow, seldom works well. Young, healthy members drop out; ailing or aging ones, who would have difficulty in getting insurance elsewhere, do not drop out. The death-rate rises. Members find their insurance rate is increasing and they are dissatisfied.

Paying as you go isn't enough to be safe. You must pay a little ahead. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof" is a poor maxim in money matters. The day's burden isn't sufficient unto the day. For a true balance it must bear, in addition, a little of next year's burden. The man who just makes both ends meet is losing ground. No life-insurance scheme is sound which doesn't regard the man of twenty-five as coming seventy. Nor is any young man's personal budget sound if it omits that forethought.

Broadening Federal Control

IN APRIL last the United States Circuit Court at St. Paul invalidated a railroad-rate schedule prescribed by Minnesota, one reason being that, though the rates applied only to business within the state, they would necessarily impose burdens upon the railroads in respect of their interstate business as well; and this amounted to a regulation of interstate commerce, control of which is vested exclusively in the Federal Government. The idea obviously was that the railroad system must be regarded as a whole; for, even though a state regulation purports to touch only that part of the system lying within the state's boundaries, it may and usually does affect the entire line.

This idea has been carried still farther by the Supreme Court in deciding an equipment case. The equipment in question was in use between points within the state of Alabama. The court held, however, that it must conform to Federal regulations, not only because a car that is used today in state traffic may tomorrow be used in interstate traffic, but because "the several trains on the same railroad are not independent in point of movement and safety, but are interdependent; and whatever brings delay or disaster to one, or results in disabling one of the operatives, is likely to impede the progress and imperil the safety of other trains."

This decidedly views the railroad system and railroad traffic as a whole, of which the part that lies within a state's boundaries can hardly be touched without some effect upon the remainder. The logical deduction from this view is of course that, though the states may retain some local police jurisdiction, control of the railroads in all more important matters lies exclusively with the Federal Government. This view, we think, will finally prevail—to the benefit of both the railroads and the public.

Deposit Insurance in Wisconsin

IN RESPECT of bank laws, Wisconsin occupies an extraordinary position. Her constitution was adopted when men were still thinking of Jackson and the second Bank of the United States, and it withheld from the legislature any power to pass a bank law. For more than half a century, therefore, her banking code consisted of an act passed by the people in 1852. The panic of 1893, however, set men to thinking about bank reform, and soon thereafter a carefully prepared bank act was submitted to popular vote and defeated—largely through the opposition of mossbacked bankers. The legislature returned to the task and in 1902 submitted a constitutional amendment, which carried. This provides that the legislature may enact banking laws if such laws receive the affirmative vote of two-thirds of all the members elected to both houses.

This condition killed a very ingenious deposit-guaranty law at the last session. The bill provided that every state bank should open an account with the "depositors' insurance fund" on its own books and credit to that fund yearly an amount equal to one-half of one per cent of its deposits, until the credits amounted to two per cent of its deposits. If a bank failed the state bank commissioner was to issue to each depositor a negotiable interest-bearing certificate for the amount of his claim. If a deficit remained after applying the bank's assets to the payment of its depositors the commissioner would draw pro rata upon all the banks for the amount of the deficit, each bank charging the draft to its "depositors' insurance fund." The novelty was that each bank retained possession of its contribution to the guaranty fund, simply crediting it on its books subject to the commissioner's draft in case an insolvent bank failed to pay its depositors in full. This bill received a majority vote in the Senate on engrossing and third reading, but fell short of a two-thirds vote on final passage—again, it seems, owing to the opposition of some excessively conservative bankers.

Gold and High Prices

LOGICALLY one would expect glyptodons to be rather more plentiful in the United States than greenbackers. Our mail shows the latter still survive, however. A Western correspondent who wants the Government forthwith to issue five hundred million dollars of greenbacks and lend the same to deserving citizens on real-estate mortgage is a typical example. This, he thinks, would loosen the strangle-hold of the "money power."

The same mail, as it happens, brought a proposal from the East that the output of gold be restricted by law. Our stock of that metal a head has doubled since the late nineties; the world's stock has increased enormously; and few economists doubt that this is one cause of the rise in commodity prices. Since 1896 the total stock of money in the United States has more than doubled, and the stock for each person has increased more than one-half. If ever an economic dogma was overthrown by experience our experience has shown there is nothing in the theory that greatly increasing the stock of money in the country makes the rich relatively less rich and the poor relatively less poor. With thirty-five dollars in money to every inhabitant, the indigent population is the same number of laps behind the banker that it was when the country had only twenty dollars in money to each inhabitant.

South African mines, we notice, are again increasing their output. In September the production exceeded seven hundred thousand fine ounces—ten per cent ahead of last year—and for nine months the excess over last year is nearly the same. So the world's gold stock continues to climb. To restrict this output by law would be an exceedingly complicated undertaking. In ten years, however, our stock of money in the form of national banknotes has more than doubled, and banknotes have practically the same effect upon prices as gold—whatever that effect may be. If the stock of money is to be regulated scientifically, here obviously is the place to begin.

The Price of Eggs

PROBABLY the hens of the United States lay something like a billion and a half dozen eggs a year. Thirty years ago the Census was able to count less than half a billion dozen; but the detailed report for 1900 showed that three-fifths of all our eggs were produced on the comparatively small area embraced in the North Central group of states, and on that area the production had increased roughly half a billion dozen in two decades.

There seems no good reason why the territory referred to should enjoy this great lead in eggs. That Iowa produced a hundred million dozen, with Illinois and Indiana only a little behind, while New Jersey and Massachusetts produced not much over ten per cent of that quantity, seems to be due mostly to local or territorial fashions in farming. There is certainly no lack of actual and potential demand elsewhere, for New York and Boston receive about half a million cases of eggs a month. Incidentally, in September, there were three million cases in store in the larger cities for winter consumption.

The October price of fresh eggs, as reported by the Department of Agriculture, was twenty-seven cents in New York against eighteen in St. Louis, and last winter the difference ruled ten cents a dozen.

If one had the price on a given day in all the cities for all food articles that are largely used, a great many unreasonable differences would appear—due to neglected or only half-improved opportunities for production here and there, to a poor system of distribution and to various little corners or manipulations by dealers and warehousemen. The aggregate toll taken from consumers in this way must be considerable.

A Logical View of Trusts

THE German steel industry began combining years ago—first into relatively small units; but in March, 1904, there was a grand consolidation of the smaller combinations into the Steel Works Union. The union's output is some eight million tons of finished products against about ten million tons for the United States Steel Corporation; but eight million tons is a much larger proportion of the total output in Germany than ten millions is for us.

Concerning this German Steel Trust, or cartel, Professor Riesser, one of the Fatherland's eminent economic authorities, has written: "The 'necessity' for the formation of cartels in Germany was clearly recognized in the seventies. By this means overproduction and ruinously low prices were to be terminated. This 'necessity' likewise was the origin of the protective tariff movement of the seventies, which was intended to ward off foreign competition. . . . It is quite correct, and has been conclusively proved, that at certain times and under certain conditions the iron industry cannot dispense with protective duties, and that well-organized cartels enable protective duties to become effective in favor of producers."

The first reason mentioned by Professor Riesser why these German duties are indispensable is "as a protection against the enormous power of the American steel combination." That, however, is neither here nor there. The point we wish to make is the logical attitude of the German Government as contrasted with the absurd attitude of our Government.

We must, says the Administration, grant the steel industry ample protective duties to insure that the capital employed will receive adequate compensation and the workmen be well paid; but we must forbid it to take steps that are indispensable if it is to be saved from ruinous competition at home. We must carefully foster it against foreign competition—from which, in fact, it is in no danger—only in order to hand it over to destruction from unbridled domestic competition. The Germans take no such ridiculous view of the matter.

Insulted Witnesses Without Redress

RECENTLY a witness was testifying on behalf of a woman defendant in a civil suit. His testimony was damaging to the plaintiff's cause; so the plaintiff's lawyer asked him a question of a highly insulting nature, implying that his relations with the defendant were improper.

Said the Court to the witness: "You may answer that question in any manner you see fit."

Said the witness to the plaintiff's lawyer: "Sir, you are a blackguard!"

Only one circumstance mars this episode—namely, the witness was a very celebrated lawyer. We can't help wondering whether in that or any other court a mere layman on the witness stand would be permitted to resent adequately an insulting question from a cross-examiner whose case his testimony was damaging.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

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No Legislative Genius, but a Big, Broad, Level-Headed Person

The Wyoming Sticker

HERE we have our most conspicuous example of the political advantages of sticking round. Many a Senatorial meteor has flashed across our murky legislative skies—flashed and four-flushed and flubbed. Many a star has shone brightly for a space in that forensic firmament and then dropped sputtering into the *petite marmite*. Many a prodigy has proposed but not produced, and has fluttered back into the high grass from which he emerged. Our history is as freckled with the records of these brief, brilliant and busted boys as a redheaded girl at the seashore.

Not that we deprecate brilliancy—far be it from us—and not that there is so blamed much brilliancy to deprecate, should we feel in the mood, if that worries anybody; but that the brilliant boys never last and the lasting boys are never brilliant. Various attributes suffice in various ways for an entrance to the United States Senate, which, as will be noted in all the advertisements, is the greatest deliberative body in the world. Some men break in because they have money and some men break in because they are broke. Some men arrive because they have a duty to perform and some because they have a message to deliver. However, most men achieve the toga because they have the votes to deliver, or somebody has the votes for them, which amounts to the same thing—with kind regards to William Lorimer and the Honorable Ike Stephenson.

Divers and sundry as the methods of entrance may be, there is but one—only one—method of attaining the high places in the legislative forum referred to, and that is by remaining on the job. It matters not how silver-tongued or golden-plated a new Senator may be; it matters not whether he bought in or was brought in; it matters not whether he comes with a reputation or comes without; it matters not whether he is the Exclusive Excitement in his home community or was an unknown who slid across by reason of a deadlock—nothing matters not, as Hugo Huggs, of the great legal combination of Huggs, Suggs, Wobber and Hocks, was wont to say when discussing jurisprudence, juries and juleps. Service is what counts—continuity of collaboration with correlated colleagues—Help! Help!—Martin Littleton appears in the offing!—sticking round.

You may deliver impassioned pleas that choke the galleries with people and choke your fellow Senators with emotion, and never get anywhere except in the Congressional Record, if so be the state from whence you came refuses to let you re-came. You may butt into debates and butt out again; have a trusty press agent; fight Trusts or foster them; uplift the downtrodden or tread them down still farther; snap your fingers at predatory wealth or finger your snaps from the same source; be wise, prudent, reckless or soused—and there is absolutely no nutriment in it, so far as the big committee places and the corresponding influence are concerned, unless you remain on the payroll continuously.

The Stayers the Winners

SERVICE, my boy, service is the *finis coronat opus*, as Adam Bede once said when he thought he was ordering sand dabs in a San Francisco restaurant. You come to the Senate—that is, if you do come to the Senate—a reasonably precarious way of getting a living nowadays—and you have great talents, recognized by yourself and that small smattering of the country that distinguishes your name from that of a dandruff cure; and the Committee on Committees looks you over and deposits you gently at the bottom of the committees on the Disposition of Useless Papers, University of the United States, and Woman Suffrage. After that it all depends on how long you can hang on. If your health remains good and the people in your state do not get on to you, and keep returning you for a few terms, presently you will blossom out as a member of Appropriations and Finance and others of the whales and mayhap chairman of one of them. It is as simple as it is inevitable. All that is required is sticking round and staying with the organization. Death now and then plucks off a Senator, and the people back home pluck off a lot more.

See to it that you are not plucked, and authority will be yours.

When we read the lists of committees to which the various Senators are allotted, and committee places show conclusively the standing of the Senator in the Senate—when we read these lists—not very exciting as reading, to be sure, but important—we discover that the Honorable Francis Emroy Warren, of Wyoming, is chairman of the Appropriations Committee, and a member of the committees on Rules, Agriculture, Irrigation, Public Buildings and Military Affairs, among others. Hastily turning to another part of the book, we find that the Honorable Francis Emroy Warren has served as long continuously in that body as any Senator living except Senators Cullom, Lodge, Clark and Perkins—Lodge and Perkins having two years the better of him only. We find, also, that Mr. Warren's colleague from Wyoming, Senator Clark, has served a few months longer than he has, a point that enhances the beauty and perfection of the logic of this argument, as will be observed later.

What, then, is the answer? The answer, I would have you know, is that Wyoming is a state that embraces within its borders about one hundred thousand square miles of territory, being three hundred and sixty-five miles wide and two hundred and seventy-five miles long, and having in 1910 a population of 145,965, which is a few more people than live in Syracuse, New York, not quite so many as live in Atlanta, Georgia, and about the same number as live in Worcester, Massachusetts. Being wiser than many of her sister states, Wyoming has kept her Senators on the job, and at the present time has the chairmanship of the Judiciary Committee and the chairmanship of the Appropriations Committee to her credit, while other Western states, with ten times the population, change Senators so rapidly that even the pages do not have time to get acquainted with them.

Wherefore Wyoming, with her 145,965 population, is more powerful in the Senate of the United States than almost any little group of six or eight other states you care to put together. When one state has, in the persons of her two Senators, the chairmanship of the mighty Appropriations Committee and the chairmanship of the Judiciary Committee, to say nothing of memberships of other most important committees, that state cuts a heap of sagebrush in the control of the destinies of this great and glorious nation.

Thus we reach the summit of this crystal demonstration and from that summit look down on those other foolish states that so constantly change their Senators—and simultaneously change their ratio in the great legislative game. Standing beside us is Francis Emroy Warren, who you may have shrewdly guessed is our hero. Continuously since 1895, Francis Emroy has been in the Senate from Wyoming, and now he is chairman of the Appropriations Committee. There has been nothing spectacular about the rise of Francis Emroy. He is not one of those brilliant boys who dash in and are dashed out.

He has been there, steady as a rock, for all these years; and he began at the bottom and worked to the top.

He was born in Massachusetts and served in the Civil War as a private in a Massachusetts regiment. He went to Wyoming in 1868, while that state was still a part of the territory of Dakota, and jumped into business, with politics as a side line, or politics with business as a side line—or into both at the same time; for after he had been there five years he was President of the Senate of the Wyoming Legislature. From that time on, Warren was actively in politics and held all sorts of offices, including the territorial governorship. He was elected the first governor of the new state and first came to the Senate in 1890, when he served for three years. In 1895 he was reelected, and he has been reelected ever since at stated periods.

Warren is no legislative genius, but he is a big, broad, level-headed person with an expert knowledge of the intricacies of legislation. He is a regular in politics and a man of great influence. Influence, did I say? Well, something like that. Let's see—what Senator was chairman of the Military Affairs Committee when President Roosevelt made Captain Pershing, of the army, a brigadier-general, jumping the said captain over the heads of some five hundred or six hundred other martial heroes? Oh, yes—Senator Warren was chairman. And who is General Pershing? Oh, to be sure—Senator Warren's son-in-law! Strange how those little things escape one! And, while on the subject, from what state does Mr. Justice Van Devanter, recently appointed to the United States Supreme Court, come? Is it Wyoming? Yes, children, Mr. Justice Van Devanter comes from Wyoming, population 145,965, where abide, also, Senator Francis Emroy Warren, chairman of the Appropriations Committee, and Senator Clarence Don Clark, chairman of the Committee on Judiciary. Do you get my meaning about the influence Senators attain by long service—and the state, population 145,965, also?

Evening Things Up

ARCHIE BELL, dramatic editor of the Cleveland Plain-Dealer, was driving out in rural Ohio. He wanted to smoke and had no match. A farmer came along and Bell hailed him and asked for a match. The farmer had one and gave it to Bell. In return, Bell took out a handful of cigars and held them out to the farmer. The farmer took them all.

When he saw Archie's startled face the farmer thought possibly he had overdone matters. He fumbled in his vest pocket.

"Uh-er," he said, stowing the cigars away; "have another match?"

A Two-Sided Answer

"JOHN," said Senator Carter to Private John Allen, "you are a farmer, and I want your opinion on an agricultural question. Should a man sit on the far side or the near side of a cow to milk her?"

"Both," replied Allen.

"Now, John," protested the Senator, "be serious for once. This is an important question. Should a man sit on the far side or the near side of a cow when milking?"

"Both," Allen replied again—"the farthest side of the cow and the nearest to a soft place in the pasture."

A Mission for Missouri

DAVID A. BALL, of Pike County, Missouri, was once state senator and acted as lieutenant-governor during the two years he presided over the senate. He had an ambition to be lieutenant-governor in fact.

One day he confided this ambition to his old family doctor. "The old man," Ball says in telling the story, "walked two blocks with me without making any comment. Then he turned and said:

"'That's all right, Dave, but look here: Suppose you were elected and the governor should die? Wouldn't that leave Missouri in a mighty bad fix?'"

CHU-CHU THE SHEARER

A Sequel to Léontine & Co.—By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

VIII—Continued

LÉONTINE looked at me. I had dropped my hand into my side pocket and was watching the door.

"Frank," said she, "I swear to you that I knew nothing of this. It only goes to show that Ivan and I were right. Chu-Chu is not to be controlled. No doubt he has been watching this house ever since he left the hospital, which was five days ago."

I was on my feet, slipping toward the door, for I had heard a step on the stair and had no intention of being potted from behind the doorjamb. It proved to be Victor, however, and he looked surprised and rather startled, I thought, to find me confronting him.

"Has that man gone?" I asked sharply.

"*Oui*, m'sieu'."

"What did he say?"

"Nothing, m'sieu', except that he thought it probable that mam'selle would regret not having allowed him to do his work."

Léontine had risen from her chair and gone to the window. I followed her and saw something which puzzled and disturbed me. Directly opposite stood Rosalie's taxicab and inside it was Chu-Chu. Rosalie herself was in the act of cranking the motor, and as we looked it started off and she stepped up to take her seat.

The car started ahead and Rosalie made a turn which brought her for a moment head on to the house. Léontine had drawn aside the curtains and we were standing side by side, looking out over the top of the ivy-covered iron fence, for the dining room was in the *entresol*. As she turned, Rosalie looked up and saw us standing there in the open window; and, whether because she suspected something and acted out of malice or whether from a sort of bravado before Chu-Chu I don't know, but Léontine flung her arm caressingly round my shoulder—almost round my neck.

I saw Rosalie's teeth come together and she threw out her chin with a sort of contemptuous air; but Chu-Chu smiled wickedly and looked the other way.

Léontine and I went back to the table, both of us rather pensive. Presently she said:

"That was the 'Countess Rosalie,' who took you out to Hertzfeld's the other day, then waited to bring you back—afterward."

"Quite so," I answered.

Léontine raised her eyebrows. "A conquest?" she asked.

"Rather more than that—a good, disinterested friend."

"Really?" Léontine toyed with her *poulet-au-riz*. Her color faded slightly. "Comparisons are not polite, *mon ami*," she said.

"I wasn't making them. I never considered you in the light of a conquest."

"What then?"

"Oh, merely a woman of uncommon beauty and attainments, balked of a passing whim for the first time in her life."

She laughed and seemed pleased. The cleverest of women—and Léontine was scarcely that, being more a creature of instinct than intellectuality—are seldom immune from flattery.

"Does Chu-Chu know that she was driving me that day?" I asked.

"Of course not." Léontine poured out a little red wine and tasted it critically. "Ugh!"—she gave a little shudder—"the stuff has a blood flavor!"

"Léontine!" My voice was sharp, because she looked up in surprise and the high cheeks began to grow dusky.

"What?"

"Does Chu-Chu know that Countess Rosalie is a friend of mine?"

She dropped her eyes. "How should I know?" she asked suddenly, and looked as sulky as a lioness that refuses to perform.

I could feel that ugly, venomous, wild-beast anger, that I have been told is peculiar to the criminal, starting to ferment inside me. There was something going on here that I couldn't get the feel of, and the strangeness and danger of it made me bristle like a dog that smells the scent of a timber wolf for the first time. What was up anyway? Why should Chu-Chu have come into the basement on a faked errand, then go out, get into Rosalie's taxi and drive off? Why should Victor have announced him and Léontine have sent him about his business? What the deuce was behind it all?—and was Rosalie in danger? That was the main thing. I chucked all thought of my own position at the bare idea. Chu-Chu, Ivan, Léontine—blight 'em all, so far as I was concerned; but where had Chu-Chu gone with Rosalie?

The devils began to dance and I looked across at Léontine through lids that were half shut and things showing red between. She saw what was going on and her eyes began to blaze. We were a nice young pair of savages; and I don't know what I might have said to her if, at that moment, the bell had not rung.

"Ivan," said Léontine quietly; and a moment later Victor showed him into the room.

IX

IVAN greeted Léontine in his usual polite and formal manner, then bowed to me. He looked very badly, with black shadows under his eyes, and the red-rimmed, swollen lids told of lack of sleep. Yet the eyes themselves were brighter than ever—too bright, I thought, as they rested on me.

The salad was being served when Ivan came in. He declined to eat anything, but took a glass of the Chablis; and directly the wine began to make itself apparent in his face, for he seldom touched anything alcoholic.

"You look badly," said Léontine, and shot a glance at me. "Did your conference with Chu-Chu go wrong?"

"Worse than that," said Ivan. "He failed to keep the rendezvous. You can guess what that means."

"Yes," she answered -"especially as he was sitting in front of the café opposite when Frank arrived. That is what has been puzzling us, because afterward he came into the house on the silly pretext of having been sent by the proprietor to look over the plumbing. Frank sounded general quarters and proceeded to 'cast loose and provide.'" I wondered where she had picked up that man-o'-war expression. "I told Victor to tell him he was wanted on the Rue Monceau."

"What did he say to that?" Ivan asked.

"Nothing, except that he was afraid I would regret having refused his services. He went out and we saw him drive off in the Countess Rosalie's taxi."

Ivan's head turned slowly in the high collar which he invariably wore, and he gave me an owlish look.

"Is the Countess Rosalie a friend of Frank's?" he asked, and I stiffened up a little at his free use of my name. Ivan was always markedly formal. There was something, however, in the tired, finished look of the handsome face that prevented my taking offense.

"Léontine asked me that question a while ago," I answered. "I told her that Rosalie was merely a good, disinterested friend of mine. I got acquainted with her when I was hanging about the restaurant opposite and watching the house for a glimpse of Chu-Chu. I told her I was an Alsatian *prédicateur*."

Ivan laughed softly. "As a matter of fact," said he, "she is a compatriot of yours, though I never should have guessed it if I hadn't heard her turn loose a torrent of American slang on some rather cheap clients in front of the Abbaye. But if she's a friend it seems to me that in your case I'd feel a bit uneasy about her."

"Why?" I asked. "Do you think that Chu-Chu suspected her of having worked with me?"

Ivan shrugged. "Who can tell?" he answered. "If he did, however, he would be very apt to pay off his score with her. He is a consistent man—not an ineffective like us three."

He reached for the Chablis and refilled his tumbler, drank it and gave a little shudder. Léontine's amber eyes flashed across to mine, carrying a double question: "What is the matter with Ivan? What is the matter with you?"

"Have you any idea of where Chu-Chu has gone?" I asked Ivan.

"I could make a good guess," he answered; "in fact, I wouldn't hesitate to trace Chu-Chu's maneuvers from the time you discovered him in the café across the street."

"Would you mind doing so?" I asked.

"Not in the least," he answered indifferently—"the more so as we three have so much in common."

"In what way?" Léontine interrupted.

Ivan's lips parted in his thin smile. "We are all three of us of the type 'incomplete criminal,'" he answered. "We have been master thieves and have risen high in our profession despite our defects; but not one of us could ever attain a real success in crime because we are all of us cursed with that peculiar hampering quality which is known as 'heart.' We have our decencies, our kindlinesses, our petty nobilities, and no successful thief can permit himself to wear such clogs as these. Léontine, for example"—he glanced at me—"has the infirmity of following only the dictates of her heart without reference to her profit. You, Monsieur Clamart, have the worm in your criminal core in your obsession for keeping your promised word. As for me, I have the weakness of abhorring physical pain, whether for myself or others. My ancestors were perhaps impaled by Hmelnitski and no doubt I inherited the awful reflection of their tortures. I could not bring myself to thrust a knife into a man. I support a charity at Berck for children whose spines and hips are full of pain. I have watched these little doomed children—one was my own—and the tears have been wrung from my eyes; so you see I am really very weak. As criminals, as thieves, we are crass failures simply because we are often kind; and, let me tell you, my fellow failures, there is no such silly thing as a kind-hearted thief. Call it what you will—theft, brigandage, graft—whatever is dishonest is cruel and selfish and has no place with generous traits. To steal, to trick a man, to take what belongs to another person, is mean—just mean, and there is no getting round it. From the mythical Robin Hood to our modern Arsène Lupin, the thief and his jackal, the swindler, have been glorified and admired; but there is no getting round the fact that they are mean. A dog that behaved in a similar way would be shot; and, though romance often surrounds the thief with a false glamour, it will be found that where he steals a thousand francs he gives about five in charity."

Ivan sipped his Chablis. "We are failures, the three of us," said he. "There is no good in us. Chu-Chu has us beaten. He is a consistent criminal—ruthless, selfish, cruel. He is a tearer down, a destroyer of the established social balance. A man like myself, on the contrary, who vainly attempts to combine theft with a vague, misshapen sense of honor, is a fool. I am a fool and a failure." He looked at me with a bitter smile.

Léontine's maid came in with the ice: a luscious, melting creation of peaches and cream, its spicy odor permeating the room.

"Where is Victor?" asked Léontine sharply.

"He has not returned, mam'selle," replied the pretty maid, and her eyes drifted to Ivan, then to me.

"That ice looks delicious," said Ivan. "I shall change my mind and ask for some. My throat is parched today."

Léontine smiled, helped herself and the dish was passed to me; but I declined, disliking sweets. Ivan helped himself abundantly. A yellow striped wasp, lured by the sweet, entangled himself in Léontine's ice and she watched its gluttonous struggles in a curious, fascinated way, then rang for the maid to serve her afresh. Ivan offered her his plate and, when she smilingly declined, waited until she should be served. Léontine rang again and when the maid did not appear her face clouded with irritation.

"What is the matter with my servants today?" she demanded fiercely. "I have never been attended in this haphazard way before."

"There is no hurry," said Ivan dreamily. "Eternity is before us."

"What is the matter with you, Count?" I asked. "You talk like a man who has reached the end of his string."

"I have," he answered somberly.

Léontine looked up quickly. "In what way, Ivan?" she asked. "If it is money, don't forget that you have rich and influential friends."

He smiled and let his beautifully shaped hand rest for a moment on hers while he toyed with his spoon.

"Thank you, my dear. It is not altogether money. I have still a bone or two buried under the lilac bush. But I have failed in my purpose, which was to live ruthlessly and consistently at the expense of a society which I despise. I have failed. I can no longer hold my organization—the association which I myself created. Chu-Chu has ousted me. He has been working with the patient cunning of a fox or a wolf, and he has made himself the leader of the pack." Ivan looked at me with a sardonic smile; and, impatient as I was to learn more of Chu-Chu's present movements, something in the man's face held me an attentive and fascinated listener.

His voice, too, had a queer lifelessness, the weary indifference of a man on his deathbed, and his words contained the accent of a valedictory. Léontine was watching him closely, puzzled and disturbed.

"Chu-Chu has made himself the leader of the pack," he answered. "My own life at this moment is no more safe than Frank's; and as for my liberty, that is less so." He looked at me and laughed. "That letter of yours making me the custodian of your safety is a joke, my dear boy. I am about as able to protect you at this moment as you are to protect your little friend, the Countess Rosalie."

I leaned forward, startled. "What's that?" I asked sharply. "What makes you say that? What do you know anyway?"

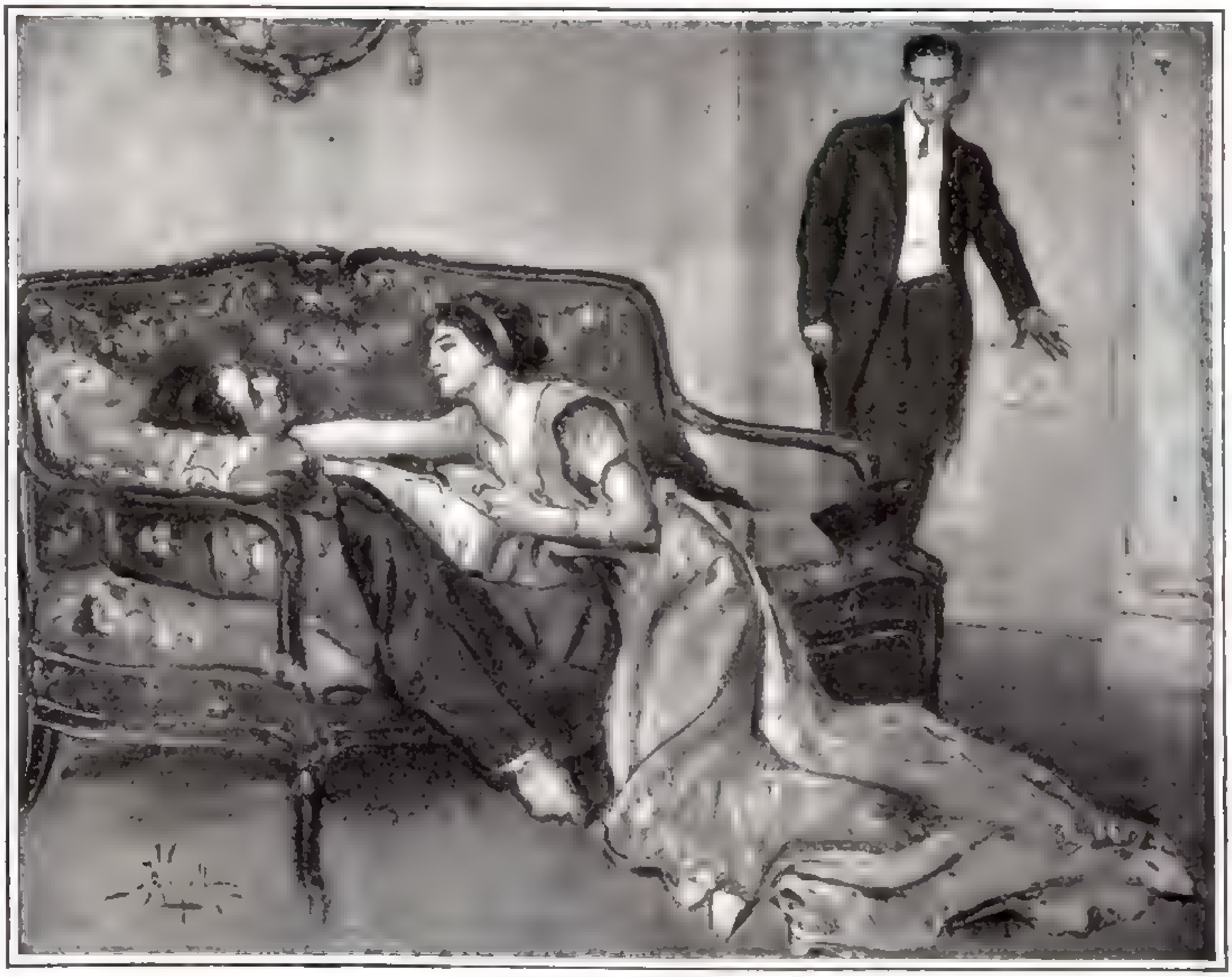
Léontine interrupted. "Eat your ice, Ivan," said she impatiently—"it is melting." And she pushed her bell viciously.

I glanced at her and was puzzled at the sudden hardening of her face—or, I might better say, at the ferocity of her face; for there was never the least suggestion of either hardness or coarseness about the Polish girl. She could be soft and melting, or hot and fierce and passionate—dangerous as a leopardess; but she hadn't a trace of that female brutality sometimes to be found in the Anglo-Saxon.

It came into my head that they were playing with me; that Ivan's pose was a clever and consummately skillful bit of acting; that he knew nothing of Rosalie and had lied about Chu-Chu, and that the table conversation might wind up in one of two ways—a swift and silent attack, or possibly a request that for the sake of others I should withdraw my statement, since he, Ivan, was a beaten man and powerless to protect me.

What Ivan said next put me off my reckoning again.

"At this moment," said Ivan, "Chu-Chu is probably at a little country house of his, near Meudon. He has called a meeting of my malcontents and they are planning to reorganize, with Chu-Chu as chief. Things are to be run on a more consistent scheme and operators are not to be forbidden to take life as the occasion may arise. If the Countess Rosalie has taken Chu-Chu all the way out there I would say that she is exposed to some personal danger. It is a lonely place—the house surrounded by a park, hidden from the road; and the whole property is surrounded by a high wall. You may have noticed it in passing; the gates are copied from those of Malmaison. It is the first big place on the road which leads over the hill to enter the forest. Chu-Chu has had it for some years under his name of Monsieur de Maxeville. I have been out there several times. The house is small, but handsomely furnished and full of his hunting trophies—lions from the Masai country and some handsome specimens from the French Congo. When he doesn't hunt men he recreates himself by torturing animals. Just at this moment you would probably find in the house about as select an assortment of human wild beasts as could be gathered together in the whole of Europe." He changed his tone. "How hot it is! I am going to follow your directions, Léontine, and eat my ice. It is delicious." He took a spoonful. "Your chef has been liberal with his peach-pits—still, the bitter flavor is rather tonic and refreshing." He took another spoonful of the pink, half-melted cream. "Look, Léontine," said he, "that yellow striped wasp has made such a glutton of himself that he is dead."



"Ivan! Oh, Ivan! Speak to Me!"

Léontine did not appear to be listening however. Her bare elbow was on the rim of the table, her chin resting on the knuckles of her half-closed hand, and her amber eyes were brooding and thoughtful.

"What do you think was Chu-Chu's object in coming here?" she asked.

Ivan paused, with his spoon halfway to his lips.

"It is plain enough," said he. "Chu-Chu hoped to get within striking distance of Frank. When he saw that he had been recognized he gave it up in disgust. Chu-Chu has been haunting the café opposite since he recovered from his wound. Do take some of this ice. It is delicious—especially today, when the atmosphere is so hot and heavy. One can hardly get one's breath."

I was looking at Léontine and I saw her eyes open wider and the color fade in her cheeks.

"Ivan!" she cried. "Are you ill?"

"I—I do feel a little odd," he answered in a stifled voice. I turned sharply to look at him, and saw that his lips were blue and a curious mottled look was spreading over his face. He glanced from one to the other of us, then stared at his plate. His breath was coming in gasps and his face was tense and wore a startled, frightened expression; but even as I watched him this passed and he smiled.

"Ah!" he said thickly. "I begin to understand. So—that—was—Chu-Chu's—errand here! And Victor?" His head fell forward, but he jerked it back.

Léontine sprang to her feet. "It's—that ice! That strong flavor of the peach-pits—I—I——"

Suddenly Ivan pitched forward across the table. I sprang to my feet and, lifting him in my arms, carried him to the divan, laid him down and tore open his collar. His face was cyanosed, as the face of a person under gas.

"That—dead wasp!" he gasped. "I might have guessed!" His arm slipped off his chest and fell limply. I turned and looked at Léontine, who was standing, half crouched, both hands pressed against her temples.

"He is dead!" I told her gently.

* * *

LÉONTINE had risen from her chair and was standing with her body bent forward, her fingertips poised on the table, her eyes wild with horror. When I turned and told her that Ivan was dead she sprang back, overturning her chair; then swept round the table and dropped on her knees at the head of the couch. Here was no acting, as one could plainly see; and, in fact, Ivan himself had solved the mystery in his last words.

Léontine seemed daft with grief and dismay. "Ivan!" she cried. "Oh, Ivan! Speak to me! Speak to me!" She stared back at me over her shoulder. "Frank! Frank!" she groaned. "Is there nothing we can do?"

"It is too late," I answered. "The man is dead. Chu-Chu poisoned the ice with prussic acid or some of its deadly combinations. He bribed or coerced Victor. You will never see the man again."

She buried her face in her arms, leaning against the body. One might almost have thought that she had loved Ivan, but I knew that was not so. She liked and admired him. But I had always suspected Ivan of a hopeless passion for Léontine. Yet there was plenty of savage tenderness in her, as I now saw. Her sorrow was generous and sincere and unmindful of the ugly position she was in.

I was thinking of the other, however, if Léontine was not; and it seemed to me there was a lot of trouble ahead. I got up and shut the two doors and locked them, then stepped to Léontine's side and raised her from beside the divan and placed her in a chair.

"We must decide on what steps to take, my dear," I said firmly. "Here we have a dead man and a bowlful of poisoned peach ice-cream and no very plausible explanation of the circumstances to offer. What's to be done?"

Léontine pulled herself together with some effort.

"I don't know, Frank. I don't seem able to think"—she glanced at the clock—"and Kharkoff is coming at four."

"The police suspected Ivan of something," said I, "but have no positive proof that he belonged to a criminal organization. Let us see if he's got anything compromising about him now. If so it would make the statement that he was poisoned by Chu-Chu more plausible."

I stepped to the divan, ran my hand through Ivan's pockets and brought to light, besides the usual small articles, a portemonnaie and a letter sealed and addressed but not stamped. Turning it in my hand, I was surprised to see that it was addressed to Léontine.

The tears gushed to her eyes as she took it, broke the seal and quickly ran it through. Watching her closely, I saw the color come and go in her face, while the tears flowed faster. The note was brief; and as she finished reading Léontine flung the letter toward me on the table and, dropping her face in her hands, wept silently.

I picked up the note, which was wet and tear-stained but written in Ivan's clear, regular hand. It was in French and read as follows:

> Léontine, my dear friend, this is but a word of farewell. My tortuous course is sped—my ill-spent life nearly at its end.
>
> In this twilight of my soul I see but two bright stars: one whom I dearly loved and who has gone before, and who perhaps may intercede for my mistakes before the Great Tribunal. The other is a dear friend whom I leave behind, and who will mourn me as one less evil than mistaken.
>
> Léontine, you are my dearest living friend, and I wish to be near you when I slip out into the shadows. Will you forgive me, dear?
>
> Good night, then; and God bless and keep you! IVAN.

I laid the note down and stared at Léontine.

"What does it mean?" I gasped. "Did he commit suicide?"

Léontine shook her head. "No, Frank—at least, I do not think so. Chu-Chu saved him that. But Ivan plainly meant to kill himself. That is why his manner was so strange—so weary and final. You know you said something about his talking like a man at the end of his string—and he answered that he was. He meant to kill himself, either here or not far away."

I nodded.

"This note will undoubtedly clear you, Léontine. But throw away the rest of that ice and wash out the bowl. Do so at once."

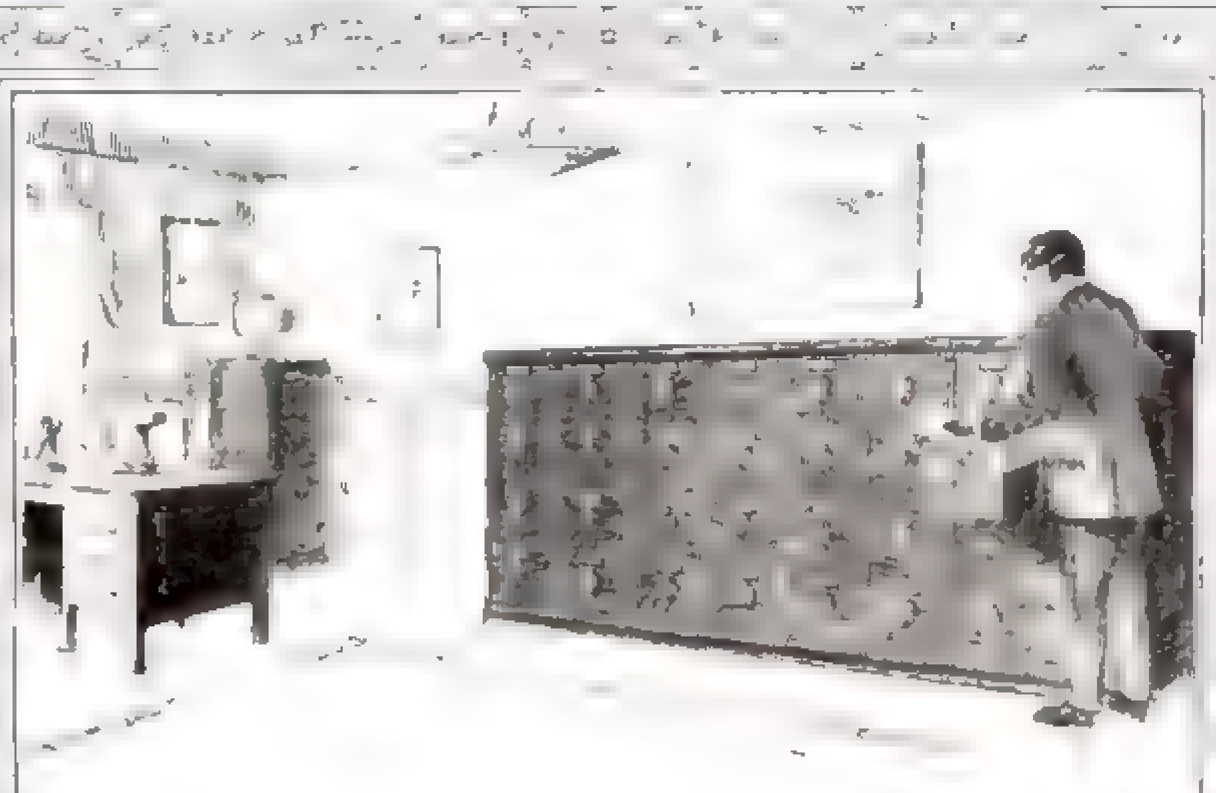
Léontine nodded and removed the ice. When she returned I said to her:

"Wait until I have been gone for about ten minutes, then telephone for the police. The case will appear sufficiently plain. Ivan came here to die near you."

"But where are you going, Frank?" she asked.

"I am going to settle his account with Chu-Chu," I answered—"and my own!"

So out I went into the hot street, caught a taxi at the corner and hurried to the prefecture of police. The prefect knew my early history, of course, just as he knows



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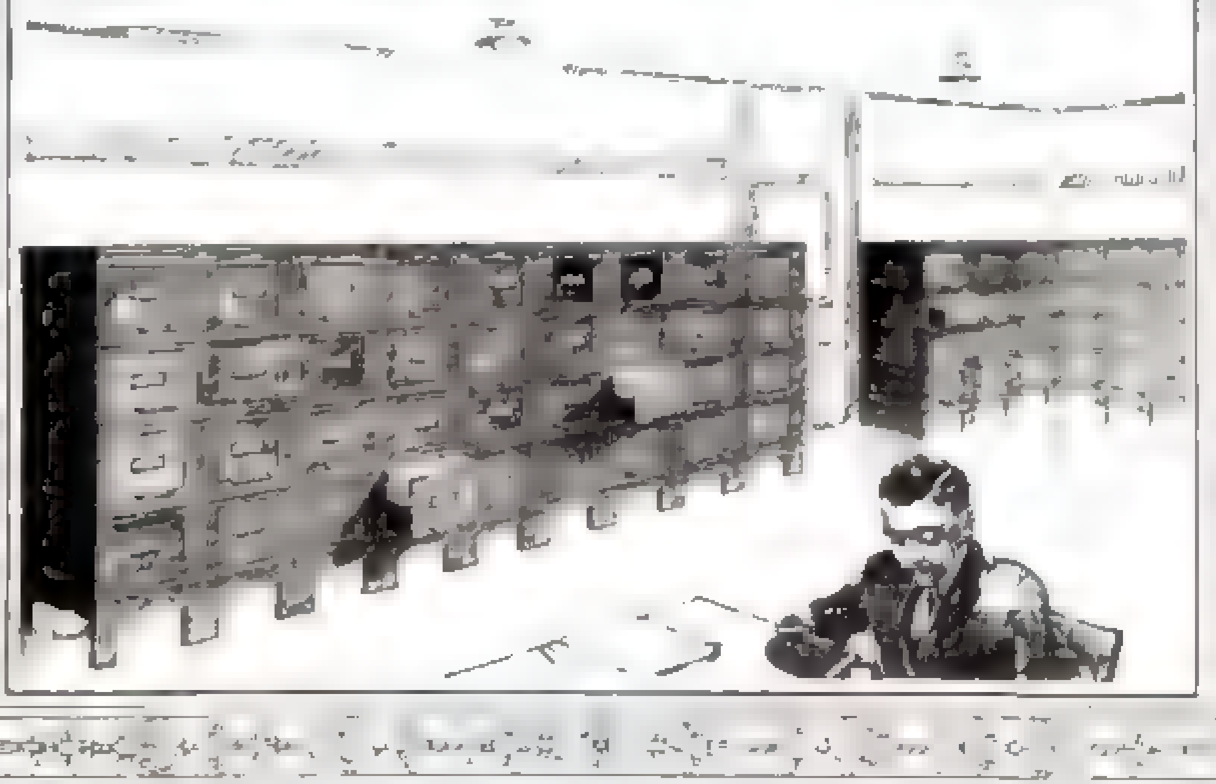

that of many other former criminals who are now honored members of society.

"Where have you been?" he asked. "My men had entirely lost sight of you and I was beginning to be afraid of a relapse."

"Monsieur need not have been anxious," I answered. "My disappearance was not for any criminal purpose. Quite the contrary. Monsieur le Préfet may remember that, when he was so lenient as to pardon me he tried to extract certain information in regard to a suspected criminal organization?"

"Quite so," answered the prefect dryly, "and you declined to furnish it on the ground that you had just arrived from the other side of the Atlantic and knew nothing about our European thieves. Of course I did not believe you."

"At any rate," said I, "this defective knowledge has since been remedied. I have reason to believe that I can now take monsieur to a rendezvous of the most important malefactors on this side of the ocean. The chief of the band is none other than Chu-Chu le Tondeur."

The prefect's head shot forward and he glared at me across his desk.

"What!" he cried; "you can lead me to Chu-Chu and his gang?"

"I think so, monsieur."

"Where are they?"

"At Meudon."

He leaned still closer, his eyes like gimlets and his jaw set.

"Is it"—his voice was almost a whisper—"Monsieur de Maxeville?"

"Monsieur de Maxeville and Chu-Chu le Tondeur are the same person."

A fierce light blazed from his lined old face. "I knew it," he cried softly, "or at least I suspected it. For a while my suspicion rested on another man, but I discovered a few days ago that he was merely a political intrigant. So it had to be Maxeville! But the man had disappeared as though the earth had swallowed him up. How many do you think there are at this rendezvous?"

"Six or eight—ten perhaps. Chu-Chu is the only one whom I know anything of personally or would recognize by sight."

"My men will know the others." He touched a bell, then, as the attendant entered, left the room to make his arrangements for himself. These did not take long and presently he returned.

"We will go out there immediately," said he. "I shall conduct this affair myself. There are reasons why I wish to have it managed as quietly as possible—political reasons, you understand. Even the press will be instructed to be discreet. As for yourself, Monsieur Clamart, if the business turns out successfully you may be assured of my most distinguished consideration."

I thanked him, then asked how many men he was taking to capture the gang.

"I am taking six," he answered, "and they will go in plain clothes in two taxis. You and I will go in my own private car. You can designate the place, then wait for me in the car."

"Very well, monsieur," I answered, and wondered what he would think if he could guess at my own little scheme.

The prefect was a good policeman and it didn't take him long to operate. There was no noise or fuss about it either; and we went down into the court and got into his car and slipped off down the right bank of the Seine as if we were going for a little airing. We took it easily, though, for the six plain-clothes men were following us in taxis driven by special police chauffeurs.

The prefect was silent for a while, but I could tell he was doing some hard thinking by the number of white bristles he pulled out of his mustache. Presently he said:

"What was your motive in giving me this information, a desire to be of service to the State?"

"A desire to be of service to myself, monsieur," I answered, and the prefect cackled outright. He himself loved the State about as much as any stiffnecked old royalist could be expected to love a republic.

"Perhaps Le Tondeur regards you as a renegade and would like to be rid of you," he suggested.

"I doubt if he knows I am alive," I answered, and with perfect truth. As a matter of fact, I think Chu-Chu had been waiting in the Bon Cocher with the idea of poisoning Ivan, who had probably told him that he expected to lunch with Léontine after their conference. My presence he no doubt regarded as a direct act of friendship on the part of his patron, the devil.

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½ cup Snider's Salad Dressing
½ [illegible]
Lettuce and [illegible]

Mix first four [illegible] into fourths. HELEN MAR [illegible]

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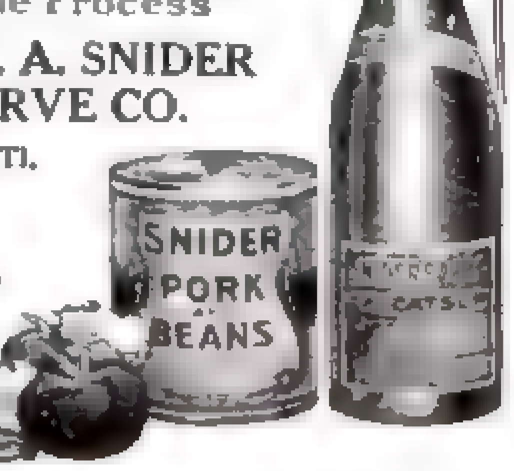

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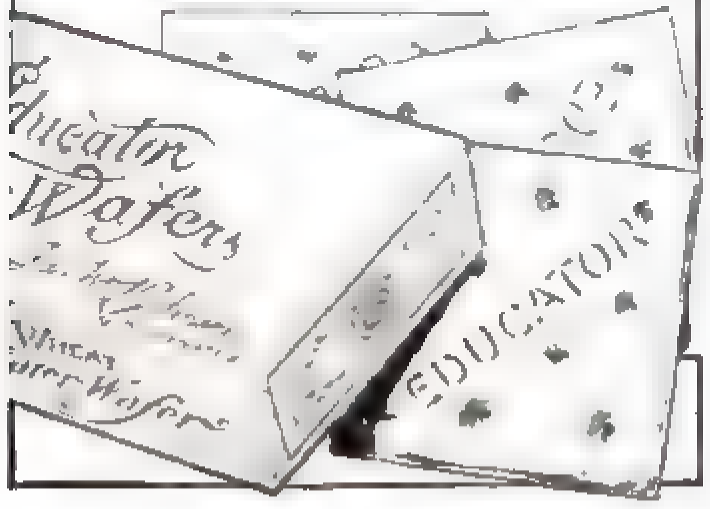

No doubt he would have been pleased to gather in the three of us, knowing that Léontine would remain a partisan to Ivan.

The prefect was silent again and made only one or two remarks until we had almost reached Meudon. Then he said:

"Whatever your motive, my friend, you are not to consider me inappreciative. If I can break up this gang it will be a great triumph, not only for me but for my friends. Frankly, this wave of crime that has submerged France for the past year has been used against us and our party."

It was not very plain to me just what he was driving at, but that did not much matter as I was busy studying out my own end of the business. I was confident that Chu-Chu would never be taken alive, and my greatest fear was that he might get clean away. That was what I was out to prevent, though I said nothing about it.

We sped through Meudon, taking the road that Ivan had described; and presently we came to the corner of the ivy-covered wall that inclosed the entire property—three or four hectares, I should say, running from the road back down the hill to the river—the whole densely wooded, so that the house was not visible from the road. The frontage was rather narrow and I noticed that the ground was fairly open on each side.

I suggested to the prefect that he hadn't a very big force to capture such a dangerous band, but he shrugged.

"I am an old soldier," said he, "and count the odds as four to one in a surprise. Besides, these are picked men and not to be bluffed by a handful of thieves."

We whirled past the front of the estate and I noticed that the entrance gates were copied, as Ivan had said, from those of Malmaison. At a little distance beyond the farther corner of the wall the prefect told his driver to stop, and a moment later the two other taxis came up and the men got out. They were a businesslike-looking outfit, two of them old acquaintances of mine; and their eyes lighted a little as we exchanged nods.

The prefect lost no time about his plans.

"Leclerc, Dumas, Levoisin and Bourdet, go down along the wall for about a hundred meters, then climb over and surround the house. Wagner and De Lefferts, come with me. We will enter by the front as soon as you others are inside. You drivers, stay by your cars. Roux, take a position similar to this on the other corner. *Allons!*"

"If I can be of service to Monsieur le Préfet ——" I began, knowing well enough what the answer would be.

"*Merci*," he snapped. "You had better stay with the car. Now, then, let's be off."

The four men detailed to surround the house slipped into the bushes that fringed the wall and disappeared. Giving them a few moments' start, the prefect and his two companions walked down to the front gate, where one of them slipped over and opened the small door for the others. The three chauffeurs, agreeing to horn three times as a signal of alarm, took up their positions, one of the taxis going back down the road and one remaining with the prefect's car.

As soon as the prefect had disappeared I strolled casually into the thicket, following the direction taken by the first four.

"Where are you going?" called the prefect's chauffeur, himself a policeman.

"I am going to where I can listen in case they need our help," I answered shortly and kept on, leaving him dissatisfied but not knowing just what to do about it. Once out of sight I broke into a run, skirting the wall until I came to where it turned at right angles to inclose the lower extremity of the park. This wall I followed along until I came to what I was looking for, and that was a small door in the rear, opening on a path that led down through the woods to the bank of the Seine.

This was the way that Chu-Chu would certainly come if he broke through the slight cordon. I no more believed that the old prefect and his six men would be able to round up and capture Chu-Chu than that they could have surrounded a wolf in a patch of heath and caught him by the tail. Chu-Chu was not the ordinary house-rat—he was big game—a hunter and lion-killer; and his instincts were those of a wild animal. Something told me that when he broke from his lair it would be for the thickest part of the park and toward the river; in fact, there was no other way to go, as the open highway was in front and the ground more or less open on each side of the estate.

If the police managed to stop him, so much the better, as in that case he would

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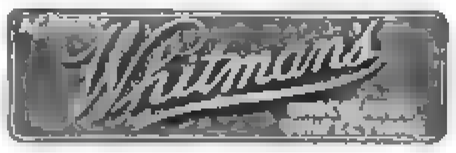

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be dead. If he broke through, then it was up to me to stop him myself. And that is what I was there for. So when I came to the little door of oak and iron I made a jump for the top of the wall and swarmed over, then dropped on the other side and waited—but not for long.

The undergrowth right there was very thick and had that tropical luxuriance that you find in the valley of the Seine in the late summer, especially when the season has been warm and moist. There was a little path that wound between great arbusta and heavy masses of laurel, ivy and holly. One could only see a few feet in any direction, but I had scarcely struck the ground when I heard the noise of people hurrying through the undergrowth.

"Chu-Chu and his mob," I said to myself—"the whole gang has got past the police!"

Let me tell you, my friend, that for a second I wished I had not been quite so brash. I had counted on tackling Chu-Chu, but had never thought of its being necessary to take on the whole bunch. On the contrary, it seemed more probable that Chu-Chu would have used the others to cover his own retreat.

Here came a gang of them, and they were coming fast and as silently as they could through that tangle—a whole band, with Chu-Chu in the lead. I looked over my shoulder at the wall and wished that I were back on the other side. I had an automatic pistol that held eleven dumdums and there was a handy knife in my belt, but the odds were too heavy.

For the moment I was tempted to skin over that wall like a cat. Then I thought of Ivan; and, as it got hold of me that here was the murderous devil who had just tried to poison the three of us—and one a woman—slipping up to me through the bush, something stronger than the love of life blazed up inside me. I whipped out the pistol and waited.

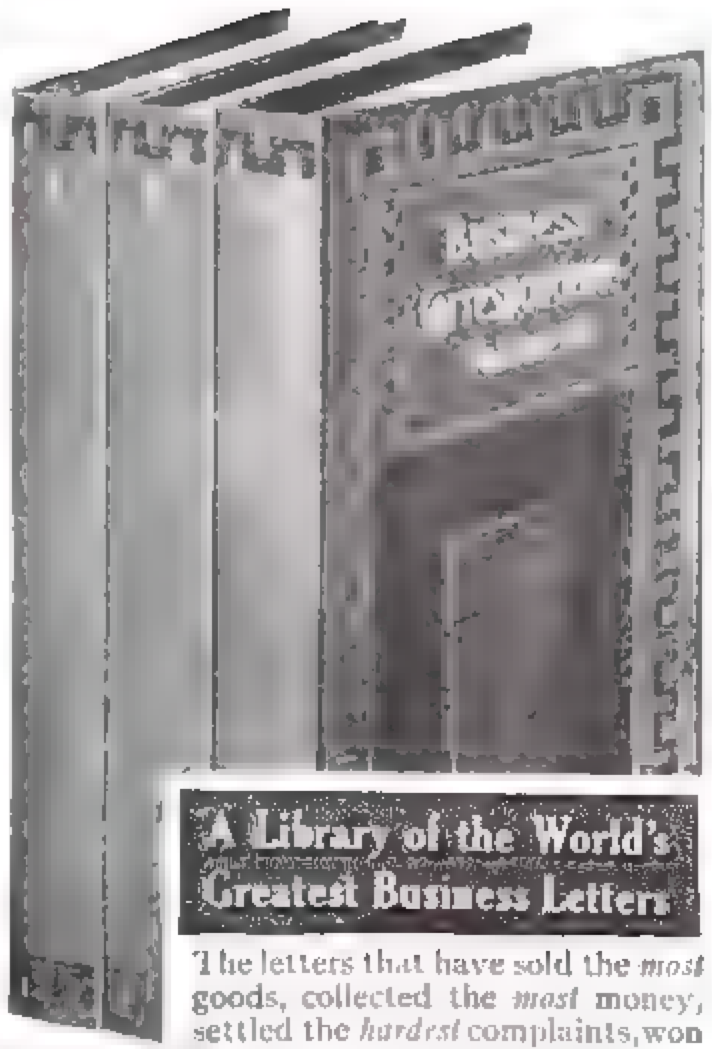
The crashing noise grew louder and I could hear panting breaths. Then out of a tangle of laurel not twenty feet in front of me burst Chu-Chu, and he reminded me of a charging wild boar. He was still dressed in his workman's blouse and he carried the black straw in his hand. The sweat was pouring from his white face and his lips were drawn back and showed the yellow teeth.

At sight of me he never so much as paused. His hand went to the V-shaped opening of his blouse and at the same instant I fired into him. Down he went with a crash, then began to scramble on all fours toward the foot of a chestnut tree a few meters away. I fired again, but he scrambled all the faster. Then a gun cracked to the left of me and I felt the scorch of a bullet across the chest. I spun round, and there was Chu-Chu's mate, the man with one nostril wider than the other. He was standing by the wall and as I turned he fired again and so did another man who had burst out behind Chu-Chu. Then Chu-Chu himself opened up from the ground and I came down in a heap.

It was only a broken shinbone, and from where I lay I got the Oriental chap and another man who had made a jump for the wall. Yells and orders were ringing out from up by the house, and men were crashing down the hill. Chu-Chu was somewhere in the thicket; so I started in on hands and knees. His pistol cracked in front of me and the blood came pouring down into my eyes, but I caught a glimpse of him huddled behind the chestnut, ten feet in front of me, and I took a snapshot and hit his hand as it was shoved out, gripping his weapon. He snarled like a cat, then came bounding out from behind his tree; and, though my gun went off against his body, it never stopped him, and the next instant his grip was on my wrist and his teeth in the muscles of my neck. I got my left arm clear, however, and as we rolled over, lashing out like a couple of wild beasts, I managed to squirm up on top, and that was the last of Chu-Chu.

. . . .

Yes, the whole business was kept mighty quiet. Lots of people never really knew just my part in the affair. The prefect thought it better to hush up the outside assistance and let it go in as a police job. It was all the same to me, though, as Chu-Chu was dead and his pal was dead and two others of the gang were dead. None got away and the ones taken were no great shucks and nothing to be afraid of in the future. Anyway, they'd heard of me and asked nothing better than to forget me.



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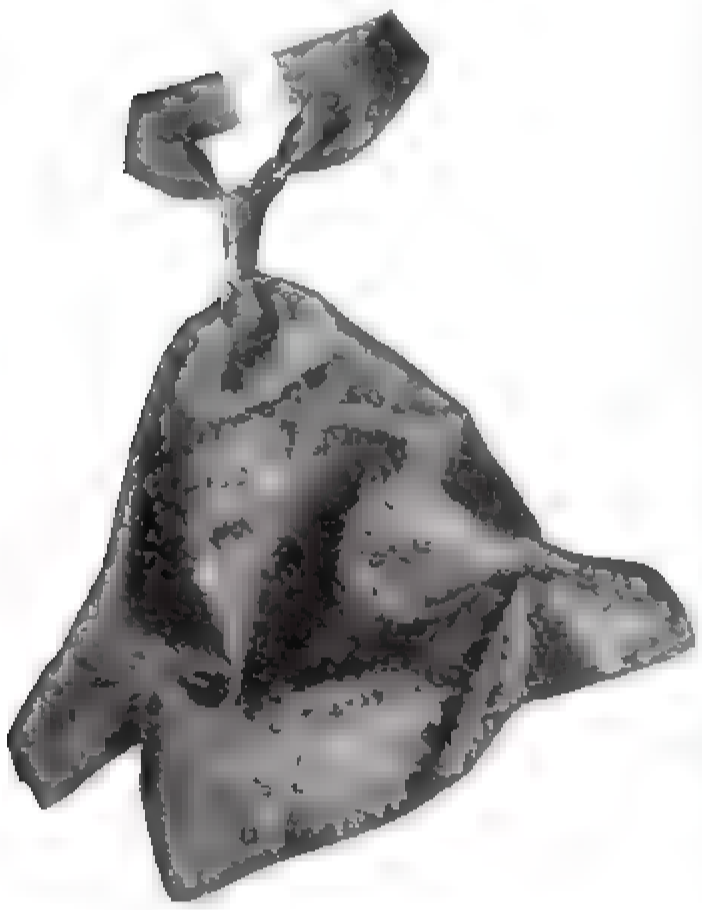

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It was no such cinch as a couple of weeks in bed this time. I was shot all to pieces and was six weeks on my back, and my leg in a box, with a weight swinging from the foot; and the police surgeon says that I'll limp for the rest of my life. The prefect took me to my own little lodgings and detailed his own doctor to fix me up.

John got back to Paris after his "cure" and came in every day to see me. Edith never came. She still thinks that I broke my word, and my honest hope is that she will keep on thinking so to her dying day; but she kept my room bright with flowers. John knew the whole story, of course. He was a different man, I thought, and a finer one; and he told me that it only needed me on my feet again to make the motor business a big success. And he was right.

Ivan's death made a big stir, but only for its romantic interest and the fact that Ivan himself was so well known and well liked round the town. The case was so evidently one of suicide that not even the most enterprising reporter tried to make a "mystery case" of it. Leontine came to see me several times. Then she went away and I learned afterward that she had gone to Berck to look after Ivan's charity for the tuberculous children.

I had been laid up about a fortnight when my nurse came in one day, with a grin, to tell me that the Countess Rosalie had called to see me.

"Show her in," I snapped, "and leave us alone. She is an old friend of mine."

Rosalie looked pale, and her smile as she gave me her hand was forced and tired.

"Sit down," said I in English. "There are a lot of things I want to say to you."

She dropped in the chair at the head of my bed and I took her hand. Rosalie did not try to draw it away.

"Why haven't you been to see me?" I asked. "You got my message?"

"Yes; but I thought you would be well enough looked after without me."

"If you are thinking of La Petrovski," said I, "let me tell you that there has never been anything between us—and never will be. She is not in love with me—nor I with her. The nearest I ever came to being really in love with any woman was in a little studio apartment on the Rue Vaugirard, where it seemed to me that for the first time in my life I had found the real thing without any alloy—but I guess I was wrong."

Rosalie grew rather pale, but did not answer.

"Were you in the house when that man killed himself?" she asked.

"I will tell you all about that," I answered, "and of what happened afterward—and why it did."

So I gave her the whole yarn, speaking in English, which nobody in the house understood. Rosalie listened, scarcely breathing, and her color came and went like the draft on a red coal.

"So you see, little girl," I wound up, "you yourself were the immediate and direct cause of Chu-Chu's finish."

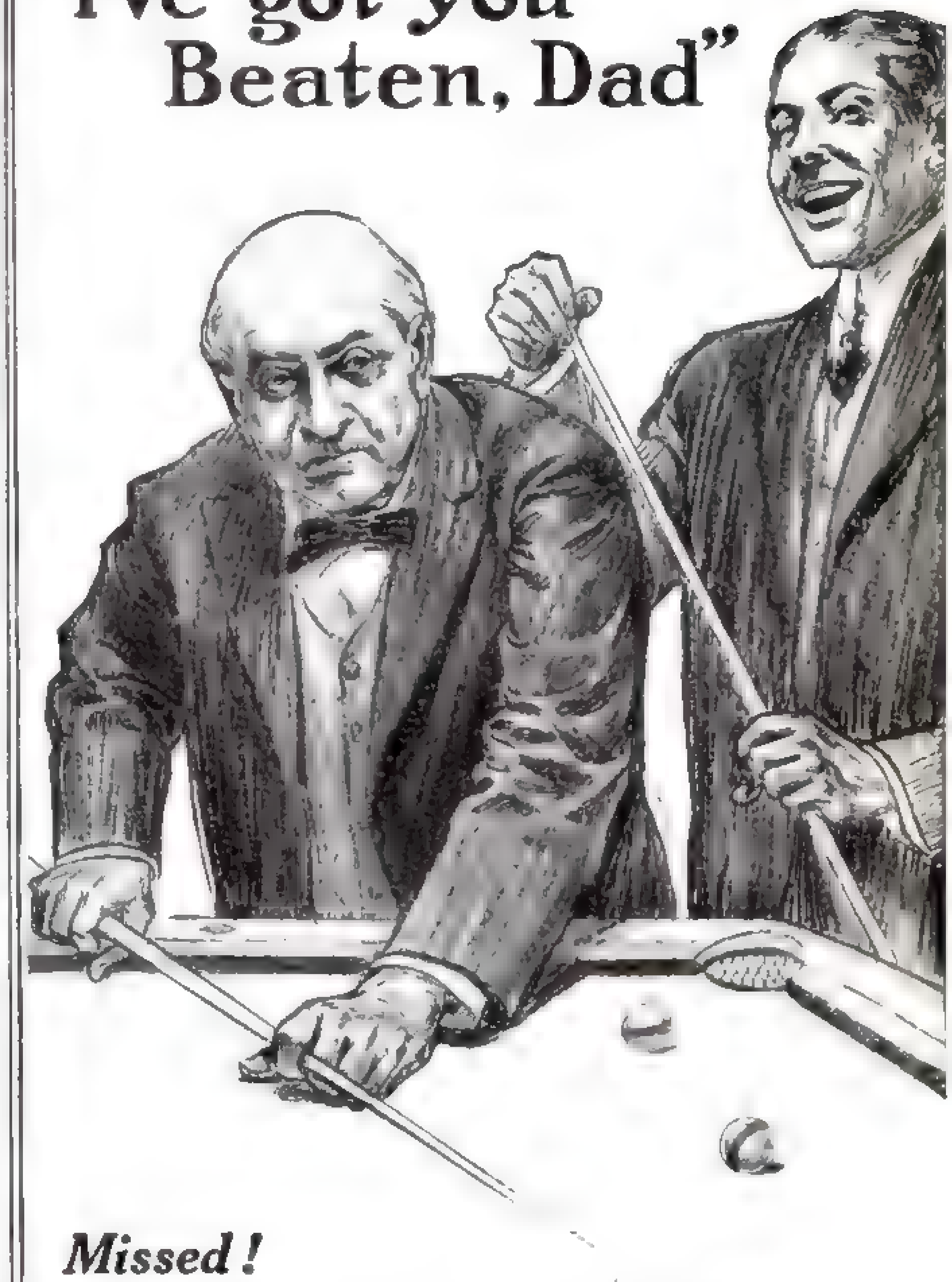
"And I never for a moment suspected that it was Chu-Chu!" said she. "He told me when he took me that he was a plumber who had just received a telephone call to drop the job he was on and hurry out to Meudon to stop a leak in a waterpipe that was destroying the ceiling. I took him to the house and he asked me to wait, but I could not do so because I had an engagement with a regular client." She looked at me with shining eyes. "And you hurried out there on my account?" she asked.

"Yes," I answered. "I meant to put the police on to Chu-Chu in any case, but I wouldn't have acted so quickly if it hadn't been for you. Chu-Chu might easily have served you some ugly trick—throttled you and thrown you into the ditch on the way home, or some such pleasantry. He poisoned Ivan merely because he was in the way. If anything had happened to you, sweetheart, I should have wanted to kill first Chu-Chu and then myself." And I meant it too. I was really in love with Rosalie.

She said very little after that and presently wished me goodby and went away; but she dropped a kiss on my forehead before she went out.

From this time on, both Rosalie and Sœur Anne Marie came often to see me. It took the little Mother Superior some time to get over the effect of the tale which I had told Rosalie she might tell her; but Sœur Anne Marie had served through the Franco-Prussian War as a nurse and was no rabbit-heart.

"I've got you Beaten, Dad"



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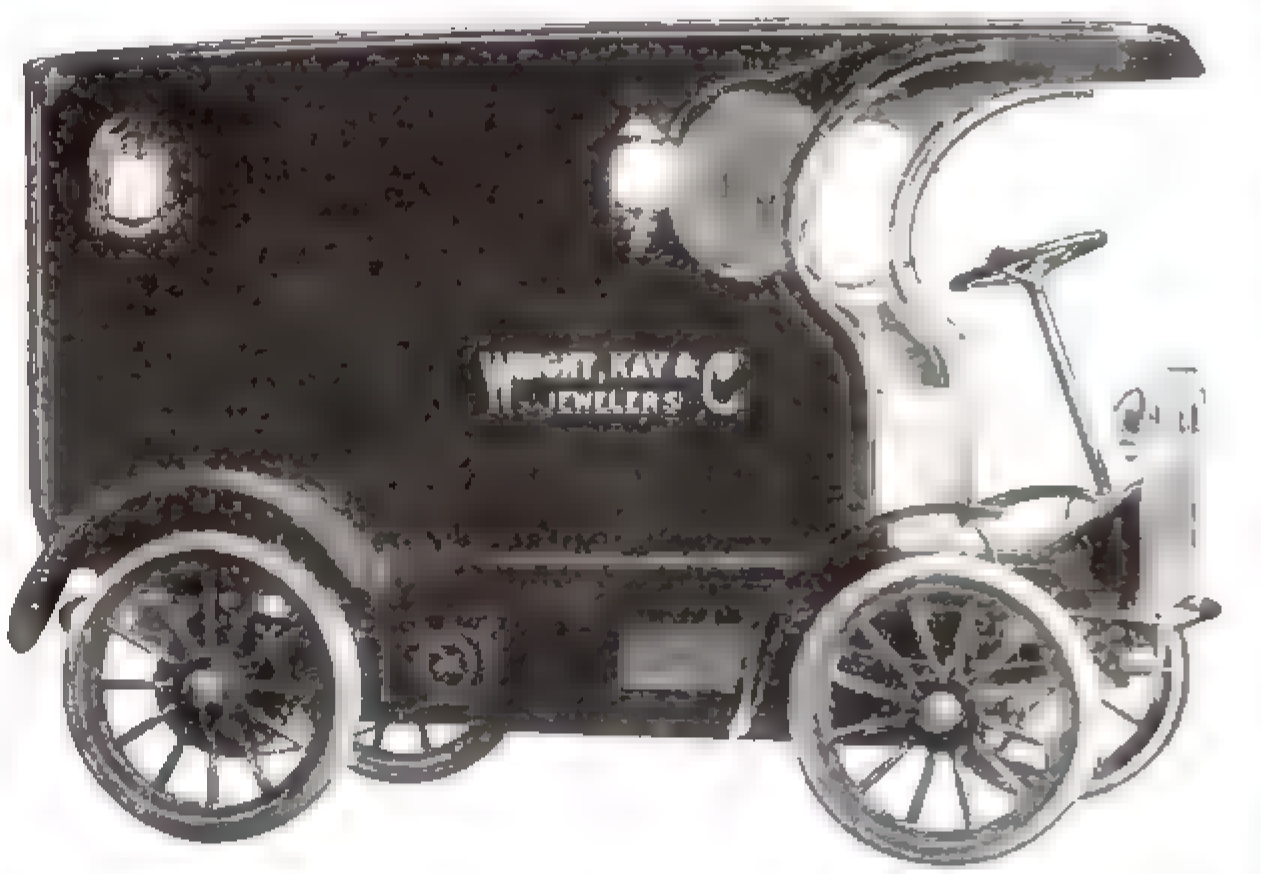

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Then one day she said to me: "*Mon ami*, you must be careful. Our Rosalie is losing her heart."

"She already has mine, *ma mère*," I answered, "though it's not much of a bargain for her."

"I am not so sure," she answered. "Though your life has been wrongly lived I am convinced that your heart is clean. Do you really love the poor child?"

"I love her dearly," I answered, "and I would ask her to marry me if I were sure we might never have to reap some of my early sowing. A man with such a past as mine can never be too confident of the future. I speak only of my sins against the Commandment against stealing, *ma mère*."

She was silent and thoughtful for a little while, then answered.

"Rosalie loves you, and I do not think she will ever be happy without you. If, later on, some echo from your past should come to bring pain to you both, she will at least have had her hour and tasted of the fullness of life; but something tells me that will never happen." She smiled. "We *religieuses* are sometimes given the power to predict the lives of those dear to us—and there is also much in prayer. You will both be garmented in my prayers, whether I am here or—elsewhere; and, so far, these prayers have not proved fruitless."

There was no denying this. I could quite imagine the secret-service angel, detailed from divine headquarters in response to the good woman's application, sitting beside Rosalie in her taxi and sending her back from Meudon to Paris when Chu-Chu wanted her to wait. The same angel might also have whispered in my ear not to taste the peach ice-cream for politeness' sake.

My heart grew warm as I thought of Rosalie. I knew that I loved her and wanted her for my wife—Rosalie, sweet and brave and true-hearted, and, as far as that went, as physically perfect as a man could wish. I thought again of the night when I had held her in my arms, kissing and comforting her; and last of all, though it should have been first, I thought of how she had stood by me when, spent and bloodless, I had lurched into her taxi at the gate of the Baron von Hertzfeld.

Then, one day in the autumn, when I was beginning to get round a little, Rosalie came to me and said:

"Tomorrow will be Sunday, and we are going for a little picnic—just you and myself and Sœur Anne Marie. We shall take the car and run out to the forest of Marly for luncheon in the woods. Sœur Anne Marie is very worn from the heat of the summer and it will do her good. You are strong enough to drive now, and I will take a day off and wear a pretty gown and be *grande dame*."

So off we went the next day, the three of us in the little car, which I drove down a long forest alley with a Gothic roof of burnished bronze. We spread our napkins in a little glade and had a wonderful luncheon.

Afterward Sœur Anne Marie informed us that age possessed its privileges, and she proposed also to show her appreciation of the good things she had eaten and drunk by withdrawing a little while from the material world in a peaceful nap. So we made her comfortable with a rug and a cushion from the car, and Rosalie and I strolled off under the ancient trees. We came to the top of a high bank on the edge of the big road, and here we seated ourselves on the edge of a laurel thicket to talk and watch the big cars that kept whizzing by.

It was a perfect day in October and the old-gold canopy overhead screened a sky as blue as the eyes of a little child. Rosalie looked at me and smiled. Her cheeks were red today and her eyes the color of the autumn leaves. She wore a tailor suit of dark blue serge and a pretty hat, and looked altogether charming. Nobody could ever have recognized her as the pretty, piquante chauffeuse so often to be seen perched behind her wheel in front of the big hotels.

There was no trace of impudence about her this day. Though happy, as far as one could see, she was very quiet and there was a hint of wistfulness in her eyes. Poor little girl! Life had never brought her much joy, and I wondered, as I often had before, at her bright, brave heart, for the summer had been a hard one and most women would have been worn out and despondent; but Rosalie possessed an elastic strength—or fine mettle, one might better say—and the instant the strain was relaxed she flew back as straight and tireless as before.

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There's a big difference between a rest*ful* night and a rest*less* night—and it *tells* big in the next day's work. This difference very often depends on a man's nightwear.

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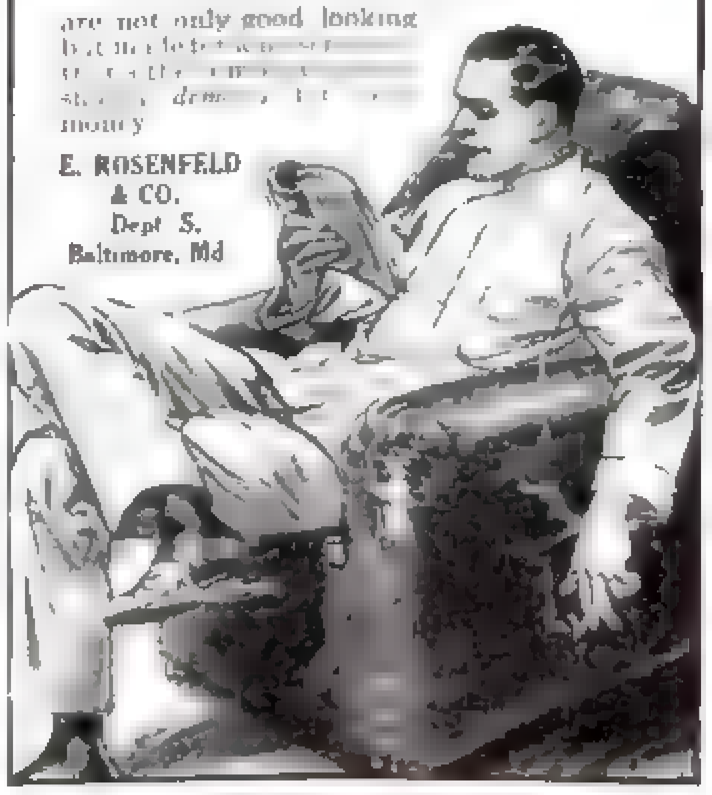

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Order them by the dozen. Get the full benefit of their tempting variety.

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Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

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JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
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One little Injun
Eating *Campbell's Soups*
Got so gay he held at bay
A regiment of troops.

Our eyes met—and all at once I realized my want of her and the deep, honest love I had come to feel for her. Rosalie's hand was resting on her knee and I took it in mine and raised it to my lips.

"Rosalie dear," I said, "I love you! Will you marry a reformed thief?"

She turned to me slowly, and one could see how delicately the color faded in her lovely face. Her lips trembled and the tears gushed into her eyes.

"Oh, Frank—you are sure you want me?" she said. "There is—no one else? You are sure, sure, sure?"

"Nobody else, sweetheart—now or ever!" I answered, and gathered her into my arms.

(THE END)

The Ducks Come Down

What's this message through the Northland from the Lord of living things
That is whispered in the quiver of a hundred million wings,
Edged with green and tipped with purple? How, all day, the dripping seal
Sees the rise of stately mallard, hears the whir of darting teal!
How the Lord of living creatures bids these burnished wings be spread
Over all the frozen Northland, with the gray sky overhead,
When October wears a gown stitched with purple, edged with brown!
When the frost gleams in the stubble—how the ducks come down!

When the copse is dun and leafless, and the mist is gray and chill,
When the promise of the winter garbs the field and vale and hill;
When October, sere and sober, with her bitter tears of rain,
Mourns the red leaves and the yellow that her gusts sweep down the lane—
Then, across the great, gray, dripping, sodden canopy of sky,
Sweep the winged hosts of Northland where the open waters lie.
When the chill of near November lies upon the field and town,
When the campfire's glowing ember—then the ducks come down.

And all day among the rushes and the nodding reeds he stands
He who knows and times their coming—with that weapon in his hands
Whence the echoes of Death's message break the silences that brood,
Gray and heavy, like the mists that mark October's somber mood;
And all day are bright wings broken, till the crumpled bodies lie
Dead among the reeds and rushes, from the mist and gray of sky,
And the gamebag's overflowing—for October's sullen frown
Is the joy of dog and master when the ducks come down.

Hear them chatter in the rushes when the dusk lies deep and damp;
When the shadow's in the stubble, where the dog and master tramp
Till a light gleams in the darkness where the supper-fire is made,
And the ash logs snap and crackle where the frying-pan is laid.
There's the bubble of the coffee; there's the sizzling in the flame,
Where the bacon is awaiting the anointment of the game,
And the birds grow crisp—delicious in their coloring of brown;
For the time is near November—and the ducks come down!

—J. W. Foley

A Revised Opinion

A WELL-KNOWN after-dinner speaker of New York was going home from a banquet, on a surface car. At his corner he signaled the conductor to stop; but as he swung off the platform the car started up again, and he plowed the asphalt for ten feet with his face and figure. He struggled to his feet to see the car fading away and a large, tired looking policeman contemplating him from the sidewalk.

"Did you see that?" demanded the victim as he limped toward the pavement.

"I did," said the policeman; "an' it was your own fault."

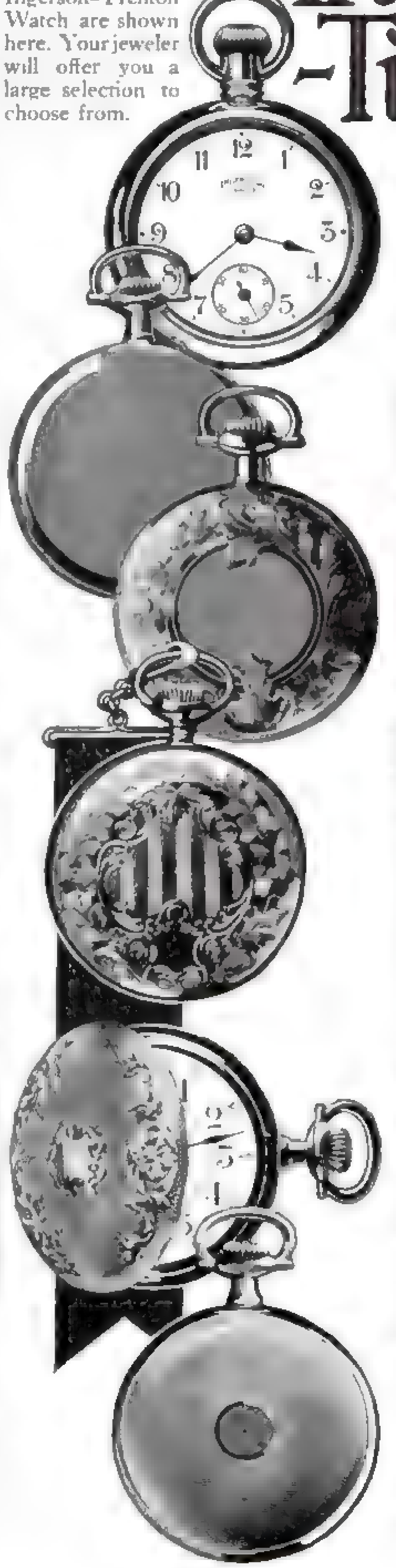
"I didn't ask you whose fault it was!" snapped back the after-dinner speaker. "I asked you—Did you see it?"

"I did not!" said the policeman.

The best gift of all—a Watch

Ingersoll and Ingersoll-Trenton

Only a few of the many attractive gold-filled cases in which you can get the Ingersoll-Trenton Watch are shown here. Your jeweler will offer you a large selection to choose from.



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Now there are also the Ingersoll-Trenton jeweled watches in a beautiful variety of cases and all sold at our advertised prices in over 9000 jewelry stores.

Ingersoll Watches **$1** **$1.50** **$2**

For men and women, boys and girls there are Ingersoll models, $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00, all reliable time-keepers and fully guaranteed. Sold by over 60,000 dealers throughout the country.

Ingersoll-Trenton—7 Jewels

The watch in the plain case opposite is a high grade bridge model movement with 7 jewels. It will give accurate time for 20 years and like all Ingersoll-Trentons is guaranteed 5 years. In a solid nickel open-face case. Your jeweler sells it for **$5**

Ingersoll-Trenton—7 Jewels

The watch illustrated at the left is the 7-Jewel Ingersoll-Trenton movement in one of our 20 year Gold-filled guaranteed Ingersoll-Trenton cases—open face.

There are many other fancy patterns and also plain and engine turned styles at the same price. When you buy an Ingersoll-Trenton you are taking no chances on the case as you do on watches sold in cases of unknown makers. In 20 year case **$9**

Ingersoll-Trenton—15 Jewels

The 15-Jewel "I-T" movement gives a lifetime of service. Both the 7 and 15-Jewel Ingersoll Trentons are made with an accuracy and finish of movement that is given no other watch of these grades. It is for this reason that even the least expensive "I-T" keeps such close time that it can be matched only with watches costing far more in other makes.

The watch shown at the left is another of the 20-year gold-filled "I-T" patterns. Many other styles also at **$12**

Ingersoll-Trenton—15 Jewels

This is the 15-Jewel "I-T" in a 20 year gold-filled "I-T" hunting case. Your jeweler has also our plain and engine-turned cases.

All the Ingersoll-Trenton Watches are timed and tested at the factory in the cases in which they are to be carried, which insures greater accuracy than watches which are put in cases not made especially for them and often do not fit perfectly and are not factory-tested. **$15**

Ingersoll-Trenton—19 Jewels

The 19-Jewel Ingersoll-Trenton is a watch of rare and perfect workmanship. There is no better American watch. In accuracy, beauty and durability it is the finest made.

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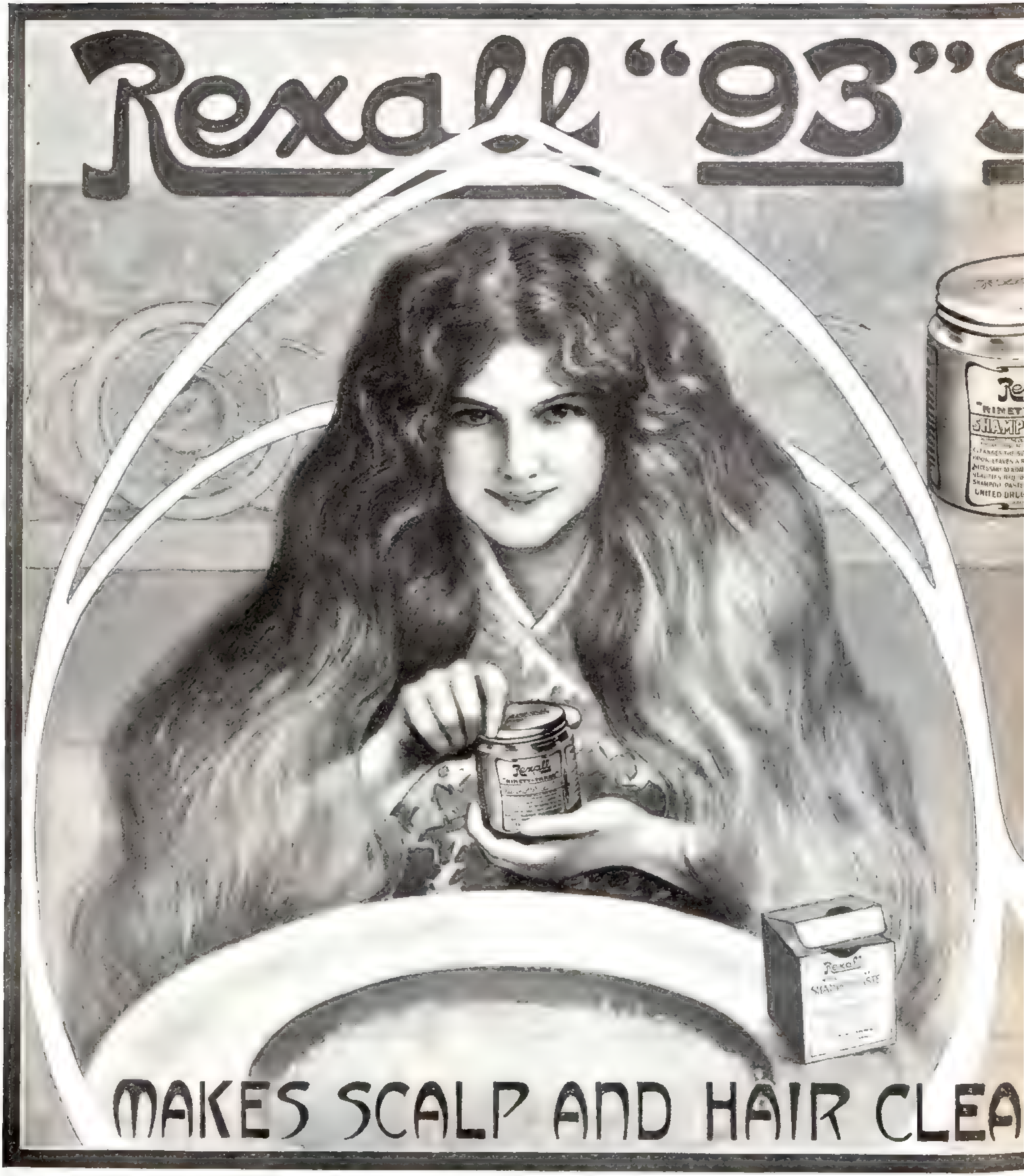
Rexall "93"
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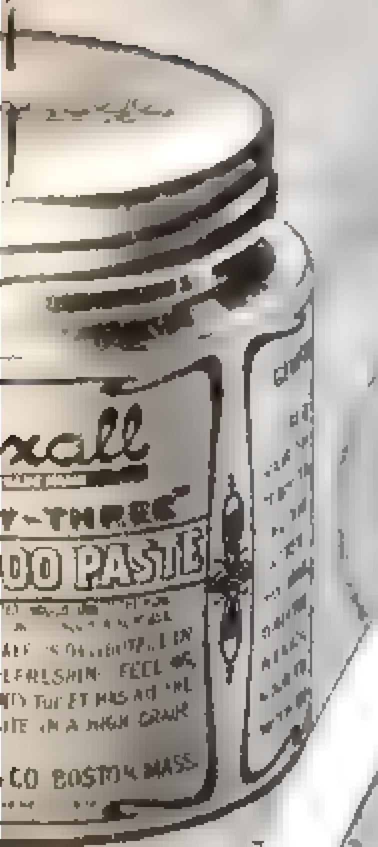
MAKES SCALP AND HAIR CLEA

Shampoo Paste



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At Our Risk

Rexall "93" Shampoo Paste removes and aids in the prevention of Dandruff, confers the priceless boon of clean scalp and hair, increases head comfort, promotes hair health and tends to make the hair soft, silky and fluffy.

On each package we print a guarantee reading:

"The United Drug Company and The Rexall Stores selling this preparation guarantee it to give satisfaction. If it does not, go back to the store where you bought it and get your money; it belongs to you and we want you to have it."

For seven years we have sold our products on this guarantee. We ask nothing other than the customer's word that he is dissatisfied before refunding the money. Our confidence in Rexall "93" Shampoo Paste has been amply rewarded by a very small percentage of returns. Try it at our risk. If not satisfied, your money will be cheerfully returned at the store where you bought it.

Price **25c** a Jar.

Rexall "93" Shampoo Paste is sold by ***only one druggist in a place*****, the leading druggist, whose store is known as**

The Rexall Store

There are now nearly 5000 of these stores in the United States and Canada.

UNITED DRUG COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS

BRANCHES: CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, SAN FRANCISCO, TORONTO, CANADA; LONDON, ENGLAND; PARIS, FRANCE

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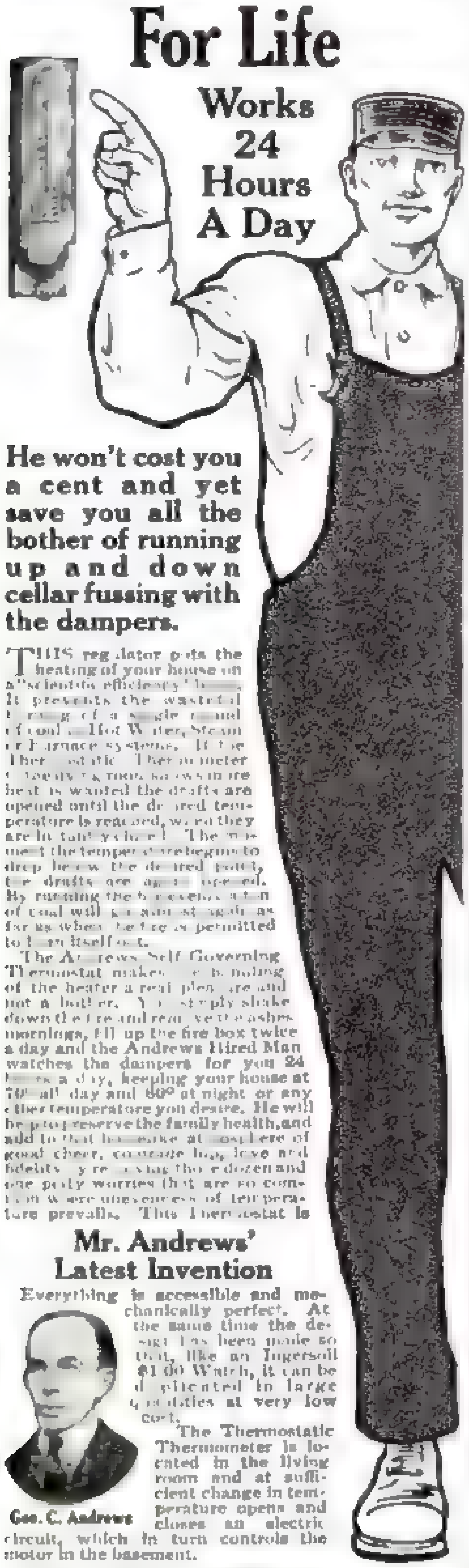
Let Andrews' Hired Man Tend Your Heater For Life



He won't cost you a cent and yet save you all the bother of running up and down cellar fussing with the dampers.

THIS regulator puts the heating of your house on a "scientific efficiency" basis. It prevents the wasteful burning of a single pound of coal in Hot Water, Steam or Furnace systems. If the Thermostatic Thermometer (located in living room) shows more heat is wanted the drafts are opened until the desired temperature is reached, when they are instantly closed. The moment the temperature begins to drop below the desired point, the drafts are again opened. By running the heater evenly a ton of coal will go almost twice as far as when the fire is permitted to burn itself out.

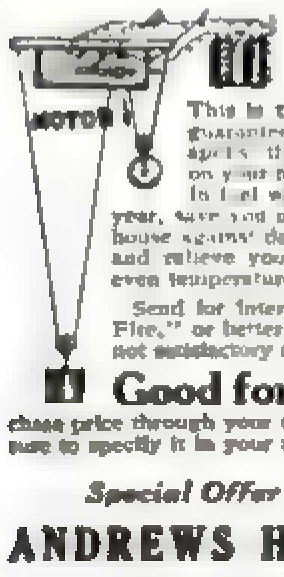
The Andrews Self Governing Thermostat makes the tending of the heater a real pleasure and not a bother. You simply shake down the fire and remove the ashes mornings, fill up the fire box twice a day and the Andrews Hired Man watches the dampers for you 24 hours a day, keeping your house at 70° all day and 60° at night or any other temperature you desire. He will help preserve the family health, and add to that home the atmosphere of good cheer, comradeship, love and fidelity by removing the dozen and one petty worries that are so common where uneveness of temperature prevails. This Thermostat is

Mr. Andrews' Latest Invention

Everything is accessible and mechanically perfect. At the same time the design has been made so that, like an Ingersoll $1.00 Watch, it can be duplicated in large quantities at very low cost.

The Thermostatic Thermometer is located in the living room and at sufficient change in temperature opens and closes an electric circuit, which in turn controls the motor in the basement.

The motor is built on the ever-ready, never-wear-out principle. Those delicate, complicated mechanisms of many thermostats which are expensive to keep adjusted, are eliminated in this thermostat. A crank shaft propelled by a weight held in place by a cog and released by a magnet does the business. The safety clutch prevents continuous operation without repeated magnet contact. One downward pull of the balance weight winds it up. So easy it gets to be a habit. No key to lose. Friction eliminated. The rotating and rubbing bearings are brass against steel. Striking contacts tempered steel against steel. Electrical contact points are platinum, that expensive metal. Simple, accurate and so durable that it is



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If it ever wears out, return it and we will repair it or furnish a new one free. This is the only regulator ever offered with this guarantee. Our price is only $20.00 f. o. b. Minneapolis, the amount this regulator should save you on your first winter's fuel. After that the savings in fuel will pay you a handsome dividend every year, save you useless wear on your heater, protect your house against damage from careless control of the drafts and relieve you of all responsibility of maintaining an even temperature in your house.

Send for interesting circular on "How To Run Your Fire," or better still, try the regulator for 30 days and if not satisfactory return it and get your money back.

Good for $1.00 This advertisement is good for $1.00, to apply on purchase price through your dealer, or direct if he can't sell you. Be sure to specify it in your next estimate. Write To-Day.

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COPPER STOCKS

By Roger W. Babson

PROBABLY most readers of this weekly think of baked beans whenever the name Boston is mentioned; but some of us whose tastes run in other lines think instead of "coppers." At any rate, when traveling from one end of the country to the other, four people out of every five that I meet say: "Oh, yes, you live near Boston, the home of copper stocks!" Although today it is not strictly accurate to call Boston the home of coppers, yet it would have been until a few years ago and, to a limited extent, still is. As our Pacific railroads were originally financed from Boston, so the large copper industry of our nation also was financed from that city. On the other hand, as Boston has now lost her grip on the transcontinental situation, having lost it to New York in conjunction with the great telephone industry, so the new copper properties are now being financed from New York rather than from Boston.

The transcontinentals were financed from Boston because fifty years ago that was the investing center of the country; and whether railroad bonds or government bonds were to be sold they were first offered to New England people through established Boston firms. The telephone industry was started in that city because Mr. Bell, the inventor, was a New England man; and the first company was organized in a little office in Boston. The huge profits made by these early investors in telephone stocks were sufficient to cause them to hold the industry for many years and to continue to raise funds for its great expansion. Finally it became so large that it was of necessity a national rather than a New England enterprise.

In the same way the copper industry took root in Boston, probably on account of the great success of the Calumet & Hecla mine. This was one of the early Lake properties, capitalized at a par value of $25 a share and originally sold to investors for considerably less. An acquaintance of mine remembers very distinctly when it sold for less than $10 a share and when his friends were being urged to buy it at this figure. As it happened, many Boston investors did buy this stock at from $10 to $25 a share, from which price it gradually soared to $1000 a share and for a considerable time has sold for from $600 to $800 a share. When one realizes that a person who invested only $10,000 in this stock at $10 a share could have sold out a few years ago for $1,000,000 in cash, and that on these one thousand shares, bought at $10 a share, he received during some years an annual dividend of $100,000—or four hundred per cent—is there any wonder that coppers should have become a favorite investment for Boston people?

Unfortunately, however, there has been only one Calumet & Hecla, and, although Boston people have made millions and millions of dollars from the Calumet & Hecla stock, yet many of them have probably lost in other mines more than they ever made in Calumet & Hecla, and, therefore, are no better off today than they would be if they had never invested in the famous Hecla mine. And this, therefore, brings me to the main point that I desire to emphasize in this article, which is as follows: To invest in one or two copper mines is one of the worst kinds of speculation and something that should be shunned by every small investor. Only as one invests in several producing mines does his purchase more nearly approach an investment and the speculative element become gradually reduced.

At the same time the possibility of profit decreases as the possibility of loss decreases, and, finally, the investor is no better off than he would be if he should confine his purchases to established dividend-paying railroad stocks that he can buy without any trouble or worry.

It is well, however, for the investor to know the different kinds of copper stocks on the market and to appreciate where the difference lies. There are good copper stocks, poor copper stocks, medium copper stocks and copper stocks that any one should be ashamed to own. Briefly these may be divided into the four following divisions:

1. PRODUCERS AND DIVIDEND-PAYERS

This class includes such stocks as Calumet & Hecla, Amalgamated, Anaconda, Calumet & Arizona, Nevada Consolidated, Old Dominion, Utah Copper. These are stocks of established mines that not only are producers, but are producing at sufficient profit so that dividends may be paid on the stock. They represent the only kind of copper stocks that conservative bankers ever recommend.

2. PRODUCERS AND NON DIVIDEND-PAYERS

There is a larger number of these than of the first-mentioned class, and the following are a few examples: Chino, Miami, Ray Consolidated, Greene-Cananea, Shannon, Hancock. They represent established mines that are producing copper, but that either are not sufficiently developed or else are not producing the copper cheaply enough to be able to sell it at a profit. It would not be wise to state that these stocks should never be purchased, as at any time something may be found to make them valuable. If the price of copper increases sufficiently many producing mines that are not paying a dividend at the present time will be able to pay one. The stocks in the first-mentioned class, however, are practically sure of some profit. It is almost beyond probability that the price of copper will for many years be less than what it costs these mines to produce it, and future changes in the price of copper will simply increase or decrease the profit.

In the case of this second class of stocks, when the price of copper is low many of them make no profit whatever, which is a very much more serious matter. This is due to the fact that—strange as it may seem—it is more expensive to shut down a mine than to operate it. Consequently there are many mines that today are being operated at no profit, and yet are becoming less valuable every day as the copper is removed therefrom. This brings me to another important point that I desire to emphasize: namely, that the dividends received from mines are not real earnings, as are the dividends received from railroad or industrial corporations; these copper dividends are simply small portions of the principal, which is gradually being returned to the stockholders. Therefore, it is very much better to purchase only the very best mining stocks, so that, whatever the price of the metal, some dividend may always be received as long as the mine is being operated.

3. STOCKS THAT ARE KNOWN AS DEVELOPMENTS

To this class belong the stocks of companies that are "sure" to become producers and that all hope will some day be dividend-payers, but that are not yet sufficiently opened for actual production. In some cases the underground workings are complete, but the company is waiting for the completion of a smelter, or for the completion of a railroad or some other adjunct to the property. Possibly stocks like those of the Inspiration, Indiana, Lake and other companies of the same character should be classed in this list. These companies are approaching production, but are not yet real producers and may or may never be dividend-payers. However, it is known that they have vast quantities of copper, and as soon as this copper can be got out at a sufficiently low cost these companies may be full producers and perhaps some day dividend-payers.

This class is generally known on the street as "comers," and the average stockbroker will tell you that there is more profit in buying the stocks of these "coming properties" than there is in buying the stocks of the older and better-known properties. It is probably true that there are greater profits to be made in stocks of this third class; but it also is very true that there is a very much greater opportunity for loss. Therefore I prefer stocks of the first or second class to those of this third class, except in two or three special instances. Even in these exceptions, however, I feel that there may be more profit to the promoters in the sale of the stock than from the sale of the copper, and consequently the buying and selling of such stocks is like playing with fire. Readers will be interested in noting the following stocks listed on the Boston Stock Exchange, the majority of which come under these last two classes.

MINING COMPANIES

THE QUOTATIONS REPRESENT AN AVERAGE FOR RECENT DATES

	LOW	HIGH
Adventure	4	4½
Allouez	22½	23
Arizona Commercial	.70	.80
Bonanza	.50	.70
Butte Coalition	14	14½
Calumet & Arizona	46	46½
Calumet & Hecla	360	365
Centennial	8	9
Con Mercur		.05
Copper Range	47¾	48½
Daly West	5	5½
Elm River	.10	
Franklin	6½	6¾
Granby	28	28½
Greene-Cananea	5¾	6
Hedley Gold	14	15

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Pennsylvania Knit Coat

With Knitted-On Muffler Attached

You will enjoy your outing more and run no risk of catching cold. The muffler is knitted on to the inside of the garment and may be turned up about the neck when outdoors and folded in out of sight when indoors. The noblest and most practical convertible collar garment imaginable.

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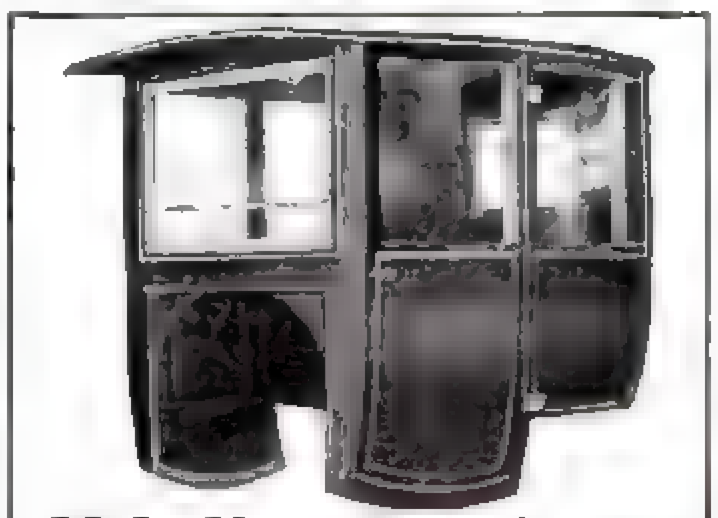
Send for our booklet, Dixon's Guide for Pencil Users. Tells you the right pencil for every purpose. Gratis.

JOSEPH DIXON
CRUCIBLE COMPANY
Jersey City, N. J.



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We pack them in beautiful Christmas boxes for the purpose. They make the ideal gift for the man, because:

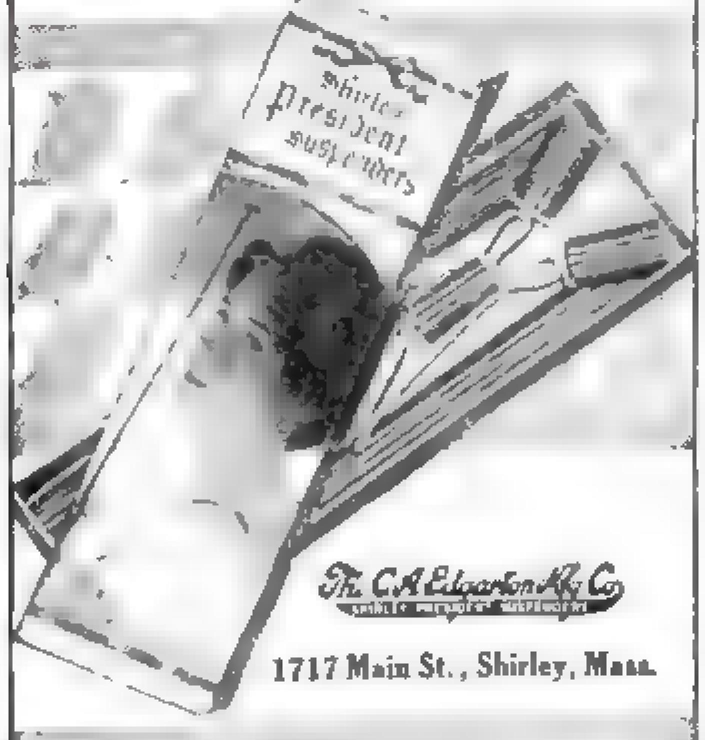
They're useful—every man likes to wear them.
They're comfortable—ensuring absolute freedom.
They're healthful—eliminating pressure.
They're ornamental—making clothes fit better.

SHIRLEY PRESIDENTS means suspender perfection to the man. Insist on getting them in the beautiful Holiday Box. All good stores, or direct from the factory, for

50c

Or, for silk, the last word of suspender luxury, $1.00.
Your money back if he isn't simply Delighted.

If you would like three beautiful Art Panels [illegible] for framing, send us 10c for President Calendar, ready for mailing November [illegible]



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Only $22.50 Freight Prepaid East of the Mississippi

[illegible] chest
4[illegible] in. long
[illegible] in. wide
20½ in. high

Your furs, blankets, linens, laces, silks and woolens come from the fragrant depths of a Piedmont Southern Red Cedar Chest **as perfect** as the day they were laid away. Absolute protection from moths, mice, dust and dampness. VERY DECORATIVE and the MOST ACCEPTABLE of all Christmas gifts. Shipped DIRECT from factory, at factory prices, freight prepaid. 15 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Send for booklet "The Story of Red Cedar" and big catalog showing many styles [illegible]

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	Low	High
La Salle	[illegible]	4
Mass Consolidated	[illegible]	[illegible]
Mayflower	[illegible]	75
[illegible]	[illegible]	2
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
New Idria Quicksilver	[illegible]	[illegible]
Nipissing	[illegible]	[illegible]
North Butte	[illegible]	[illegible]
Old Colony	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Parrot	[illegible]	[illegible]
Quincy	[illegible]	
Santa Fe	50	1
Shannon	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	
[illegible]		50
Superior	[illegible]	[illegible]
Tamarack	[illegible]	[illegible]
Trinity	[illegible]	
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	4
[illegible]	[illegible]	12
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Wyandot	75	[illegible]

4. THE FOURTH CLASS IS KNOWN AS PROSPECTS

In most cases the assets of such companies consist mostly of land, although in many instances considerable development work has been done. In no case, however, is it known just how much ore the mine contains; and in many cases it cannot be said for certain whether or not there is any ore or how much it will cost to mine it. Usually the only argument or reason the owners have for calling the prospect a mine is that the property is near some land that is already being worked as a mine. Certainly the purchase of such stocks is pure gambling; yet today the majority of mining stocks belong to this fourth class. I wish that it were possible for me to convince the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST how unwise it is for either the small or the large investor to purchase the stocks of such companies. It is simply gambling in its most [illegible] form, and why the United States Government will permit the circulation of advertisements of such mining stocks and at the same time prohibit the mailing of lottery tickets is unexplainable.

Mind you, there is no harm in any man's buying a piece of land and spending money in ascertaining whether or not it contains ore. This is an honorable undertaking, and such a man is performing a distinct service to our nation in endeavoring to discover its wealth and provide labor for our people. Such a man, however, would purchase the land not on the basis that it contains ore, but on a proper basis corresponding to the risk involved. If the land contains ore he makes the handsome profit that he deserves; but if it does not contain ore he simply loses the money that he spent on the development and still retains the land and the experience.

Four Grades of Ore

As there are four classes of stocks there are also four groups of mines, although there is absolutely no relation between the four subdivisions mentioned above and the four now about to be outlined. When stocks are discussed they are divided as to their progress and record; but when mines are discussed they are divided as to the kind of ore that they contain. Briefly, three of the groups are based upon three varieties of copper ore, and the fourth group might be entitled miscellaneous. The miscellaneous group I shall not here attempt to describe, but I shall outline the other three.

The copper first discovered was what is known as the native Lake copper. This variety has been found in great quantities around Lake Superior, especially in Michigan; and the Calumet & Hecla is the best illustration of this kind of a mine. The copper in a raw state is practically identical with that which later appears in the form of manufactured wire or on the bottom of a washboiler. It is usually necessary only to break up the rock, take out this metal, stamp it, and it is ready for use. This is the form of copper used by the Indians hundreds of years ago, and when first discovered the mining was very simple. As years have gone on, however, the mining has grown more difficult, for it has become necessary to go to great depths in order to find the metal. Many people believe that the day of Lake mining is nearly over, and some of my Boston friends strongly advise against the purchase of any Lake stocks. Many of these stocks have declined greatly in price. Tamarack, for instance, which at one time was considered a prosperous mine, has dropped from $363 to $20 per share. As will be seen from the above list, Calumet & Hecla stock, which once sold for $1000 a share, is now selling for only about $375. Another well-known Lake stock is Copper Range, but an unfavorable report has recently come out even on this property. What the real facts may be relative to these Lake coppers is, of course, uncertain; but I believe that their value is not a thing of the past by any means, and that many of them have a long and profitable future.

The second step in the development of the copper industry came through the use of what are commonly known as sulphide ores. This sulphide group of mines is centered about Butte, Montana. Although similar mines are found in various parts of the country, including Arizona, yet the Butte camp leads this class as the Michigan mines lead the native-copper group. These sulphide ores are found in veins. The novice would never dream from looking at the dull ore that it contains copper, and to get this copper out it is necessary to smelt the ore or subject it to a chemical process.

The third group is known as the porphyry group. For many years it has been known that land in certain parts of this country contained a small percentage of copper; but until recently it has never been thought possible economically to extract the metal, because only a very small portion of such ore can be obtained from a ton of material. Chemists and metallurgists have gradually been perfecting the process, and now great mountains are being torn away with steam shovels and the copper extracted. Probably the most prominent example in this country today of a mine of this porphyry group is that of the Utah Copper Company, located near Salt Lake City. Other mines, such as Miami, Chino and Inspiration, are being developed along this same line. The theoretical production of such mines is tremendous; but their production is so great and so many thousands of tons of material are used each day that it is questionable whether or not they will be very long lived.

Porphyry Properties

It is the developing of these great porphyry, low-grade, steam-shovel propositions that is disturbing the copper market today, and that has partly caused the price of copper to fall from twenty-four cents to twelve cents per pound. Whether, however, the success of these porphyry mines will long continue is a question that only the future can decide. There is no doubt that these low-grade mines are producing ore today and are producing it very cheaply. The owners of porphyry mines claim that the Michigan mines will be abandoned in twenty years and that native copper will be a thing of the past; while, on the other hand, the owners of the Michigan mines claim that the low-grade porphyry mines will soon be exhausted and that the native Lake coppers will be mined for scores of years to come.

Personally, I feel that neither of these assumptions is correct and that the sulphide mines located in Montana and Arizona may be longer lived than either of the other two classes. Whichever of the three groups is longest lived, this discussion certainly should illustrate to the small investor the great risk there is in all copper stocks; for, when doctors disagree, what hope is there for the poor patient?

This brings me to the conclusion that is at the bottom of the entire question—that when an investor takes a dividend from a copper or other mining stock it is like taking apples out of a barrel. Although the average investor thinks that he is spending his dividend, he is in reality spending his principal. For this reason mining stocks should yield about nine per cent to compare favorably with a railroad stock yielding five per cent. When the investor receives his $9 a year on an investment of $100 he should religiously set aside $4 for a sinking fund, as his original investment is theoretically worth about that much less.

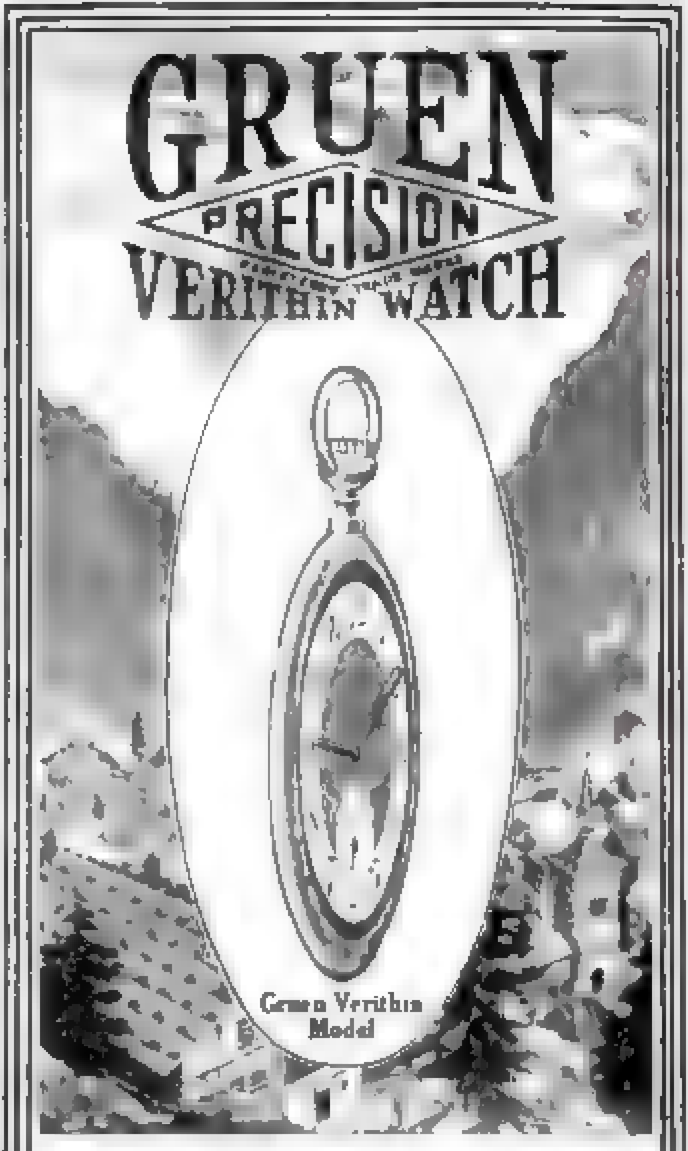
In applying these statements the investor may use the following four rules.

(1) Purchase the stocks of producing and, if possible, of dividend-paying mines.

(2) Divide the investment equally among the mines of the four above-mentioned groups; that is, the Lake mines, the sulphide mines, the porphyries and the miscellaneous companies.

(3) Insist on a yield which will provide for laying aside each year a proper proportion of the dividends for a sinking fund, or else purchase only the stocks of companies that of themselves set aside a proper proportion of their earnings for the acquirement of additional property.

(4) Purchase copper stocks only when the price of copper is at or near its lowest point.



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THE AMAZING ADVENTURE OF LETITIA CARBERRY

(Continued from Page 19)

"Since you haven't got it, that needn't disturb you," Tish said sharply. "If you wish a reason, however, I'm a member of the Ladies' Committee of this hospital, and as I am undertaking a special inquiry into things that have been happening here lately, *I want that key!*"

Mrs. Jenkins looked dazed. She had never seen a female detective, I dare say, and to see one sitting before her in a kimono over a nightgown, with a black bonnet with jet bugles over one ear and her foot out on a stool, clearly bewildered her.

"I'm sorry," she said respectfully when she'd recovered; "but the key that usually hangs in the mortuary is lost, and I gave Miss Linda Smith the other one."

"Ha!" cried Tish. "When?"

"Yesterday, I think. I'm not sure."

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Jenkins. I'll not keep you any longer." And, as the linen woman went out, Tish got up and reached for her cane.

"Now then, Tommy," she said. "I'll trouble you to take Lizzie and Aggie somewhere and keep them, so I can think. Take them out and get them some soda water."

"Soda water! Perhaps you would like me to go back to the Zoo!" I observed with biting sarcasm. But it was lost on Tish.

"I shouldn't advise it," she said. "It's raining again. Just get out! Go anywhere—so you go! And come back in an hour."

"I've half a mind ——" Aggie began nastily.

"Why, so you have!" said Tish. "Shut the door behind you!" And as Aggie, who was the last, slammed out we heard Tish opening the lower bureau drawer.

XVII

WE CAME back in an hour to find Tish waiting with her bonnet still on and in a more agreeable frame of mind. She asked Tommy and myself to go round the hospital with her, but refused to take Aggie, who retired sulking to her room. Tish rolled up the S. P. T. towels and led the way herself with a strange gleam in her eye. Considering what she had in mind, it was a courageous thing she was doing; but I don't mind admitting now that there were moments that afternoon when I thought she had lost her reason.

She led the way to the mortuary first, with her bundle under her arm and Tommy and me trailing at her heels like two bewildered lambs after a wild-eyed sheep. Seen in daylight, there was nothing horrible about the mortuary. There were no bodies there and the daylight came in in churchly fashion through the two large stained-glass windows in the end. Indeed, the room looked like a small chapel, being finished in dark wood, with pale walls, chairs in a row round the edge of the floor, and only the row of tables in the center instead of pews to spoil its ecclesiastical appearance.

At the far end, to the left and near the windows, was the door to the linen closet. Tish gave the room only a casual glance and stalked across to the linen closet. She hesitated a moment and grasped her stick closely. Then she inserted the key she had carried up with her, and slowly turned it.

The door flew open immediately and I took a hasty step back. It had been pushed only by the draft of air from a small window at the side, however, which was open; and, except for its piles of neatly folded linen, it was empty. Tish looked slightly disappointed, but not discouraged. She went in and stuck her head out through the open window, looking in every direction.

"Exactly!" she said and prepared to close and lock the closet again; but she waited to close the small window first and, when she turned, Tommy had stooped over something lying on the floor by the door.

"Look!" he said, holding it out on his palm. "Briggs' old pipe, with the stem gone!—the one he was smoking when ——"

If he expected Tish to be impressed he was disappointed.

"There's nothing astonishing about that!" she said calmly and, proceeding to climb out one of the stained-glass windows on to the fire-escape—though it was the fifth floor and Tish had always declared she'd rather burn up than put a foot on one of the things—she ran nimbly up and over the cornice to the roof.

It was a very ordinary roof. One part was flat and evidently was used occasionally as a breathing spot. There were benches and a flower-pot or two; and directly in the center was a four-foot iron fence, inclosing a skylight. Two men at work there showed where Tommy had gone through, and when I glanced at him he was staring at it with a rueful smile.

"When you remember," he said, "that I weigh a hundred and seventy pounds, and that I went over that fence head first, it makes you wonder what grudge old Johnson had against me! I was decent enough to him, if Briggs wasn't."

"Do you mean that—that Briggs was cruel to him?" I asked Tommy.

"With a refined form of cruelty, yes. The sort that lets an old man go without sugar in his tea and won't hear him begging for ice-water."

"Then I'm glad he's dead," I snapped; "and if I'd been Johnson, I'd have ——"

Tish had wandered across the roof and was standing on a part of it about two feet higher than the rest, looking at a second and smaller skylight.

"What's this, Tommy?" she called.

"Elevator, I think," said Tommy, and we went over. Tish was looking round her with speculative eyes.

"I guess this is about right," she said. "I miss my guess unless —— Tommy, get down with your ear to the roof and see if you hear anything."

"It's dirty," said Tommy.

"I guess you'll wash without spoiling!" Tish snapped. "It ain't a Carberry trait to be afraid of dirt. Get down!"

Tommy pulled up his trousers legs and got down gingerly, and I got down too. I dare say we looked queer, both kneeling, and each with an ear to the tin. The two men at the other skylight stared at us over the railing nervously.

We didn't hear anything and Tish looked disappointed; but she didn't stop her half-hop, half-run over the roof. At the end of fifteen minutes she was back at the top of the fire-escape, ready to descend. But going down was different from coming up, and I guess we were both relieved when Tommy said there was a staircase.

When we got to the bottom I was clear out of breath and even Tommy was panting; but Tish hadn't turned a hair. Some sort of inward excitement was stimulating her like a fever—and, knowing Tish, I felt sure she would cave in like a pricked balloon when it was over.

The next thing she demanded was to be put on top of the elevator cage; but Tommy absolutely balked at that, and Tish herself seemed to realize that it wouldn't do.

"I'll go for you," Tommy said. "I'm willing to sacrifice myself for you any time, Aunt Tish; but you can see for yourself that a self-respecting woman in her prime can't ride on top of an elevator without causing comment. It isn't being done in our set this winter, Aunt Tish."

Tish gave in, or pretended to, and we went back to her room. Aggie was there, dressed but sulky, and we had tea all round and tried to talk about indifferent things. We told Aggie we had been up to see the mortuary, whereon she insisted on seeing it too, and Miss Lewis and I took her.

We left Tish still working over her notes, with a cup of tea in one hand which she was absently stirring with her leadpencil, and went upstairs. Tommy had gone to see Miss Blake again.

We showed Aggie the mortuary, and she got weak in the knees and had to sit a few minutes. It must have been fifteen minutes, therefore, when, supporting her between us, we led her down the steps and rang for the elevator. It travels, as I say, very quietly, and when it came into view all we could do was to stare, our mouths open.

Riding majestically on top of it, one hand in a dignified manner holding to the cable, the other clutching her stick, and with her head thrown back and staring up, was Tish! She went past us without seeing us, and a moment later we heard her say calmly:

"Stop now, Frank. Stop!"

Almost immediately on that she said: "Go down! Go down, I tell you! *Go down!*"

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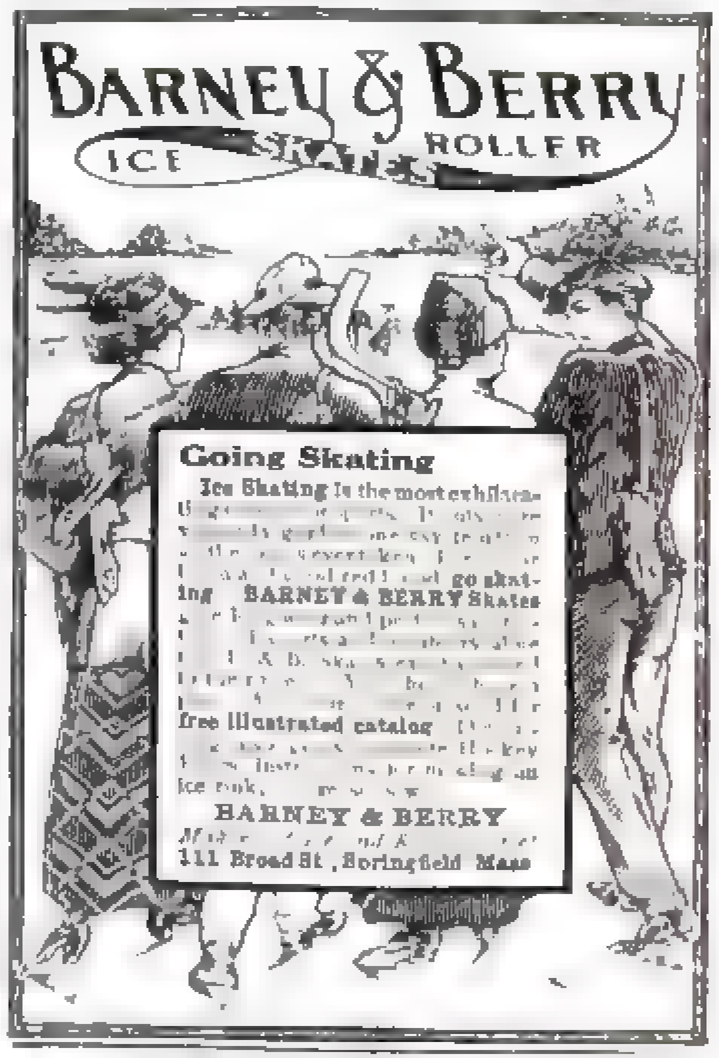

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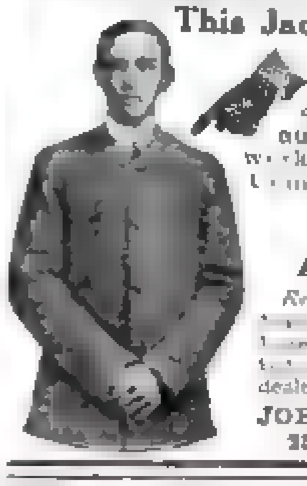

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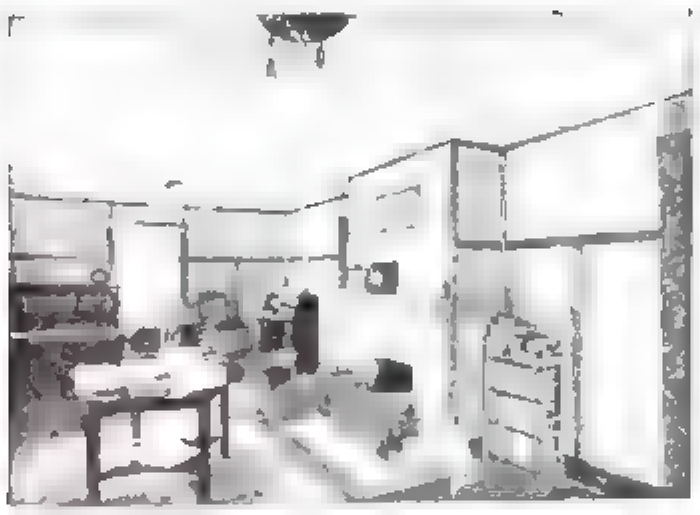

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The cage went down past us, with Tish still holding on, still looking up; but on her face there was the most terrible expression of mingled fright and satisfaction I ever saw.

The next moment there began from above a shower of sticks, pieces of plaster, and finally a small creature that looked like and proved to be a dead rabbit. Aggie began to scream and to tear at the elevator doors; but luckily they held.

Well, as the newspapers have told, the idiot of an elevator man kept on to the first floor in his excitement; and it's a great wonder Tish was not brained. But nothing hit her and she got to the lower floor in safety.

If she had waited until the cage was lowered sufficiently she would not have been hurt; but just as the top was still four feet from the floor the rabbit landed, and Tish jumped and broke her arm.

XVIII

WELL, that's all there was to it. As I said at the beginning, this is really Tish's story. She told us the whole thing that night, sitting up in bed, with the chief of police and the hospital superintendent on one side of the bed, and Miss Lewis and myself on the other. Aggie lay on the couch with a cubeb cigarette burning beside her and stared at Tish with admiration mixed with awe.

"In the first place," said Tish to the chief of police, "here are the two towels that figure in the case. One of them is the one that hung Mr. Johnson's body three nights ago to the chandelier; the other is the one with which the ape, Hero, is supposed to have committed suicide at the Zoo the following night. As you see, the two towels are alike. Do you know what S. P. T. stands for?" she asked.

"I can't say I do," said the chief of police, and picked up one of the towels.

"Humph!" said Tish. "Well, it means 'Sick Patient Towel,' and they are used in hospitals for tying up delirious patients. The trouble was, there wasn't a delirious patient in the hospital strong enough to walk, let alone tie up a body to a chandelier. Before I learned from Bates what S. P. T. meant, however, I'd been to the Zoo. That was yesterday morning. Maybe you believe that a lonely monkey will commit suicide—maybe he will—I don't know; but, when he hangs himself with a roller-towel from the Dunkirk Hospital, I want to know how he got that towel."

"Oho!" said the chief of police. "So the rascal got loose, did he?"

"He did not," said Tish tartly. "They said he was lonely for his keeper. 'Very well!' said I, 'where is his keeper? Where is this man he was so fond of that he couldn't live without him?' The answer, gentlemen, was that this keeper was a patient in the Dunkirk Hospital, as the result of being crushed almost to death by the beast that was supposed to be pining for him! The keeper's name was Wesley Barker!"

"Barker!" said Tommy. "Why, that was the big Englishman! Go on, Aunt Tish!"

"I came back to the hospital with a strong desire to talk to Barker; but Wesley Barker was not in the hospital. He had been dismissed three days ago. Bates recalled taking his dismissal card to the elevator man about seven o'clock Tuesday evening. That put Barker out of the case apparently, but I sent for Jacobs and asked him how easily a man could get into the building at night. He said it was impossible. The doors are always locked, the basement entrances and fire-escapes lead from the courtyard, and the courtyard is locked and in charge of a gate man. That seemed to cut out Wesley Barker, as I say. If he was out he could hardly get back without using dynamite.

"I got out my notes again and went over them. I couldn't see how Miss Blake and Miss Linda Smith were mixed up in it. They were the day nurses in K ward—Miss Smith in charge and Miss Blake assisting. I had several notes on them: Tuesday at midnight Miss Smith coaxed the night nurse to go to the basement with her, where the patients' clothes are kept in lockers; she was missing for a time, and when Bates saw her later she carried a 'darkish bundle,' possibly clothing. Why?"

The chief of police looked wise; he had a way of wriggling his nose like a rabbit.

"The next morning, Miss Blake being ill, we heard Miss Smith crying in her room and blaming herself for the girl's condition," Tish went on. "Again, why?

"On Wednesday night Miss Blake, still weak and ill, made a complete search of the third floor. Not another nurse in the house would have gone there, or to the mortuary and later to the roof, as she did. Some strong purpose sent the girl, of course—but what?

"That night, following Miss Blake to the roof, my nephew was thrown through a skylight. Later he confessed to a bite on the shoulder. The same night, apparently in a spirit of wanton mischief, the guinea-pigs in the laboratory were killed and three rabbits were taken away. Miss Blake had been there. My nephew confessed later to finding a rosette from her slipper there. Again, why?"

Tish stopped and looked at the chief of police, who sat stroking his chin.

"How would you have gone about the case, Mr. Chief of Police?" Tish demanded sharply.

"Probably much as you did," he said, looking at her with a patronizing smile. "It's a simple matter, when we know the answer, to say that two and two make four; but you are giving me the four, and asking me whether you reached that conclusion by adding three and one, or two and two, or four and nothing. Given a certain number of clews, the logical mind often achieves remarkable results; but it is usually the trained mind. That you succeeded so well, my dear lady, I consider remarkable. Remarkable!"

"Given the same clews," Tish persisted, "you'd have reached the same result?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Well," said Tish mildly, "it's strange that I couldn't. There were a few gaps my mind wouldn't jump. And I noticed your men here seemed to feel the same way. It seemed like some distance from a roller-towel in the Zoo to Johnson's brown tweed coat."

The chief of police looked uneasy.

"By exactly what mental process did you connect the two?" he asked, wriggling his nose.

"I didn't," said Tish calmly. "While you and your men were measuring finger-prints and reassembling Mr. Johnson from where he'd been scattered to, I did what any person with common-sense would have done—I went to Miss Blake and asked her!"

The following note is by Dr. Thomas Andrews, late interne at the Dunkirk Hospital and now on the orthopedic staff of the same institution, dated three weeks later from Bermuda.

"Miss Lizzie's narrative stops here. My Aunt Letitia, during her convalescence in the hospital, having been discovered poring over books of aerial navigation and having written to the Wrights, offering to turn over a second-hand automobile of standard make, a thirty-foot motor launch and an equity in money for one of their model biplanes, Miss Lizzie and Miss Aggie hurriedly took her to Mount Clemens for a series of baths.

"I shall take up Miss Lizzie's narrative with the story told to my Aunt Letitia by Miss Blake, now my wife. Miss Blake was young—only nineteen—and had been in the hospital only six months. Miss Smith was the head day nurse in K ward, with Miss Blake as her assistant. Miss Smith had almost completed her three years' course and was not popular with the officers. She was, however, a good nurse and, unlike Miss Blake, was dependent on her earnings for her support.

"On Tuesday evening trouble between the two medical internes and the hospital superintendent, Mr. Harrison, reached a climax. The three men had a wordy argument on the staircase near K ward, and Linda Smith—who was not overscrupulous—had shut herself in a small supply room near by to listen. The ward was in charge of Miss Blake, who was serving the patients' suppers from a table in the center of the long room. Behind a screen, in the second bed from the far end of the ward, lay Amos Johnson, peacefully dying. Beyond him, in the end bed, lay a delirious patient named Wesley Barker, an Englishman who had been sent in from the Zoölogical Garden, badly injured by the great ape, since dead.

"Barker was tied down. Two long towels, one over his arms and one over his legs, were knotted beyond his reach under the edge of the bed. His fractured ribs had healed, but he was still delirious. His delirium in the last day or two had taken on an acuter form and was mania. Articulate

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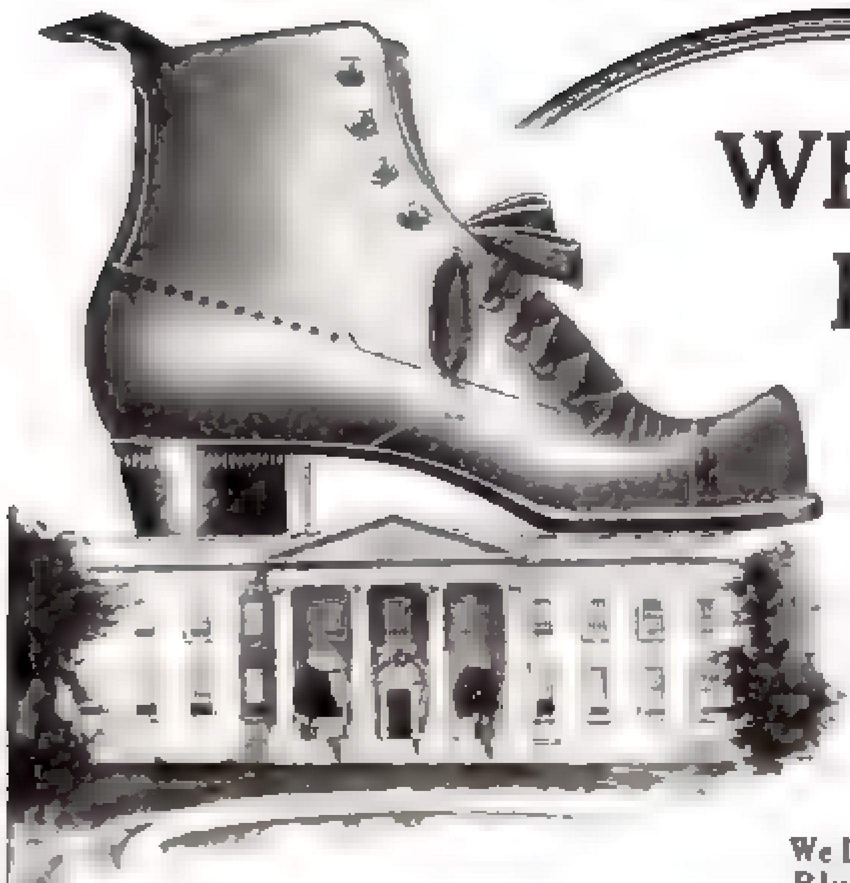

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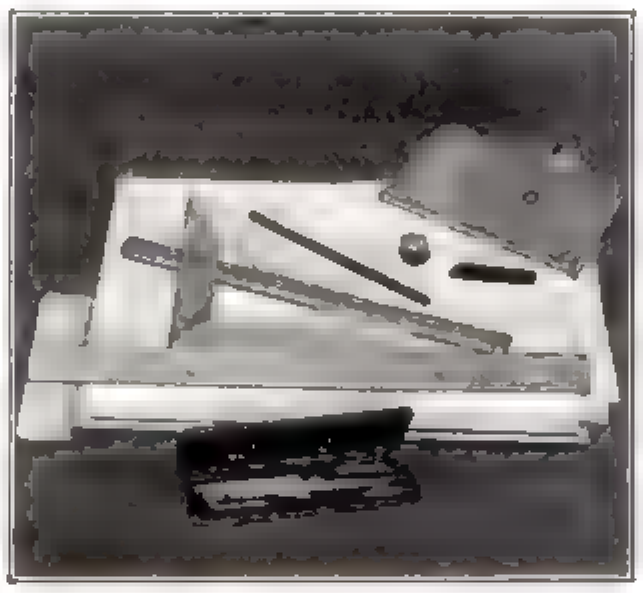

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speech had changed to noisy apelike chatterings. He made strange facial grimaces and, being tied, had more than once tried to bite his nurses.

"Miss Blake filled a feeding cup with broth and, having attended to the other patients, went behind Johnson's screen to feed the maniac in the last bed. To her horror, the bed was empty!

"Nervous, but not excessively alarmed, Miss Blake called Linda Smith, and they searched the ward. Barker had gone, perhaps by creeping behind the heads of the beds, to the doorway, and there, watching his chance, escaped to the fire-escape by a hall window near. Though only late September it was cold, and Barker wore only the clothing he had worn in bed—a hospital nightshirt.

"Miss Blake wished to raise an immediate alarm, but Linda Smith refused. She was responsible; an investigation would show she had been absent from her ward without reason and for some time. She was in disfavor already and she could not risk losing her diploma. She had an invalid sister dependent on her. By threats and tears she made Miss Blake promise to say nothing of Barker's escape and to help her find him.

It was almost dark by that time and the girls were in despair. Linda Smith went down the fire-escape to the courtyard and found the gate man staring through the bars at the river.

"'I dropped a rubber sheet out the window,' she said, 'but I don't see it. What are you looking at?'

"The gate man pointed to the Center Street Bridge, which crosses the river near the hospital.

"'There's a woman out there in white,' he said; 'and she looks as if she might be thinking —— There; look at that!'

"The bridge was practically deserted. She and the gate man saw the figure move back a step or two, run forward and dive over the rail. The gate man unlocked the gate and ran out, but the tollhouse is at the east end of the bridge and by the time he had raised the alarm there was nothing to be seen. Linda Smith went back to Miss Blake and had hysteria in the K ward linen room.

"Discovery meant disgrace to her; so she made up her mind not to be discovered. Barker had had no family and no friends. No one had visited him except the assistant keeper and he had not shown any particular solicitude. Linda Smith thought she saw a way out, and she half frightened, half coaxed Miss Blake into helping her. Remember, they both thought Barker was dead; and Linda Smith threatened, in case of discovery, to throw herself off the roof. Miss Blake's part, therefore, was the acquiescence of a young and terrified girl in a situation that would have shaken older and stronger nerves.

"The two medical internes left at seven o'clock as a result of the dispute with the superintendent. At ten minutes past seven Linda Smith sent down a dismissal card for one Wesley Barker, with the forged signature of one of the departed internes. At twenty minutes past seven the yellow ticket came back from the office—the ticket which would permit Wesley Barker to pass the door man and leave the hospital for good. Linda Smith destroyed it.

"At seven-thirty the night nurse, Miss Durand, was told that one of the heaviest burdens had been taken from her, and went to work cheerfully; but at ten o'clock that night Linda Smith, lying awake in bed in her room in the dormitory, saw Wesley Barker climb up the fire-escape outside her window, stopping now and then, monkey-fashion, to swing out over the dizzy height by his hands!

"The girl was almost frenzied. She got up and dressed and went to the roof. To her horror, she found the superintendent, Mr. Harrison, smoking there, and she almost fainted when she got back to her room; but the superintendent was not molested.

"There was no alarm.

"At midnight she formed the resolution of getting Barker's clothes from the basement clothes room and putting them on the roof in the hope that he would put them on and go away. Properly dressed, even if he went back to the Zoo, she could claim that he had been taken away by somebody in a carriage and might still put through the deception. In any event, his clothes could not be left there. Their discovery meant her disgrace.

"She had forgotten, however, that Barker had been brought in in the ambulance and had no clothes. Afraid to go to the basement alone, she asked Miss Durand to go to the clothes room with her, giving as an excuse that she had forgotten to send Johnson's clothes to the office—a rule in case of death. Finding nothing there in Barker's name, she did the only thing she could think of took Johnson's old brown suit which, with his worn shoes and not very clean linen, was tied in a bundle with a piece of bandage and marked with the dying Spiritualist's name.

"Miss Durand had disappeared. Carrying the bundle, Miss Smith searched the far corners of the basement, but found nothing. Finally she and Miss Durand went upstairs again, to find that Johnson had been dead for some time. Bates, the convalescent, had seen them go and saw them return. He had, however, been detected a day or so before by Miss Durand selling cocaine to a colored man in one of the wards; and later, under Miss Durand's eye, he said she had been absent ten minutes. As a matter of fact, it had been fifty.

"Linda Smith went back to her room at once. She knew she and Miss Blake would be called to attend to Johnson in the mortuary and she waited for the summons. The ghastly trick of hanging the poor old body to the chandelier followed in due course.

"Thinking Barker dead, it had been as great a shock to Ruth Blake as to the others. It was not until the next morning that Linda Smith told her Barker was still alive and somewhere in the building. There was only one comfort—Linda had put the bundle of clothing on the roof and it had disappeared.

"The other things followed in quick succession. Miss Blake, half frenzied, conceived the idea of putting food heavily doped with morphia on the roof and along the fire-escapes—anywhere that the maniac might find it. She hardly knew what she hoped to do by this; she was in an abnormal frame of mind by this time—ill, sleepless and unable to eat. The food disappeared; but if the morphia had any effect it was in daylight, when he probably slept, hidden away under the roof or in the linen closet.

"The following night she searched the mortuary floor, carrying a candle. She was afraid to turn on the electric lights for fear of discovery. She had suspected, from the night before, that Barker was hiding in the linen closet, and Linda Smith got the key. The plan had been that Miss Smith should go with her; but she was given a special case that night, and Miss Blake, courageously enough, went alone.

"Barker was in the closet; and when she tried the door he seized her arm in a murderous grip that left it blue and swollen. She tried speaking to him; and, releasing his hold, he darted out through the closet window and leaped to the fire escape. Miss Blake pluckily followed him to the roof, but he had disappeared. As Miss Lizzie has told, I followed Miss Blake. Just before I reached her she cried out and flung her brass candlestick at something behind me. The next instant I was grasped from behind and thrown head first through the skylight.

"I did not know I had been bitten in the shoulder. I thought I had been stabbed, until Jacobs and I together cauterized the wound that night in the laboratory. Probably during the time we were there - the door being unlocked—Barker entered and hid in the building. Miss Blake was there at the same time, having watched Jacobs and myself enter and being fearful of further harm. She did not see anything of Barker, however, and went back to the roof, where she sat huddled until dawn, waiting for him to appear again. But he did not come, and at daylight, shaking with the cold, she went back to her room. There she had a chill, followed by violent fever and delirium, and there, I believe, Linda Smith came, bringing a surgical knife stained with blood that she had found on the roof, and which Miss Lewis subsequently found in Miss Blake's room.

"The condition of the two girls by that time was pitiable. Miss Blake, younger and more nervous, had entirely succumbed. Miss Smith, sleepless and unable to eat, was still making a fight to cover the whole thing and to drive Barker away from that building. They could not discover where he hid in the daytime, but at night evidences of his apelike mischief were everywhere apparent. He swung by his feet from the pipe-molding of the walls; squatted on the footboard of the bed in private room thirty-six, making hideous

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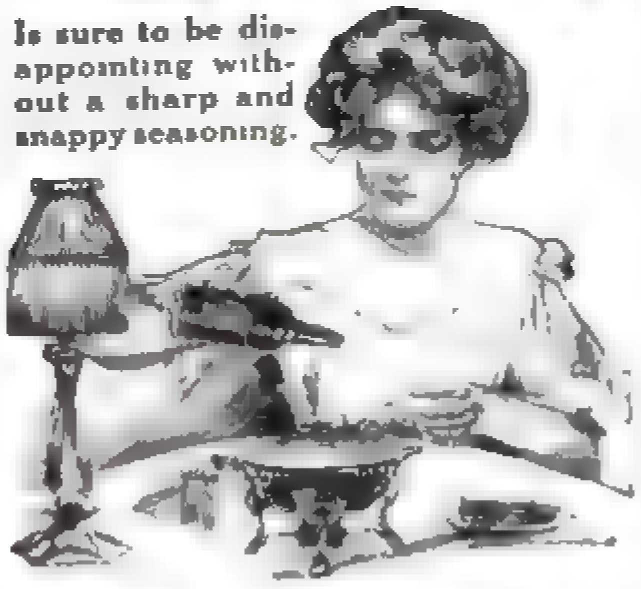

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grimaces—a story which caused the nurse in charge to mark 'delirious' on the record of a perfectly rational woman; leaped at giddy heights about the fire-escape and the roof, and alarmed Miss Aggie into her story of a ghostly foot. The man's strength was almost superhuman.

"Johnson died on Tuesday night and it was on Wednesday night that I was thrown through the skylight. Toward dawn of Thursday morning Barker went to the Zoo, distant about a mile from the hospital. By that time he had donned Johnson's trousers, but remained in his bare feet. Access to the monkey house proved easy. The assistant keeper, sleeping in a small room just inside the entrance, was not roused until too late. The key to Hero's cage hung over his bed, it being his habit to go in to see the ape several times during the night. On that night he opened the cage at one o'clock and spoke to the ape, who had been sulky all day. He locked the door and went back to bed, hanging the key up again on its nail. It was still there in the morning at six o'clock, but the ape was dead. In spite of his tremendous strength and length of arm, he had been literally crushed to death and then hung to the top of the cage by a roller-towel which did not belong to the Zoo.

"It appears that the police were put on the case and had already arrested the assistant keeper, who had been heard to say that either the ape would get him or he would get the ape.

"On Wednesday night Briggs, who had been most unpopular with Barker, met his death in an almost similar manner—his ribs being crushed in. In this case, however, Barker's ingenuity utilized the useless brown coat, the two towels being gone. Previous to that time he had rocked the elevator in impish mischief or possibly wrath.

"It was this incident that caused my Aunt Letitia to suspect a space under the roof at the top of the elevator shaft as a hiding-place.

"The result of her courageous investigation is well known. Mounted on top of the cage, she was taken to the upper position of the shaft, and there found what she had been looking for—an unboarded spot behind the elevator wheel. She was disappointed, however, in finding the space too dark for inspection and in hearing or seeing nothing suspicious.

"Being a courageous woman and convinced that what she sought was there in the cavelike recess, my Aunt Letitia threw her slipper with all the strength she could summon, and was answered by a growl.

"My wife has just read this and confirms most of it. She suggests, however, that I have omitted our theory of how Briggs was murdered without discovery while Jacobs was in the hall near by and I myself guarded the only other means of exit—the fire-escape.

"Barker probably took refuge in the linen closet, arriving at the mortuary floor ahead of the slow progress of the cage by scurrying up the cable.

"Barker hid in the closet; and, by throwing the coat over Briggs and squeezing him in his muscular arms, he prevented any outcry. Immediately after, he locked himself in the closet again, where he smoked Briggs' pipe, perhaps in itself the object of the attack.

"On the alarm being raised, Hicks and I came in through the window and Jacobs through the door. This left the fire-escape and the roof unwatched, and Barker doubtless climbed out the window of the linen closet, swinging himself easily to the fire-escape.

"The rest of the story we know. Barker was found, exhausted and half starving, and was promptly put into a padded cell where, a week later, he died—probably from an infection, having cut his left foot badly, possibly with the very knife that killed the laboratory guinea-pigs. The injured foot, which had been crudely bandaged, probably explains why only prints of a right foot were discovered. With the removal of suspense Miss Blake recovered and is now with me, enjoying the lilies and onion fields of Bermuda. My Aunt Letitia is at Mount Clemens, taking a series of baths and—I am informed by Miss Lizzie—carrying on what she believes is a clandestine correspondence with the Wright Brothers. Miss Aggie's hay fever left with the first frost. I'm sorry to say that Miss Linda Smith has never been heard from."

(THE END)

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Billy Fortune and the Original Apple

Continued from Page 10

I'll flip this half-dollar with you. If it's heads I'm lucky and if it's tails I ain't. That's fair enough."

It come heads. But that half-dollar was an awful liar. I didn't find that out till afterward though. When it hit heads I just took its word for it and commenced to drift round and get the boys persuaded. There was quite a fair bunch of 'em come in. I borrowed ten from Holsapple to start me, and then twenty more from Nat Baker afterward, and then another ten from Black's Jim. Oh, yes, I might as well own up. We was at it all day long and away in the night. I never did see the like of the luck. I got four kings beat once when Nat Baker held aces; and the very next hand I got a heart straight and everybody laid down; and once that Steve chap bucked me into quittin' on a nice club flush when he didn't hold a blessed thing but nine-high. One time I'd got as much as eighty dollars to the good; but of course that didn't satisfy me. I'd set my heart on a hundred and forty, and I ended up with forty less than nothin'. I'm mostly pretty fair at draw too. Can you explain it?

And wouldn't you think that that would have been sufficient to learn me? But no, sir. Don't you reckon that if that apple had been a yellow one instead of a red one the man would have stayed with the proposition just the same? That's the way it was with me. I'd got started toward that piece of jewelry and it seemed like I was hard to head off. I'd lost a whole day at it, and my forty, and I hadn't set eyes on the girl since last night, and I'd missed my wire-haulin', and all the like of that; but I was goin' to see the finish. I'm a stubborn man. I'd ought to done it that way first, I expect; but the next mornin' I set to work and rooted round, different places, till I had enough; and then I stuck the jewelry down in my behind pocket, in a little box, and started off prospectin' after the girl.

I was right lucky that time. It was along in the middle of the afternoon when I found her, takin' a walk all by herself over along the creek. She acted like she was real glad to see me, too, givin' me her hand and pinnin' a flower on the front of my shirt that she'd picked, just as nice and friendly, and never once lettin' on that she remembered a speck about me makin' myself ridiculous that first night. It wasn't but a minute or two till she had me feelin' fine, and we was walkin' together up the creek bank to a place beside the tracks where I'd told her we could find some of them stone Indian things—arrows, you know—and mebbe a jasper hidescraper or a knife made out of moss-agate. She was an awful bright girl; she could talk a blue streak about millions of different things, different places where she said she'd been; and she had a good eye for the funny side too. Yes, sir, I certainly did enjoy her while it lasted.

"But don't it get terrible tiresome," says I to her after a while, "this public livin'? I should think it would. Ain't you figurin' on settlin' down ever, and gettin' away from all the noise and such? From what I've saw of the show business, it looks to me like I'd rather herd sheep for a regular livin'."

She was stoopin' over, scrapin' among the trash and pickin' up little scraps of stone. She didn't answer me right away; seemed as if she was thinkin' it over serious. "Yes, to be sure," says she in a sort of absent-minded voice—"to be sure," she says, and then she switched off on to something else, as if she didn't like to talk about it. Of course she wouldn't, would she, when she'd come out there to rest up and forget about it?

Pretty soon, while we was over on the other side of that willow thicket, an empty cowtrain pulled in and stopped, headed west, with the caboose right at the station and the engine across from us. A real long train it was. The lads in the engine climbed down and went back toward the station, leavin' the engine there wheezin' and coughin' by itself. The girl straightened up and begun to walk over toward it.

"Oh," says she, "wouldn't you just love to ride on a locomotive? Wouldn't it be fascinating? Isn't it perfectly huge? Do you know, I've never seen the inside of one of those odd little houses."

"Ain't you?" says I. "That's easy fixed. Here!" And I took her hand and lifted her up and then climbed up after her.

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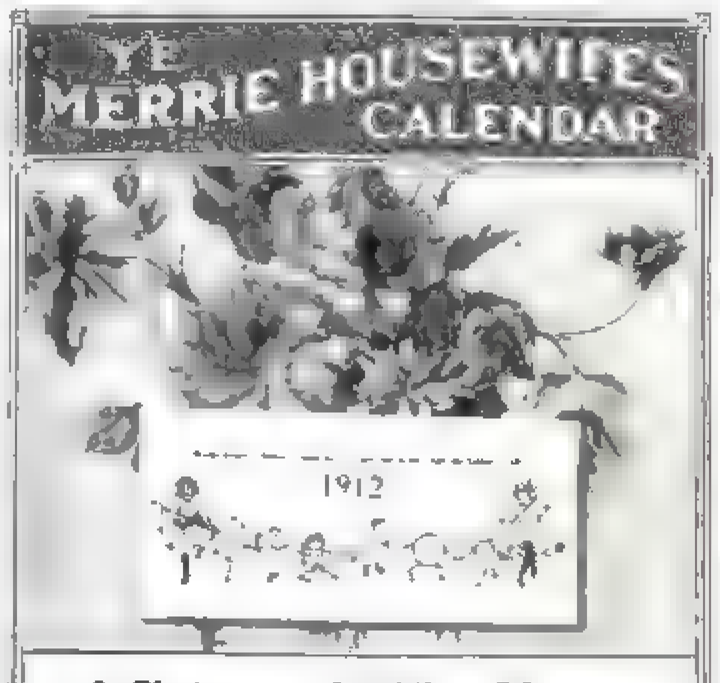

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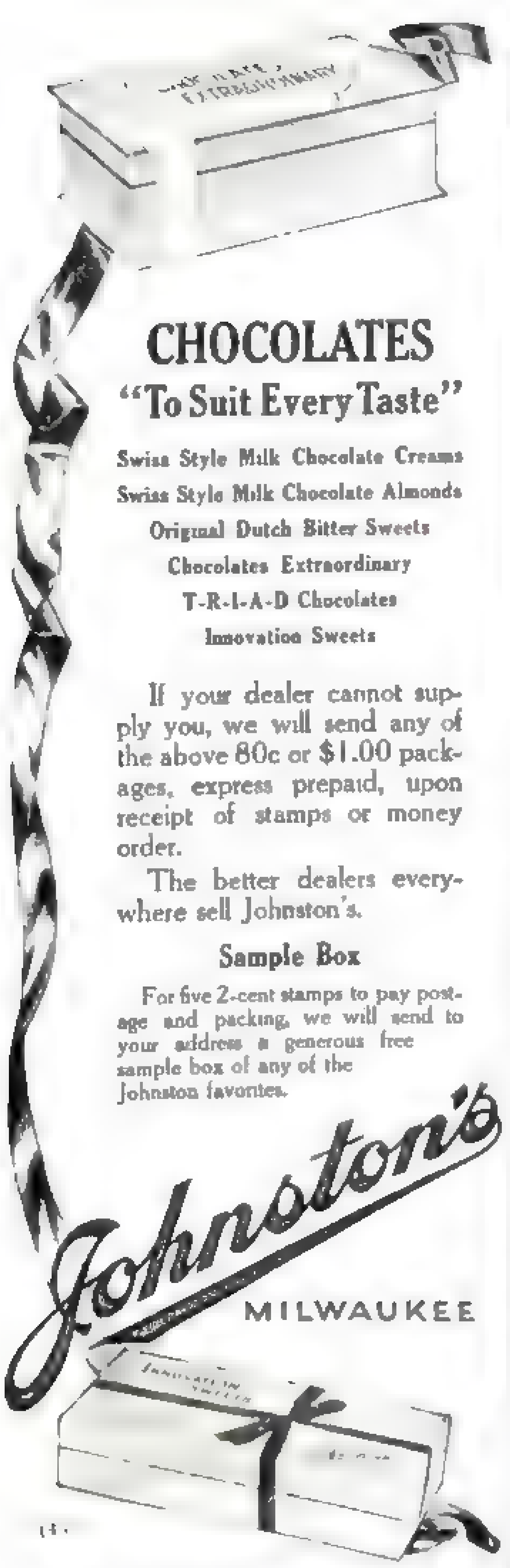

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She was that interested you'd hardly believe—like a little kid with a new plaything, admirin' it and askin' how all the funny jiggers worked, and with me givin' her information. I'd rode on an engine once, when I took a load of steers to Omaha, and I knew just enough about it to make my language sound right.

"Oh, if I could only sit here and ride," says she, "just to feel the throbbing power of it! Wouldn't it be glorious?"

"Would it?" says I, and I poked my head out the window and looked back. It seemed safe enough, because there was a dog-fight had started over by the hotel and all the folks round the station was over there. I pulled my head in and laid my hand on the rinktum they start it with and touched it up a whirl. I didn't think it would be so rank easy, but she started up, smooth and slow, and then faster, with the smoke goin' chuggin' out of the chimney. I hadn't aimed to do nothin' but just mebbe make her turn her wheels over a time or two to tickle the girl; but I reckon it must have went to my head somehow. Anyway, there we was, hittin' it up through the short grass and the sagebrush, with the town away behind.

"Oh, oh!" says the girl, clappin' her little hands together and plumb tickled. "Isn't it splendid?" says she. "Isn't it an experience? But, Mr. Fortune, do you think we ought? Won't they be awfully angry?"

I'd had a flicker of that notion myself; but that wasn't the time for hedgin'. If I was goin' to get it I might as well get it good. So I just grinned across at the girl and let her slide. Six or seven mile out we was before I let up and made her stop.

"I guess that's about enough," I says. "They'll have sort of finished up with dog-fightin' by this time, I expect. Mebbe they'll be lookin' for us back. I reckon we better be goin' in."

And then I got a cold feelin' all down my back, because it come to me that I'd sort of overlooked somethin'. Somethin' real important it was. It had been perfectly easy to make her go frontward, but I didn't know the first thing about makin' her back up.

I tried not to show it, and commenced fussin' with all the little wheels and fixin's I could reach, makin' her spit and snort, but not doin' any good. It begun to come over me that the only way I'd ever get back was to turn her round; and that looked sort of clumsy. I had to own up.

"I'm stuck," I says to the girl. "I ain't able to cut it, goin' backward. I've forgot."

I'd looked for her to be provoked with me, but she only clapped her hands again and laughed. "Goody!" says she. "What a lark! Won't it be something to tell about? Think of it—stealing a locomotive and then having to walk back miles and miles! We shall have to walk, shan't we?"

I couldn't feel so cheerful about it someway. "It's a good long drill," says I. "You better stay right here. They won't do nothin' to a lady. But it's me for the brush."

Only she wouldn't hear to it.

"Forsake you," she says, "when you've been so splendid? Never! I shan't mind the walk a bit, really. You don't suppose they'll know who it was, do you? They didn't see us beyond the trees there, did they? Isn't it a joke? Come on, Mr. Fortune; let's hurry and get out of sight before they come."

That's what we done too—just left the engine standin' there and climbed down and struck off south, so as to get in a draw and work back into the hills a ways. The girl, she was that happy and pleased! It suited me, too, fine, when I didn't stop to think ahead any; but we hadn't gone forty rods till the sweat commenced to start on me, with the sun blazin' and the breeze shut away and the sand burnin' through my boots. I was scared it wouldn't be but a little bit till the newness would be considerable old for her. She wouldn't be so thankful to me then.

And that's just the way it worked out. Pretty soon I could see her face flushin' up, and her laughin' and talkin' begun to get shorter, while she was wipin' at her forehead with her handkerchief. "Dear, dear!" says she. "Let's find some shade some place and rest a while." I hated to do it, but I had to tell her the nearest shade we'd strike was them willows back at Lusk. After that she got right still until she'd started to climb up to the top of one of the biggest hills, with me tailin' along behind. When she got to the top she begun to look

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It is an actual fact that my Fireless Cooker saves from 50 to 75% of your fuel bills, half of your time and worry, it cooks your food far better and you will never keep house again without one, once you have tried it. I am the Original Fireless Cooker Man. I sold 30,000 Fireless Cookers last year. Nearly every Cooker sold brings me from one to four customers—friends of the first customers.

Special Price Proposition On 10,000 Cookers

Just now I am going to make a special price proposition on 10,000 lot of my Cookers to further introduce them [illegible] You [illegible] surprised and delighted at the low, direct figure I will quote you on just the Cooker you want right from the factory.

Don't you want to write a postal today for this proposition? Remember my Cookers are the latest improved, most up-to-date Cookers on the market. Mine is the old original [illegible] Rapid Fireless Cooker.

Sold on 30 days' free home test. Order one of my Cookers, use it in your home for a full month, then decide whether you want to keep it or not.

My motto is Low Prices and Quick Sales.

My Rapid Cooker is the cleanest, most sanitary Cooker made. No [illegible] or cloth lining. All metal, easily kept clean, and with proper care will last a lifetime. Beautifully finished cases with dust proof tops.

Send for catalogue and full description, together with special price. Also, I will send you recipe book of 125 different dishes to be cooked in my Rapid Cooker.

Remember my Cooker Roasts, Bakes, Fries, Boils, Steams and Stews any and all kinds of food most *delicious*. Answer this advertisement and get full particulars.

William Campbell Company, Dept. 214, Detroit, Mich.

Keith's Konqueror

KEITH'S KONQUEROR SHOES for MEN

Shoes for men are something different because they are designed by style creators whose understanding of the requirements of the human foot is unsurpassed. Skilled workmen, operating under the most competent and critical supervision, shape and fashion over these lasts, with infinite attention to detail, the very finest leathers obtainable. The results are shoes of surpassing excellence in all the features essential to superior and satisfying footwear.

Konqueror Special

Shoes for Men are KONQUERORS in every particular, and in addition have a new feature known as The Nailless Heel Seat. This feature is brought about in the manufacture of the shoe through the use of a metal device invisible in the finished shoe, which prevents the heel nails from working up through the innersole and into the foot, and thereby does away with the necessity of the heel pads. This device insures a permanently smooth innersole of leather from heel to toe, thus saving wear and tear of socks and obviating frequent darning, and also serves to keep the counter in perfect shape.

Send postal card to-day for free illustrated catalog of "JUST AHEAD FOOTWEAR," showing 32 styles.

If Konqueror shoes are not obtainable of your local dealer we will supply them direct at retail prices, Keith Konquerors $3.50 and $4.00; Konqueror Specials $4.50. Transportation paid.

THE PRESTON B. KEITH SHOE CO.
Forty years makers of Fine Footwear
BROCKTON (Campello Sta.), MASS.

D. & P. GLOVES

CHRISTMAS conjures up Gloves as the *happiest* gift of all. They are personal — intimate — tinged with delicate sentiment Of Gloves no man can have too many But,—*don't* buy them haphazard. With D&P Gloves goes the *strongest Guarantee* ever affixed to a Glove. It reads:

"This pair of Gloves is sewn throughout with Belding's Prize Medal Silk and is *guaranteed not to rip.* Should they give out in the seams, return to The Dempster & Place Co., Gloversville, N. Y., with this ticket *and a new pair of gloves will be furnished free of charge.*"

D&P Gloves are not only *seam-sure* but *skin-perfect.* Patient hand-finishing gives them a distinguished air—accurate sizing makes them fit to the 'teenth of an inch — clasps and buttons won't come off.

"D. & P." Gloves retail for $1.50, $2, $2.50 and up, and as low as $1. If your regular shop can't serve you with "D. & P.", write to us for the name of a dealer near you and for our dainty Glove Book B from which you can order by mail. Address

The DEMPSTER & PLACE CO., Gloversville, N. Y.

round, with her hand shadin' her eyes and the water drippin' off her chin.

"I thought Lusk was right over there," says she. "It isn't in sight at all. Where is it?"

"It's quite a considerable ways yet," I had to tell her. "We'd better stay down in the low places; it'll be a sight easier walkin'."

She give a cross sort of wipe at her chin. "I'll never be able to stand it," says she. "I think I'll go back to the engine and wait for them to come."

I pointed off north where there was a streak of black smoke against the dusty sky. "There she goes now," says I. "They must have lit out after her with a handcar or somethin'. I reckon it's too late."

"Oh, dear!" she says, and I could tell that it wasn't seemin' a mite comical to her any more.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," says I; "I'll hike back to town and get a couple horses. I reckon I can be here by night."

"What!" says she with her face all puckered up. "And leave me out here alone in this horrid desert! You'll stay right with me, Mr. Fortune, if you please."

What's the use tryin' to tell you about it? Three mortal hours we hung to it, in and out through the hills. Long before that time I was clean beat out. I couldn't do anything but guess what the girl was feelin' like, because she'd quit talkin' to me long ago. She wasn't doin' a thing but keep her face turned right straight ahead and plod. And Lusk wasn't in sight yet neither. I couldn't see but what I'd got in pretty bad.

I commenced cussin' myself when I remembered back, especially when I recollected that jewelry. There it was in my hind pocket, with the edge of the box scrapin' the hide off of me by now. I pulled it out and packed it in my hand for a minute, and then a notion hit me.

"Billy," says I to myself "the lady ain't feelin' very friendly to you, is she? Mebbe if you was to give her your present now it would sort of chirk her up some. Go ahead." And with that I pulled up alongside of her and held it out. "Here," says I, "I got this for you. Won't you please take it?"

She didn't appear to sense me exactly at first, lookin' at the box and then at me and then back to the box again, with her eyes snappy and fretful. "For me?" she says. "Goodness! I hope it's something to eat. I'm perfectly starved." And with that she started to jerk off the wrapper and open it up.

You'd ought to seen her, because I can't tell you. I couldn't make head or tail of it, when she got it spread out on her hands and stood starin' at it—starin' and starin'; and after that she turned away, with her under lip gripped in her teeth and her hands hangin' together in front of her, standin' stock still and lookin' at the burnin'-hot hills.

"Mr. Fortune," says she after a long while, "do you mean to tell me that you bought this for me?"

"Why," says I, "yes, I did. I just thought mebbe you was fond of them sort of trinkets. I didn't go to rile you up with it though."

"No, no!" says she. "You ought not to have done it."

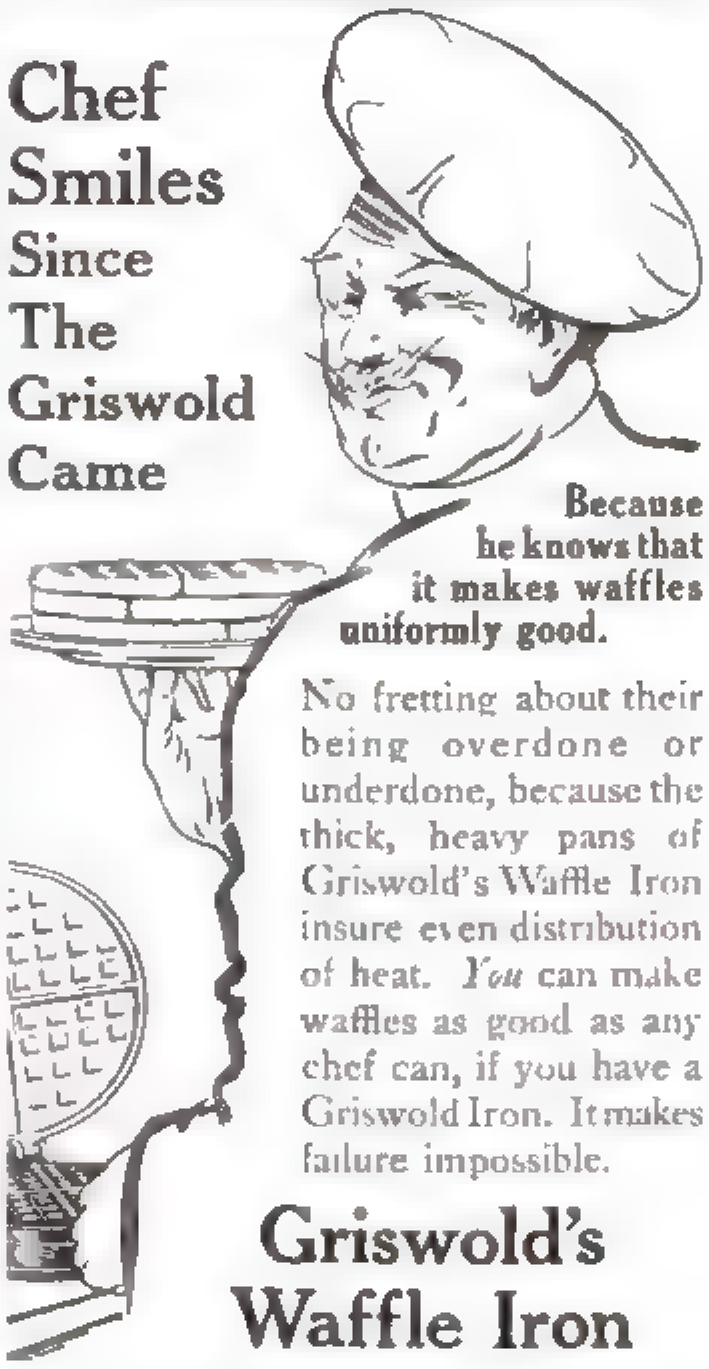
"Shucks!" says I. "If that's the way you feel about it chuck it away. It don't matter. It ain't any consequence."

"No, no," she says again, and she started to lay it back in the box, slow and careful, with her head bent down so I couldn't see her face at all. "Mr. Fortune," says she, real low, "I don't know what to say to you. I ought to thank you, but I can't—not now. I simply can't. Here, please let me have your arm."

I couldn't get the sense of it; but it made some kind of a difference. All the rest of the way in she was holdin' to me, leanin' on me, makin' funny little fits and starts of talkin', but not sayin' anything much—mostly just walkin' along with her eyes on the ground, as if she was doin' a lot of considerin'.

It was away past sundown when we crawled into Lusk and supper would be rid up long ago; but she didn't appear to mind. She hadn't said another cross word to me. A piece before we got to the hotel she stopped and held out her hand to me.

"I'll go in alone, please," says she. "Good night." And then she walked on with her head down and draggin' her feet, real weary.



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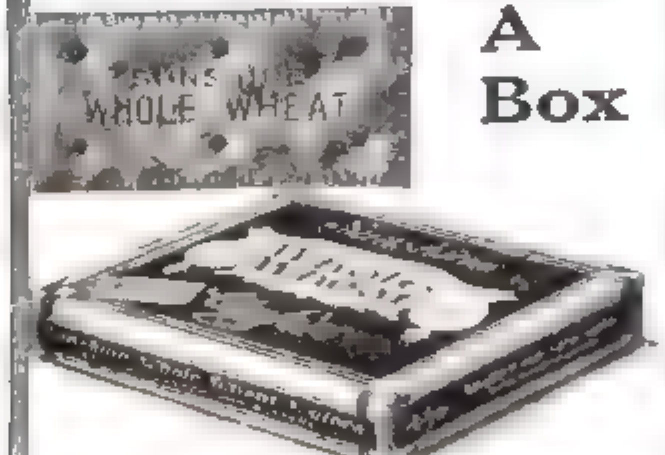

We want to send you enough Sunshine Toasted Whole Wheat Wafers to prove to you how good to eat these wholesome wafers are.

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are made of whole wheat flour, baked (by modern methods) in white tile ovens on the top floor of the "Bakery with a Thousand Windows"—buttered, salted, toasted and carefully packed in moisture-proof tin boxes.

Just the things for between-meal bites at the office or for service with cheese beverage, or in a score of other ways.

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Please give us the name and address of your grocer, for you will want to get a supply from him

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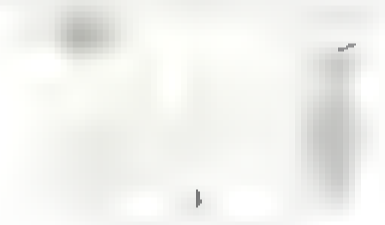

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DELMAR — the newest shape [illegible] and so shaped in the baking by our [illegible] Vertiform Process that it is a straight-front that *does* meet close — and remains so. Has ample scarf [illegible]

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ΣΔΠΦΚΞΘΧΨΜΩΕΑ

FRAT MEN

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

BADGES-NOVELTIES

THE D L AULD CO.
COLVMBVS, OHIO

"Well, there!" says I to myself, "now are you satisfied, Billy? You was bound you'd stay till the finish. I hope you've got your money's worth."

That wasn't the finish though. The real end of the finish didn't come till next mornin'. It was sure a swift one too.

I'd been so dog-tired I'd slept till away late. When I got down the very first thing I got my eyes on was the Nine-Bar mountain wagon standin' across the street by the post-office. In the back was a couple of trunks regular whales of trunks, they was; and up on the seat in front was a woman.

She was one of them kind of women you'd be bound to notice a mile off blondes, they call 'em, don't they? She certainly was one, with her skin the color of warm milk, and as much as a full peck of fluffy hair the color of new straw all loose round her ears, and the back of her neck in a mess of little curls and kinks and frills. And style? Oh, hush! Let me tell you this there wasn't one of them pictures in Holsapple's that wouldn't look all frayed out and pale and tired matched up against that one. They couldn't begin to hold a candle to her. Whee! She made me catch my breath, and I had to blink my eyes to keep from bein' struck blind. And there, bustlin' round the wagon, was that Steve Brainard.

When he caught sight of me he quit and come stragglin' over to me. Before a word had been spoke I got a notion that I was goin' to be pained someway; I could tell it by the look of him.

"Murder!" says I. "Steve, for the love of Christmas who's that you got there?"

Steve turned round and took a slow look at her and then looked back at me. "That?" says he. "That lady? Why, she's that actress girl Holsapple was tellin' you about. Don't you remember, Billy?"

"What!" I says. "Actress girl? Steve, you're a liar. That ain't the same one."

"Which same one?" says he. "What are you talkin' about? That's the one. You ain't seen her yet, have you? She's been just stayin' in her room since she come, gettin' rested up, you know, till she felt able to make the drive. I've just been waitin' round on her. She's goin' to spend the rest of the summer down on Rawhide."

I could feel my mouth gettin' dry till I couldn't do nothin' but stutter. "You — you—you ——" says I. "You told me you come in for some hay-hands."

"Oh," says Steve, "they went out a couple days ago."

I didn't seem able to get my mind to workin'. It must have been quite a while till I got the next question started, with Steve standin' there appreciatin' me and a-grinnin'.

"Then who's the other one?" says I kind of back in my throat.

"Which one?" says Steve. "Oh, you mean that black-headed one that was round here? Why, Billy, they tell me she was a sort of an agent for that there Mexican jewelry."

I leaned over the edge of the sidewalk and spit in the dust, and then stood for quite a spell, watchin' it soak in. By-and-by I looked at Steve. The sight of him made me perfectly satisfied he was tellin' me the terrible truth.

"Steve," says I, "you fooled me."

It didn't seem as if it afflicted him such a lot, because them eyes of his was fair brimmin' over with the devilment of it. "Well, Billy," says he, "you coaxed for it. I never knowed a man to beg to be fooled as hard as you did."

"Well, sufferin' Peter!" says I. "And that girl—she was in it, too, wasn't she—the black-headed one? And you put her up to it. You done it that first night up in the parlor."

"Billy," says Steve, "you've got a wonderful good hindsight."

My eyes got to wanderin' then and went over to the woman in the wagon. She was sittin' there, fussin' with somethin' round her neck. I hadn't noticed it before. The sight of it give me a sort of a weak feelin' in my insides. "Steve," I says, "ain't that that jewelry she's got on?"

"Why, yes," says Steve. "Looks well on her, don't it? She got it at a bargain last night, because the agent was leavin' town—goin' on East somewhere, they tell me. Well, so long, Billy: we got to be pullin' out." And there he went.

It's just exactly the way I've been tellin' you. The man that ate that there first apple didn't eat the whole crop, did he? And it's a great fruit for wisin' you up, ain't it? Shucks!

4 Pairs

The Silky Sox
In the Xmas Box

$1.00

NOTASEME Perfect Process SILK-LISLE Hosiery

Wears like "Sixty"—Looks like "Fifty"—Costs but Twenty-five

The high quality of this hosiery, its beautiful appearance and the attractive boxing make it a specially appropriate Christmas gift far above the commonplace. Colors lustrous and permanent. Four-ply cable-twist heels and toes; soft and flexible. No "fuzz" after washing. Will not "bag" nor shrink. *Be sure to order by number.*

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A stylish adjunct to every-day or formal dress

well proportioned, beautifully knit, accurately shaped to the outline of shoulder, neck and chest.

Dressy people like **PHOENIX MUFFLERS** because they give a smart and distinctive touch to the attire and keep the collar clean; hardy people like them because they permit all sorts of outdoor exercise without running the risk of exposure to the throat and chest; delicate people wear them because they find them indispensable to health and comfort.

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All good dry goods stores and haberdashers carry full assortments of **PHOENIX MUFFLERS** for men, women and children.

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Look for the Phoenix label—be sure it is on the Muffler you buy

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Ten-Pinnett—A Money-Making "Ten-Strike"

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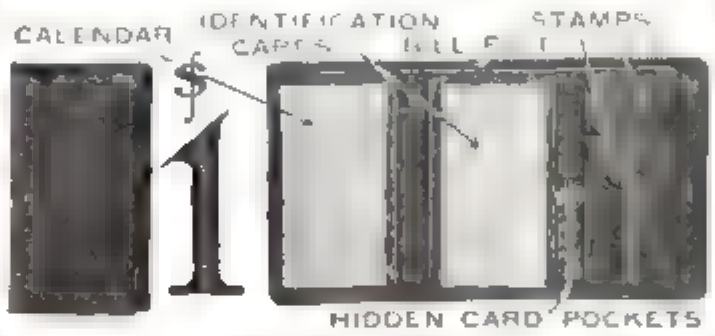

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THE MASTIC WALL BOARD AND ROOFING MFG. CO., 10 Estes Ave., CINCINNATI, OHIO

IN THE BIG DRIFT

(Concluded from Page 7)

fiddle. Then in that narrow, low-ceiled dugout resounded the stamping of feet, the clapping of hands and, high above all, the shrill whoops of the dancers as they moved forward and back and circled this way and that.

Gents to the right, and ladies to the left.

To the left the ladies would speed. It is true they were booted and overalled and wore mustaches, but blankets draped their bashful limbs and they simpered coyly.

During the confusion the boss rummaged in the corners and through débris. He was still uneasy.

Wrapped in an old pair of socks in a box, he discovered a writing pad. Of course he opened it and of course read it. His training had not made the boss nice on such delicate points, and no scruples troubled him as he ponderously spelled out Murray's letters to Anniebelle. Besides, was she not his daughter?

They took the form of a diary. Paint had set down events almost every day. While he was reading Thurber kept his back turned to the bunk that Murray might not see him. His men were singing and beating time on the table with their tin cups

It looks like we will be here all winter—Me and Andy get along fine we've lived together so long that we split up the jobs fair without saying nothing—The snow keeps acoming down and the cattle go by all the time just walking and walking—Andy is getting awful dirty he won't wash regular and he's sure getting mean [illegible] last Christmas perhaps [illegible] I had the gun [illegible] for fear Andy might get mad he's getting awful mean and would do for me if he could I reckon it's never going to stop snowing and the food has made me sick—he keeps making cracks and says some mighty low things that ain't fit to hear—I don't want to [illegible] say when I think of last Christmas [illegible] I wonder where we [illegible] Christmas [illegible] we will be anywhere [illegible]—I don't want no trouble with Andy the guns [illegible] my six-shooter was buried or I would have [illegible]led him [illegible] the sneak [illegible] I won't touch him till after Christmas [illegible] last Christmas we had [illegible] what we [illegible]—sometimes I have to [illegible] to keep [illegible] off that [illegible] I know he wo[illegible] me—I hope you are well I hope your folks is well give them my regards how is the judge give him my regards—I am feeling mighty poorly the top of my head keeps trying to jump off and there are a lot of little specks in front of my eyes—Perhaps I won't never see you again sometimes I feel like I would not—that skun[illegible] meaner and meaner—I will wait until after [illegible] and then ——

The boss closed the pad and gazed for a long time into the fire. He called over his shoulder:

"Here's a book with some writing in it, Paint! Want it? Let me read it out?"

"Give it here, please," Murray entreated.

Without opening the pad to look at its contents he tried to tear it across, but was too weak.

"Say, burn it for me, will you, Andy? It's amazing what queer things a feller will write when he's right lonely."

"Away she goes," said Ballew, and flipped the pad into the fire.

Somebody started a chorus and grizzled old Ike sang The Red Light Saloon. Murray applauded from the bunk. Several times he raised himself painfully on an elbow.

"Lie down," Andy would plead. "It'll make you sick, Paint."

"I don't see how they happened—oh, judge?"

"What is it now? Feeling better? Man alive, we'll have you on a horse in three days!"

"Tell me," Paint said weakly: "How did you happen to leave the ranch on Christmas and come 'way over here?"

"Pshaw, we just had to come! Anniebelle," the boss answered, "she wouldn't give me no peace until I started. You can bet I wasn't coming alone; not me. I brought all the boys along. Don't you say nothing to her or the ol' woman about this keg, will you now? They're sure death on me for that. Hey, pass the bottle. Get your pardners for the quadrille. Quadrille! Hurry up now; you-all drag it."

In this manner was Christmas observed in the dugout by Blanco.

Yipsi Indian Shoes

Real Moccasins of Genuine Buckskin, soft and pliable as thick velvet, warm as heavy felt and durable as rawhide

No. 570 (above) with Burnt and Tinted Design
FOR MEN— [illegible] $2.25
FOR LADIES [illegible] postpaid $2.00
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Flexible Elk Soles sewed on, [illegible] extra

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[illegible] Moosehide, and with soles

Novel, Handsome, Useful Gifts

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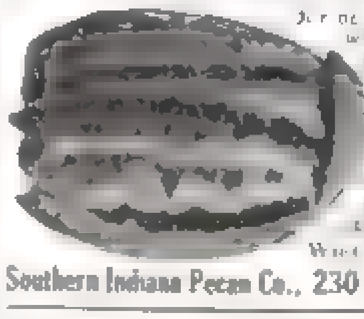
SWEET, DELICIOUS, MEATY NUTS!



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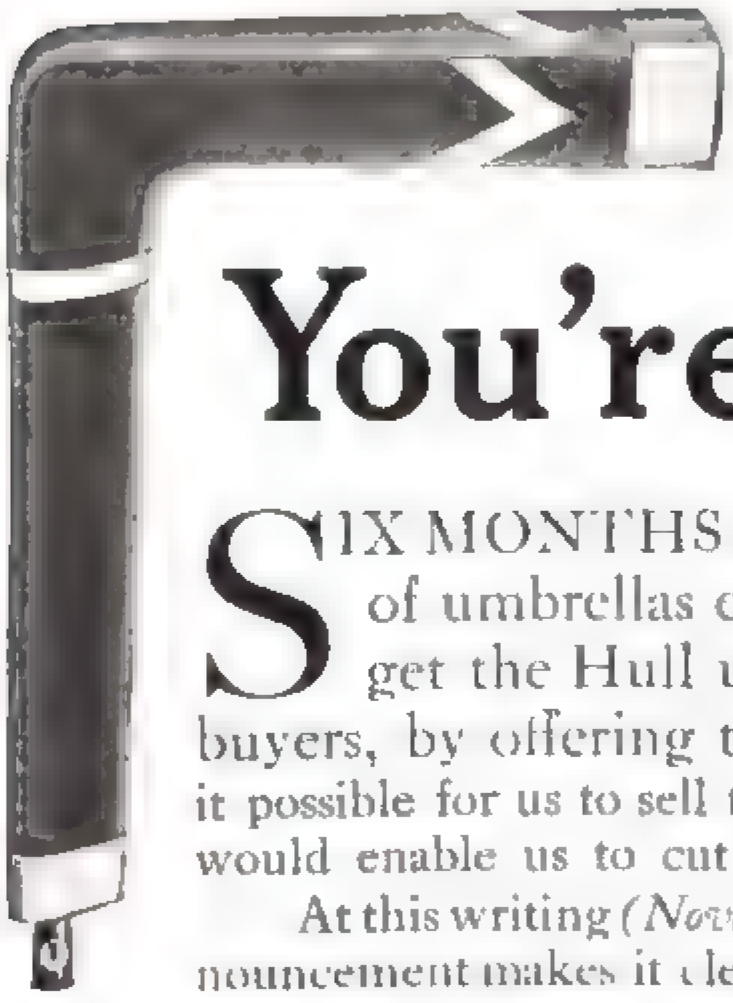
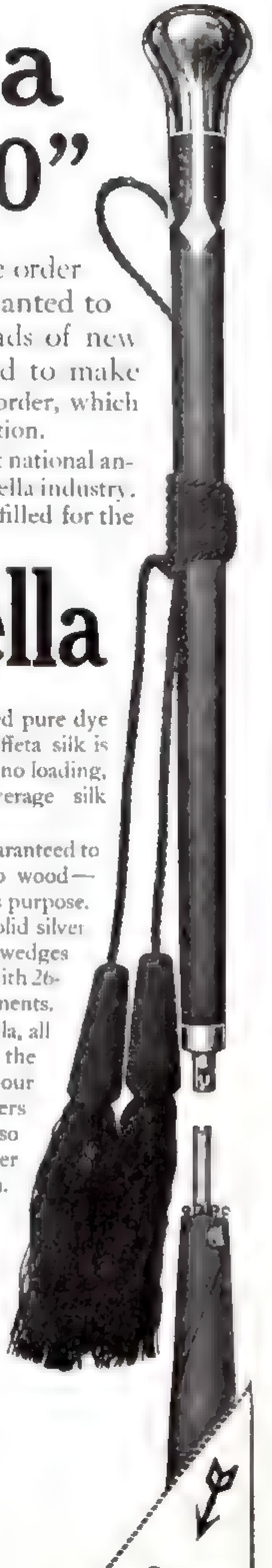
"Show me that $7.50 Pure Silk Hull Umbrella You're Selling for $5.00"

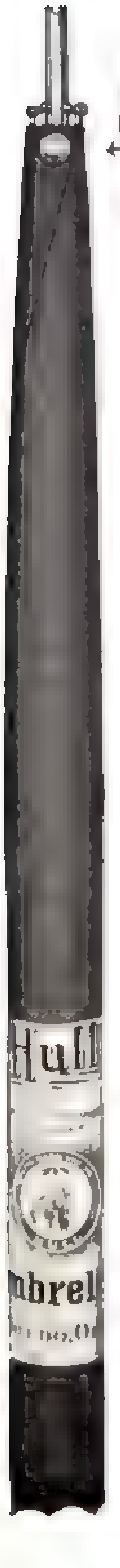


SIX MONTHS AGO, we made arrangements to manufacture the largest single order of umbrellas ever produced at this price. We had a double motive. We wanted to get the Hull umbrellas, with detachable handles, into the hands of thousands of new buyers, by offering them an umbrella worth $7.50 for $5.00. And we determined to make it possible for us to sell the $7.50 "Sterling" Hull Umbrella for $5.00 by executing one huge order, which would enable us to cut the cost all the way from the raw material to the last finished operation.

At this writing *(November 10th)* the avalanche of orders which has come to us as a result of our first national announcement makes it clear that we have accomplished the greatest success ever recorded in the umbrella industry. In spite of the immensity of our manufacturing operations, scores of dealers' orders will remain unfilled for the



"Sterling" HULL Umbrella



See that the Name HULL is on the Button

You may have difficulty in getting one of these $7.50 Pure Silk Hull Umbrellas for $5.00 if you delay in going to the Hull dealer at once, because, in our judgment, Christmas buyers by the thousand will recognize the extraordinary character of the value as quickly as did the dealers.

This is a guaranteed umbrella in a double, treble, quadruple sense. It is guaranteed first to be worth $7.50; to be the equal—setting aside the advantages of the Hull handle, which give it a still greater excess value—of the best umbrella ever sold for $2.50 more than your Hull dealer will ask.

And it is guaranteed pure dye taffeta silk. This taffeta silk is guaranteed to contain no loading, which causes the average silk umbrella to split.

The handles are guaranteed to be imported Pimento wood—the finest used for this purpose. They are fitted with solid silver hand-made caps and swedges and beautifully inlaid with 26-gauge solid silver ornaments.

It is a $7.50 umbrella, all right, even without the HULL handle and our express purpose in authorizing Hull dealers everywhere to sell it for $5 is to get you so accustomed to that handle that you'll never be content to use an ordinary umbrella again.

Five Special Hull Lines

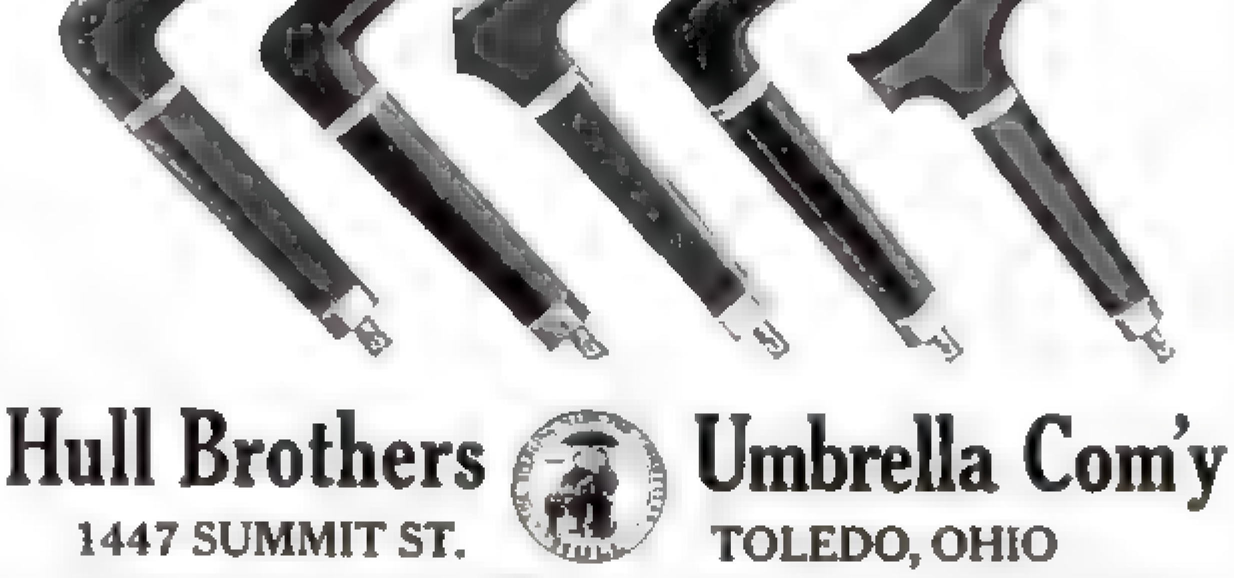
Hull umbrellas embodying all the advantages of the Hull Detachable and Interchangeable handle, and each representative of the highest value possible at the price, can be secured from Hull dealers at $1.00 and upwards.

We would particularly call the attention of Christmas buyers to these five special Hull lines.

The Premier Hull —→ *$1.00*
The Royal Hull —→ *$1.50*
The Superior Hull —→ *$2.50*
The Imperial Hull —→ *$3.50*
The Peerless Hull —→ *$5.00*

No matter what price you propose to pay for a Christmas umbrella, be sure that you assure yourself the protection implied by the Hull name on the button before you buy.

The $5.00 Sterling Hull will make a beautiful Christmas remembrance, and incidentally save you $2.50



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Kindly send dealer's name
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City
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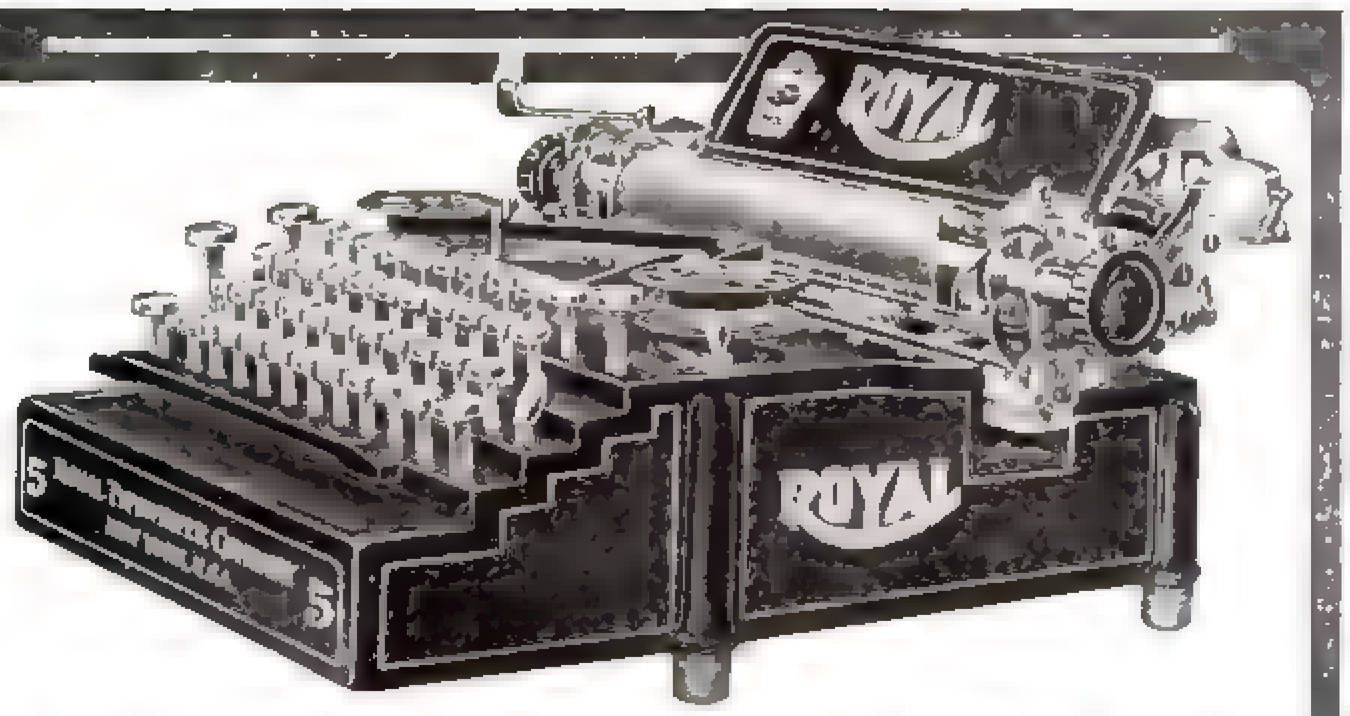

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That it will do work of the best quality for a greater length of time at less expense for upkeep than any other typewriter regardless of price
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BECAUSE of its guaranteed high-grade construction, its embodiment of every practical improvement *combined with low price*, the New Royal No. 5 is truly the machine the American business man has been waiting for.

Here it is, the king among typewriters, challenging the world to show a machine that can do better work, easier work, or more work, *no matter what its price!*

Has **Two-Color Ribbon.** Which insures *perfect* two-color writing; overlapping of colors impossible.

Has **Back Spacer.** Touch the key and the carriage draws back one space; a popular feature convenient in billing, tabulating, making corrections.

Has **Tabulator.** An important and valuable improvement, perfected with usual Royal simplicity and efficiency.

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Write at Once for Free Literature

Then let us demonstrate the Rugged Royal in your own office, on your own work, free of all obligation to you. If you want to see it alongside of some other machine, so much the better. **The Royal shines by comparison.**

$75 is price of Model 5—same as charged for Model 1 with Tabulator. Everything included. No extras.

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Sold by dealers in nearly every town, in strips 4 feet wide, and 1 to 18 feet long.

Northwestern Compo-Board Co.
4303 Lyndale Ave., N. Minneapolis, Minn.

Mrs. Budlong's Christmas Gifts

Continued from Page 13)

The length of the list sent her to the cheaper counters, but she was not permitted to browse among them. At Strouther & Streckfuss' Mr. Strouther came up and said with reeking unctuousness:

"Vat makes Mees Bootlonk down here amonkst all this tresh? Come see our importet novelties."

And he led her to a region where the minimum price was MBBA-BDJA, which meant that it cost twelve dollars and twenty-five cents and could be safely marked down to twenty-three dollars and seventy-five cents.

She eluded him and got back to the twenty-five-cent realm, only to be apprehended by Mr. Streckfuss, who beamed:

"Ah, nothink is here for a lady like you are! Only fine kvality suits, such a taste you got!"

By almost superfeminine strength she evaded purchasing anything there. She went to other shops, only to be haled to the expensive counters. Storekeepers simply would not discuss cheap things with the millionairess-elect.

She crept home and threw herself on her husband's mercy. He had none and she lighted hard. It was the first of December; and, in addition to his periodical rage, Mr. Budlong was working himself up to his regular pre-Christmas frenzy, when he felt poor and talked poorer to keep the family in check.

His face was a study when he heard his wife's state of mind. He delivered the annual address on Christmas folly, that one hears from fathers of families all round the world at this time.

"Christmas has quit being a sign of people's affections!" Mr. Budlong thundered. "It has become a public menace. It's worse than Wall Street. Wall Street is supposed to have started as the thermometer of the country's business, and now it's gone and got so goldurn big that the thermometer is makin' the weather! When Wall Street feels muggy it's got to rain; and the sun don't dare shine without takin' a peek at the thermometer first off.

"Christmas ain't any longer an opportunity to show good will to your neighbors. It's a time when you got to show off before your neighbors. You women make yourselves and us men sick the way you carry on all through December! And the childern!—they're worse'n the grown-ups!

"Old-fashioned Christmas was like old-fashioned circuses—mostly meant for the childern. Nowadays circuses have growed so big and so improper that nobody would dast take a child to one—or, if you do, they get crazy notions.

"When I was a boy, if I got a drum and a tin horn I was so happy I couldn't keep quiet; but last Christmas little Ulie, Junior, cried all day because he got a 'leven-dollar automobile when he wanted a areoplane big enough to carry the cat over the barn.

"This Christmas Trust business ought to be investigated by the Gov'ment and dissolved! Talk about your tariff schedules! What we need is somebody to pare down this Christmas gouge. It's the one kind of tax you can't swear off.

"And as for you—why, you're goin' daffy! Other years I didn't mind so much. You spent a lot of time and some money on your annual splurge; but I will say you took in better'n you gave. But now you're on the other side of the fence. These Carthage women have got you on the run. You'll have to give 'em twice as good as they send or you're gone. You're gone anyway! If you gave each one of 'em a gold platter, full of diamonds, they'd say you'd inherited Aunt Ida's stinginess as well as her money!"

Mrs. Budlong went on twisting her fingers.

"Oh, of course you're right, Ulie. But what's the use of being right when it's so hateful? All I can think of is that everybody in town is going to give me a present! Everybody!"

"Can't you take your last year's presents and pass 'em along to other folks?"

"Everybody would recognize them and I'd be the talk of the town!"

"You're that anyway, so what difference does it make?"

"I'd rather die!"

"You'd save a lot of money and trouble if you did."

"Just look at the list of presents I must give!" She handed him a bundle of papers. He pushed up his spectacles, put on his reading glasses and snorted:

"Say! What is this—the town directory?" He had not read far down the list when he missed one important name. "You've overlooked Mrs. Alsop."

"Oh, her! I've quarreled with her. We don't speak—thank Heaven!"

"It would be money in your pocket if you didn't speak to anybody. Gosh!" he slapped his knee. "I have an idea! Stop speaking to everybody."

"Don't be silly."

"I mean it."

VII

ULYSSES S. G. BUDLONG was a man fertile in resources and unbending in their execution. Otherwise he would never have attained his present supremacy as the leading hay-and-feed merchant in Carthage.

"It's as easy as falling off a log!" he urged. "You women are always spatting about something. Now's your chance to capitalize your spats."

"Men are such im-boo-hoo-ciles!" was Mrs. Budlong's comment as she began to weep.

Her husband patted her with a timid awkwardness, as if she were the nose of a strange horse.

"There! there! We'll fix this up fine! What did you quarrel with Mrs. Alsop about?"

"She told Sally Swezey—and Sally Swezey told me—that I used my Carthage presents to send to relatives in other towns."

"She flattered you at that," said Mr. Budlong unconsolingly. "But don't you ever dream of forgiving her until after Christmas."

Mrs. Budlong was having such a good cry and enjoying the optical bath so heartily that her grief became very precious to her. It suggested what a beautiful thing grief is to those who make a fine art of it. She smiled wet-liddedly.

"There is nothing in your idea, Ulie; but I have a good one. I'll announce that I can't celebrate Christmas because of our great grief for Aunt Ida!"

"Great grief!" Mr. Budlong exclaimed. "Why, you couldn't have celebrated Aunt Ida's finish more joyous without you'd serenaded her in Woodlawn with a brass band!"

"Ulysses Budlong! You ought to be ashamed of yourself for saying such a thing!" But she suddenly heard—in fancy—the laugh that would go up if she sprung such a pretext. She gave in.

"We'll have to quarrel with somebody, then; but what excuse is there?"

"Women don't need any real excuse. You simply telephone Sally Swezey that a certain person told you—and you won't name any names—that she had been making fun of you, and you'd be much obliged if she never spoke to you again!"

"But how do I know Sally Swezey has been making fun of me?"

"Oh, there ain't any doubt but what everybody in town is doing that!"

"Ulysses Budlong! Why, how can you talk so?"

"If people without money couldn't make fun of people with, what consolation would they have? Anyway, it's not me but the other folks you're supposed to quarrel with. You spend an hour at that telephone and you can get the whole town by the ears."

"But I can't use the same excuse for everybody."

"You'll think up plenty, once you put your mind to it." And with that a perfect excuse came in pat—came in howling and flagrant.

Ulysses, Junior, burst into the room as if he had forgotten the presence of the door. He was yelping like a coyote and from his tiny nose an astonishing amount of blood was spouting.

"What on earth is the matter?" the startled mother gasped. "Come here to me, you poor child—and be careful not to bleed on the new rug."

Ulysses' articulation was impeded with sobs and the oscillations of three semi-detached teeth that waved in the breeze as he screamed:

"Little Clarence Detwiller licked me. And I on'y p-pushed him off his sled into a puddle of ice-wa-wa-water; and he attackted me and kicked my f-f-fa-face off!"

Mr. and Mrs. Budlong were so elated with the same idea that they forgot to console their heartbroken offspring with more than Mr. Budlong's curt: "First teeth anyway—saves you a trip to the dentist." He nodded to his wife. "Just the excuse we were looking for."

"Sent direct from Heaven!" nodded Mrs. Budlong. "You call up Roscoe Detwiller this minute and tell him his son has criminal tendencies and ought to be in jail, and will undoubtedly die on the gallows. Then he won't speak to you tomorrow."

"You bet he won't! He'll just quietly do to me what his boy did to Ulie. No, my dear; you tell all that to Mrs. Detwiller yourself."

Mrs. Budlong tossed her head with fine contempt.

"What cowards men are!—always shielding themselves behind women's skirts! Well, if you're afraid, I'm not. I'll give her the biggest talking to she ever had in her born days!"

She rose with fortitude and started to the telephone—sneered at it and glared at it. Her husband stood by her to support her in the hour of need. He watched her ask for the number and snap ferociously at the central. Then she felt panicky again and held the transmitter to him appealingly. He waved her away scornfully. She set her teeth hard and there was grimness in her tone as she said: "Is this you, Mrs. Detwiller? Oh, yes, thank you; I'm very well. I wanted to tell you —— Oh, yes; he's well too. But what I started to say was —— Yes; so Ulie says! Yes; right in the face!—Oh, of course —— Naturally!—Boys will be —— Oh, I'm sorry you punished him. He's such a sweet child! — Oh, don't think of it! I'm sure it was all Ulie's fault. It will teach him better next time. He's so rough! —— Oh, really, how awfully sweet of you! Good night, dear."

She stuck the receiver on the hook and looked for a hook to hang herself on. Her eyes were shifty with shame as she mumbled: "I couldn't get a word in edgeways. She apologized."

"She apologized!" Mr. Budlong roared. "And you ate out of her hand! And you were going to show me what a coward I —— Butter wouldn't have melted —— Say, why didn't you kiss her?"

Mrs. Budlong was suffering a greater dismay than remorse.

"What d' you suppose that cat of a Clara Detwiller's going to do?" she moaned. "She's going to make her boy send Ulie a nice Christmas present! And now we shall be obliged to buy one for Ulie to give to him!"

"Well, of all the —— Oh, you're a great manager, you are! You call up a woman to get rid of giving one Christmas present and now you've got to give two! Here! Where you going?"

"I'm going to that 'phone and tell Mrs. Detwiller what I think of her."

"You keep away from that 'phone. Before you could ring off again her husband would have a Christmas present wished on to me!"

VIII

THE next morning Mrs. Budlong arose from dreams of finding bargains after all. She felt a spirit in her feet that led her—who knows how?—to the Christmas-window street; but the crowds and the prices and the servility of the salesfolk drove her out again.

On her laggard way home she saw Sally Swezey, lean and lanky, and somehow reminding her of a flamingo. Sally saw her from afar and stepped a little higher. Mrs. Budlong remembered her husband's suggestion. She made a quick resolution to do or die. Her cheek was cold and white, and her heart beat loud and fast; but she tried to set her double chin into a square jaw, and she passed Sally Swezey as if Sally Swezey were a lamp-post by the curb—just a common lamp-post by the curb, and nothing more.

She heard Sally's gush of greeting stop short, as if some one had turned a faucet in her throat; she heard a gulp; then she heard a strangled silence. Then she heard Sally call her name tentatively, tenderly, reproachfully. Then she heard no more.

And she knew no more until her feet somehow carried her home; but she had hardly time to flop into a rocker and utter a prayer of gratitude and pride for having been vouchsafed the courage to snub a Carthaginian before—br-r-rr!—the terrible telephone was rattling at her. She knew just who it was and she braced herself to meet one of Sally's sharp-tongued assaults. Sally said, in part:

"Oh, you poor darling dear, is that you? And how are you now? I was so alarmed for you. You looked so ill and worn; and —— Aren't the Christmas crowds awful this year? And nothing fit to buy, and such prices! And —— You must be just worn out! You really must spare yourself; for do you know what you did, dearest? You went right by me without seeing me or answering me. Yes, you did. I was so startled that I didn't have brains enough to run after you and assist you home. I'm so glad you got there alive. I do hope you're feeling better; and I'm so ashamed of myself for letting you go all that way alone in that condition. Can you ever forgive me?"

When Mr. Budlong came home for luncheon Mrs. Budlong told him the whole story. He glared at her with an I-give-you-up expression and growled:

"And when she said all that what did you say?"

"I don't know," Mrs. Budlong faltered. "All I know is she's coming over this afternoon with a lot of that wine jelly I gave her the recipe for."

"Well, what do you intend to do this time?" Mr. Budlong demanded. The skeptic in his tone stung her to revolt. She could usually be strong in the presence of her husband. She looked at least like Mrs. Boadicea as she said:

"I intend to tell her what you told me to. And I will accept no apologies none whatever."

When Mr. Budlong came home to dinner she avoided his gaze. She confessed that she had changed her program. She hadn't the heart to insult poor Sally, and she had admitted that she was a bit dizzy and qualmish; and she had —— Well, she ——

Mr. Budlong finished for her fiercely:

"I know! You ate a lot of her wine jelly, and you told her she was a love and you kissed her goodby; and would she excuse you from coming to the door, because you were still a little wobbly!"

Mrs. Budlong looked at him in surprise. "She told you!"

"Nah! I haven't seen her."

"Then how on earth did you ever guess?"

"It was my womanly intuition!" he snarled; and that evening he went downtown and sat in the hotel lobby for a couple of hours. He usually did this anyway—in summer he sat on the sidewalk; but this evening he did it with a certain implication of escape. On the way home Mr. Budlong was busy with schemes. His mind turned again to his son.

In a smallish town a growing boy is an unfailing source of *casus belli*. As an inciter of feuds there was something almost Balkan or Moroccan about Ulysses Budlong, Junior. Nearly every day he had come charging into the house with bad news in some form or other. Some rock or snowball he had cast, with the most innocent of intentions, had gone through a window or a milk wagon or somebody's silk hat. Or he had pulled a small girl's hair or taken the skates away from a helpless urchin. He had bad luck, too, in picking victims with belligerent big brothers.

Mr. Budlong recognized these desperado traits and he fully expected Ulysses, Junior, to make him the father of a convict. Suddenly now despair became hope. Let Mrs. Budlong capitalize her spats; he would promote Ulie's. The Affair Detwiller had turned out badly, but Mr. Budlong would not yield to one defeat. He watched eagerly for the next misdemeanor of his young hopeless. He relied on him to embroil, as it were, all Europe in an international conflict.

The dove of peace, however, seemed to have alighted on Ulysses' shoulder. He even began to go to Sunday-school—the Methodist this year, because they had given the largest cornucopias in town the Christmas before. And he talked nothing but golden texts till Mr. Budlong began to think that he would one day be the father of a clergyman.

Meanwhile Mrs. Budlong grew belligerent again. She snubbed people right and left, and they imputed it to absent-mindedness. She failed to go to the dinner party the Teeples gave in her honor, and she sent no excuse. This was the unpardonable sin in Carthage and the Budlong chairs sat vacant through the dinner.

Mrs. Teeple, however, assumed that she was ill and sent over the cut flowers off the table. And she hoped Mrs. Budlong would feel better soon.

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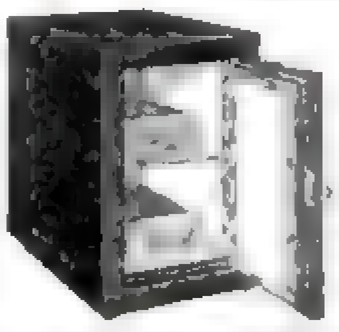

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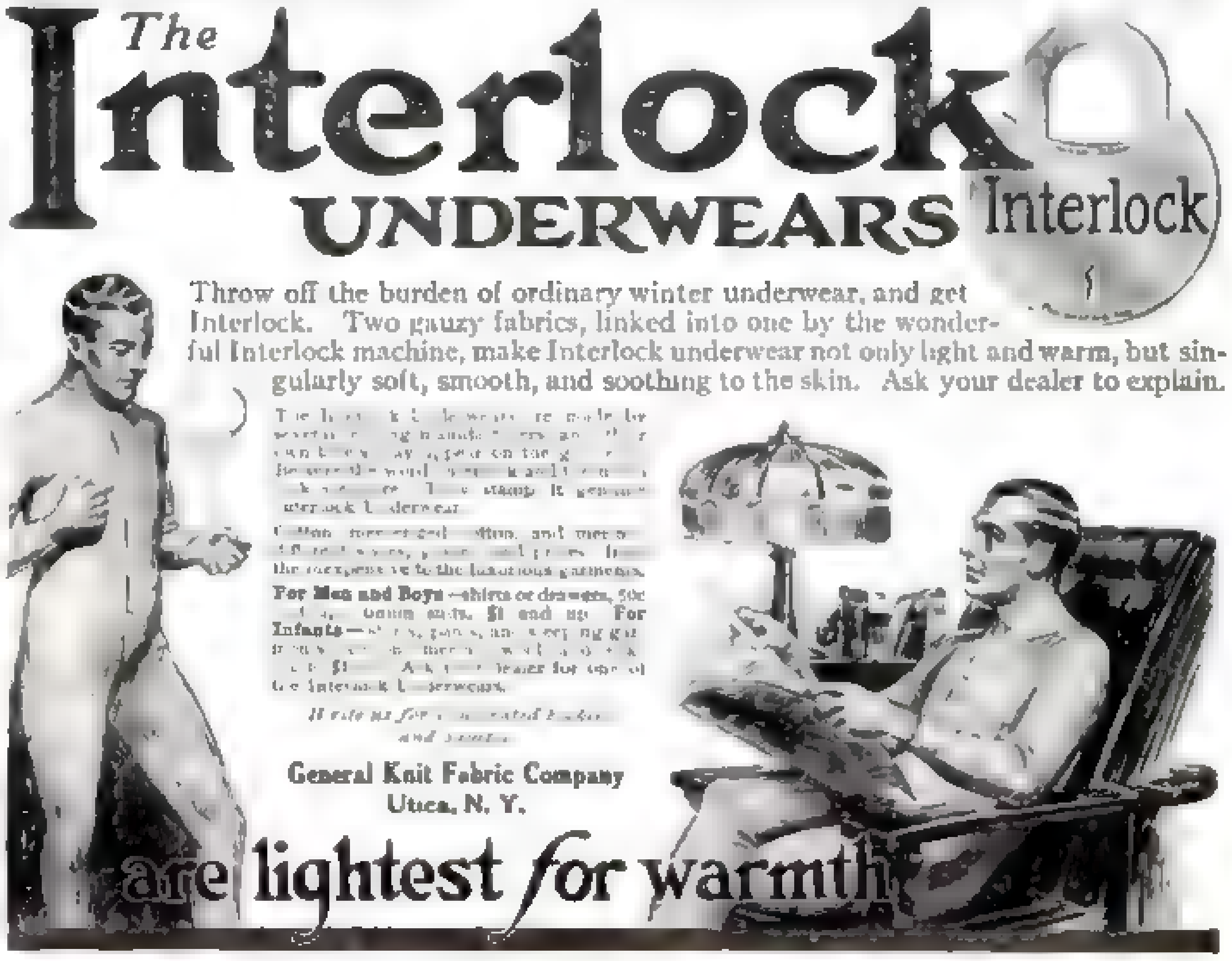

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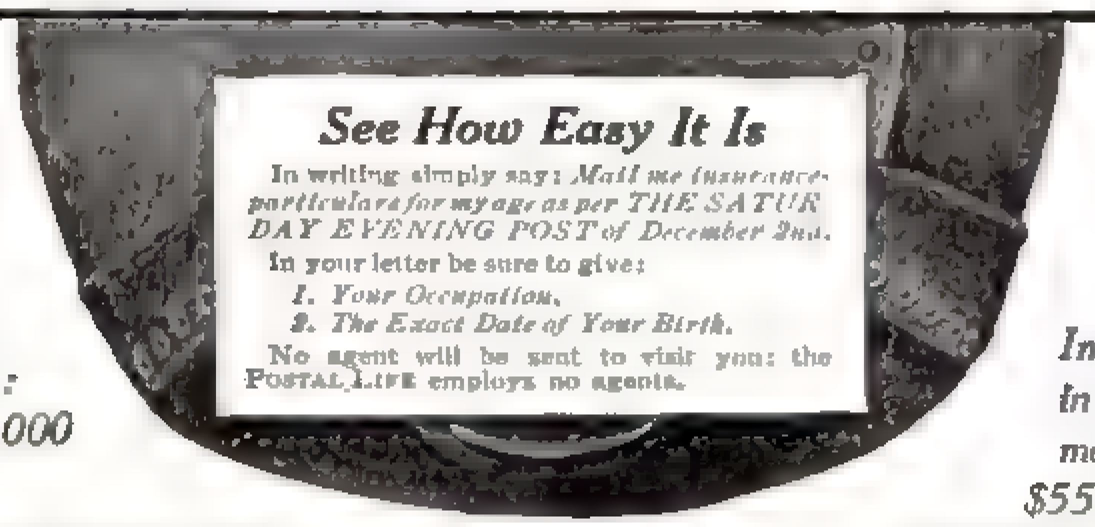

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A few days later Mrs. Budlong's pet Maltese kitten was done to nine deaths at once by the Disneys' fox terrier. She mourned the kitten, but there was consolation in the thought that she could now cut the Disneys off her list; but before she could get the kitten decently interred in the back yard Mrs. Disney was at the front door. She flung her arms round Mrs. Budlong and wept, declaring that she had resolved to give the murderous terrier away to a farmer, and she had already sent to Chicago for a pedigreed Angora to replace the Maltese. It would arrive the day before Christmas.

As if that were not enough for one day, in the afternoon Myra Eppley called. She saw Mrs. Budlong at an upper window and waved to her as she came along the walk. When the cook arrived upstairs, like a grand piano moving in, Mrs. Budlong said in an icy tone:

"Not at home."

"But I told her you was. And she seen you at the windy."

"Not AT home!"

"But I'm afther telling her ——"

Mrs. Budlong could be as stern as steel with her husband or her servants. She cowed Brigida into lumbering downstairs with the message. Mrs. Budlong went to the window to watch her victim's retreat.

Instead, she heard a light patter of footsteps and Myra Eppley hurried into the room.

"Oh, my dear, are you ill? Pardon my coming right up, but the cook takes so long and I was so worried for fear you were—but you aren't, are you?"

Mrs. Budlong was at bay. She glared at the intruder and threw up her chin. Myra Eppley stared at her aghast.

"Why, my dear! You aren't mad at me, are you?"

Mrs. Budlong smiled bitterly and said nothing. Myra Eppley shrilled:

"Why, what have I done?"

As a matter of fact, what had she done? All that Mrs. Budlong could think of was her husband's suggestion for a war with Sally Swezey. She spoke through her locked teeth:

"It's not what you've done but what you've said!"

"Why, what have I said?"

"You know well enough what you've been saying behind my back, and you needn't think that people don't come and tell me! I name no names; but I know—oh, I know!"

Now, of course, everybody says things behind everybody else's back that nobody would care to have repeated to anybody. Through Myra Eppley's memory dashed a hundred caustic comments she had made on Mrs. Budlong. She blushed and sighed, turned away and closed the door after her, like the last line of an elegy.

A surge of triumph swept over Mrs. Budlong. Success at last!

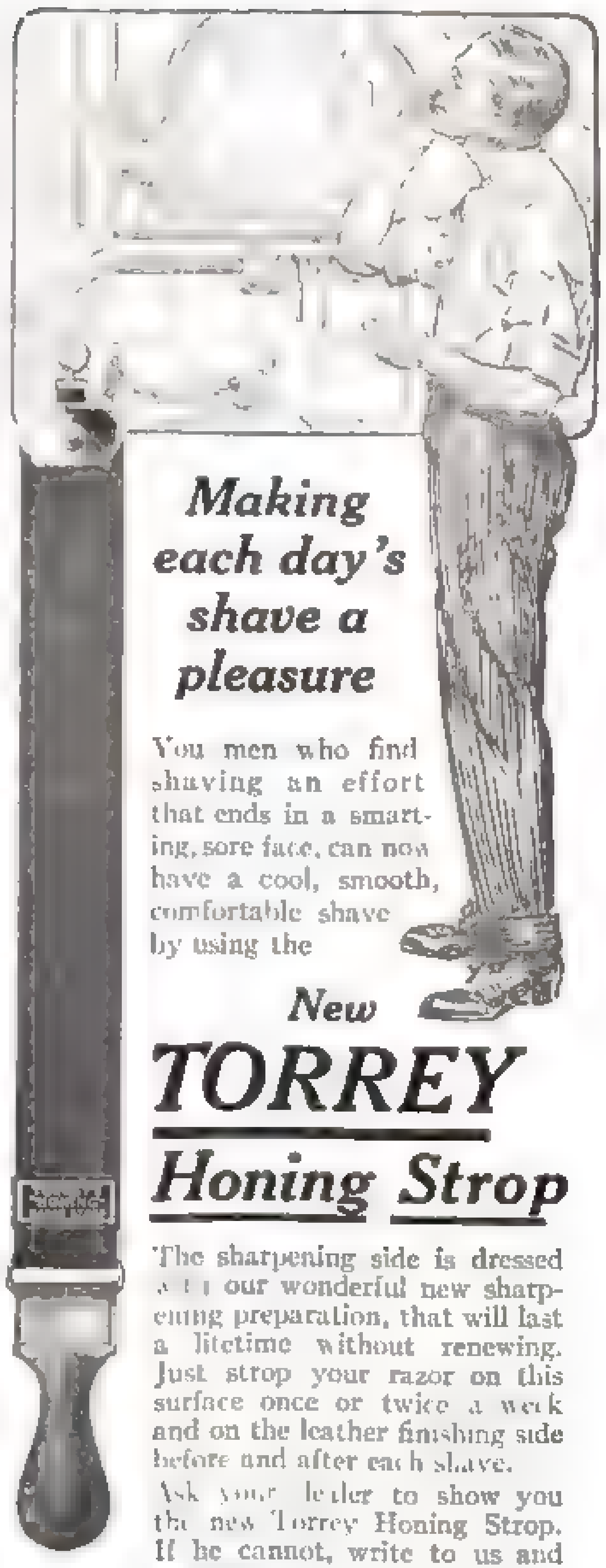
Then the door opened and Myra Eppley reappeared on the sill with a look of angelic contrition.

"I hardly know what to say," she said. "Of course I must admit I did rather forget myself. It was at the last meeting of the progressive euchre club. Before you came everybody was criticising you for having solid gold prizes when they were at your house. They said it was vulgar ostentation. I didn't say anything for the longest time; but finally, when they all said your money had gone to your head and asked me, 'Hasn't it?' I admit I did mumble: 'It seems so.' But it is only what everybody else says all the time, and I assure you I didn't really mean it. Of course nobody can behave just the same after they are a millionaire as they did before. But I am awfully fond of you; and—and ——"

"It was most disloyal!" said Mrs. Budlong. "And to think that, after tearing me to pieces behind my back, you could come and call on me!"

It was a fine speech; but after she heard herself say it Mrs. Budlong had a sinking feeling that if she herself had never called on anybody she had criticised she would have stayed at home all her life. Myra Eppley took another line however. She threw herself on Mrs. Budlong's mercy—and if Mrs. Budlong boasted of one thing more than another it was her mercy.

"I have just been at the church," said Myra, "helping to decorate it for Christmas week; and I was hanging up a big motto, Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men!—and I think it ought to apply to women too. I grovel in apology and I pray you to forgive me. You can't refuse to forgive me when I ask you to, can you?"



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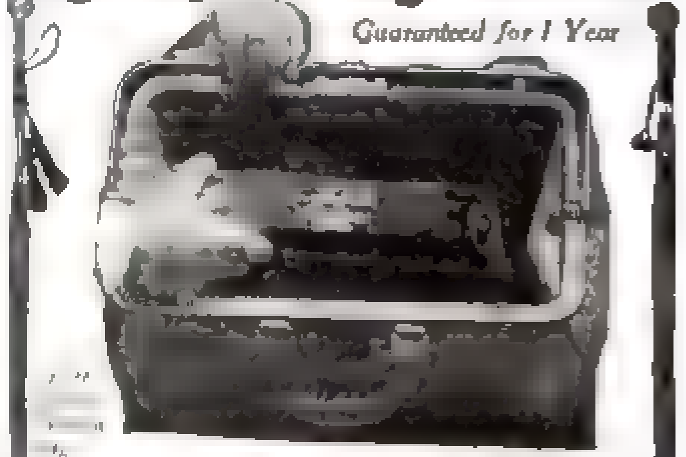

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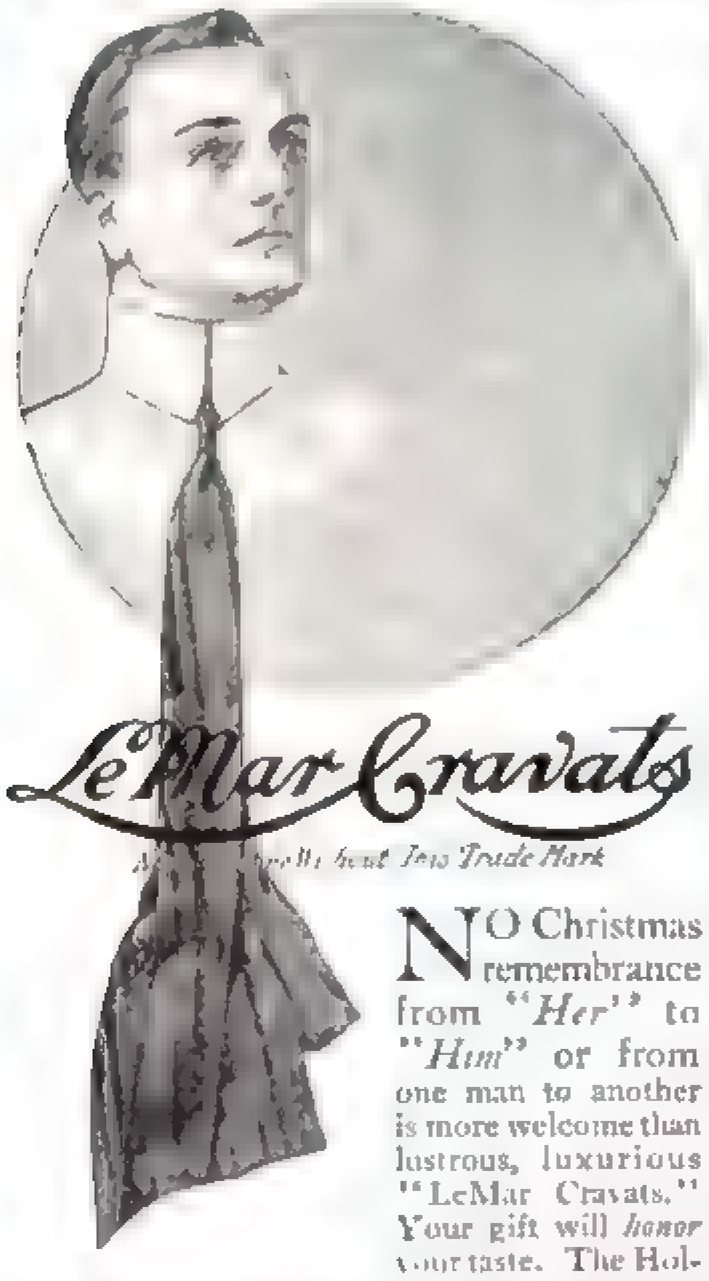

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Mrs. Budlong wanted to but could not, and the two women fell about each other's neck and exchanged tear for tear. As they were comfortably dabbing each other's tears from their cheeks and sniffing their own, and laughing cozily after the rain, Myra Eppley giggled and sobbed all at once:

"The idea of your thinking I didn't just love you—and me working my fingers off making a Christmas present for you!"

IX

IN THE Civil War there were over two thousand battles and the details could not be reported in a lifetime; but their result can be stated in a phrase. The same brevity must apply to Mrs. Budlong. Her numberless efforts at secession ended as a lost cause.

There was one more desperate struggle. While only a few days stood between her and her famous Christmas afternoon, she and her dour husband were having a bitter council of war. She had another attack of inspiration.

"I have it—the very thing! Why haven't we thought of it before? Quarantine!"

"Quarantine?" echoed Mr. Budlong as if the word were gibberish.

"Yes. If we had something contagious in the house, and a quarantine on, people couldn't come here with their odious gifts; and they would be so afraid to get any of ours that they'd be much obliged to us for not sending them."

For the first time in years Mr. Budlong paid Mrs. Budlong sincere homage.

"You're a genius! It takes a woman to squirm out of a difficulty after all."

He was so excited he actually kissed her—and he hadn't finished his evening pipe at that!

This overjoyed her so far that she fairly glowed.

"Oh, I'm so glad you approve, Ulie dear! And you'll help me, won't you?"

"You bet I will, ducky dove!"

"That's glorious! Now what will you pretend to have, yellow fever or smallpox, or ——"

"Which will I pretend to have? Do you mean to say that you expect me to go to bed with a fatal disease?"

"It doesn't have to be fatal, my love—just so long as it's contagious, you know."

"Well, of all the —— What's to happen to my business?"

"Why, you can call it a vacation. And you can pretend to get well after Christmas; or you can have the doctor say it wasn't yellow fever after all."

"But I stay in bed for several days—eh?"

"Oh, you can move round—just so's you keep away from the windows."

Mr. Budlong's admiration was reverting to its normal state. He growled:

"You women would be an awful joke if you were only a little funnier. If you're so keen on this quarantine business you quarantine yourself! You can have yellow fever, or scarlet, or green, or any color you like—robin's-egg-blue fever, for all I care!"

"But, my darling, I can't be having those things. You know I don't believe in them this year, since I became a—oh, it wouldn't do at all for me! But you could have it, because you believe in diseases."

"You bet I do—and I believe you've got softening of the brain!" He paced the floor in an effort to keep up with his temper. Eventually he stopped short. He remembered that his son had failed to help the family out in its distress, so he said:

"Let Ulie have something!"

Mrs. Budlong felt a certain superstitious uneasiness but was finally won over, and Ulie was unanimously elected the scapegoat—or, in more modern form, the goat.

Ulie was in bed at the time, sleeping like an innocent cherub and smiling in his sleep—he was dreaming of a great invention. He would set a figure-4 trap near his fireplace and snare Santa Claus by the foot. Then, from a safe ambush under the bed, he would assail the old gentleman with his nigger-shooter until he laid him low—whereupon he could rifle his entire pack at leisure and select what he wanted. Ulie had not been attending Sabbath-school in vain. The lesson of the week concerned David and Goliath.

From such dreams as these Ulie woke the next morning to be told that he need not leave his bed. He had scarlet fever and must keep close under his covers.

"Scarlet nothin'!" was Ulie's reply. "I got to go to a meetin' of the Youths' Helpin'-Hand Socirety this afternoon—and I'll be darned if I stay in any dog-on bed!"

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¶ Watch the children's faces Christmas morning when they behold the Cecilian for the first time. It will be a picture that you will cherish through all your life, for it is music that makes the spirit of Christmas what it is. Your children, young or old, could never receive a Christmas present that would more beautifully symbolize the Christmas spirit.

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They are wear-proofed at *every* wear-point—toe, heel, sole and ankle—with the most durable knit fabric known.

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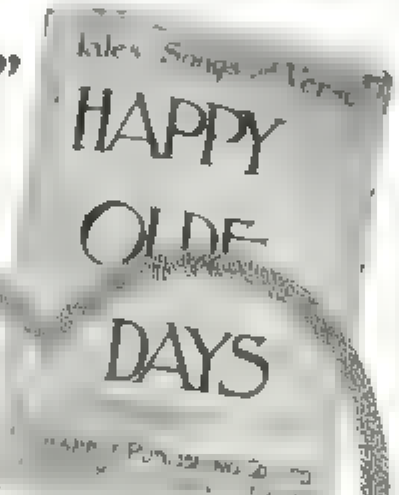

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Mr. Budlong finally persuaded him—Ulie wasn't dressed yet, and it hurts worse on the bare hide. Then Mr. Budlong hurried downtown to bribe a doctor and borrow a lurid placard of the Board of Health. He was just rounding the corner on the way home when he caught sight of Ulie descending from the window by means of a knotted sheet. Ulie had only a nightgown on—and it wasn't much on, owing to the heavy wind.

He dropped to the ground before Mr. Budlong could reach him, then darted away across lots, barefooted, through the snow, toward the Detwillers'. Mr. Budlong treed him just before he reached the neighbors'; but the boy would not come down until his father promised immunity both from punishment and from scarlet fever.

The Detwillers were arriving on the run; so the father gave his promise, hid the scarlet-fever propaganda in his inside pocket, wrapped Ulie in his own overcoat and carried him home.

The day before the Day Before Christmas found them in a panic. The Day Before found them grimly resolved to stand siege.

On the blessed Eve they sat by their cheerless fire-front and stared at the packages that had been pouring in all day long. The old postman had staggered under the final load and hinted so broadly for a Christmas present that he got one—the first breach in their solemn resolve. They had excepted Ulie, of course, from the embargo; but they had been in such a flurry that they had postponed him until they forgot him entirely.

The doorbell was rung so incessantly throughout the evening that the cook sat on the hall stairs to be handy. She piled the packages up on the piano until they spilled off. The piano lamp was gradually sinking beneath the encroaching tide. Presents were brought in wagons, carriages, buggies, carts, by coachmen, gardeners, cooks, maids, messenger boys, and children of all ages and dimensions.

On any other occasion Mrs. Budlong would have been running here and there, peeking into parcels and restraining her curiosity until the next day, out of sheer joy in curiosity. Now she opened never a bundle. She could only think of the morrow, when all of these donors found that reciprocity had gone down to defeat! The Budlongs avoided each other's eyes. They were thinking the same thing.

The strain endured until it tested their metal to the breaking point. When two enormous packages were brought to the door by the Detwillers' hired man Mrs. Budlong broke out hysterically:

"I just can't stand it!"

"Hell!" roared Mr. Budlong. "Get on your hat and coat, we'll go down and buy everything that's left in town!"

■

HOLIDAY bargains in Carthage were not brilliant. After being pawed over for several weeks they were depressing indeed. When the Budlongs strode into Strouther & Streckfuss' it was nearly ten o'clock at night. The sales-wretches, mostly pathetic spinsters of both sexes, were gaunt and jaded, and held on to the counters. Even Messrs. Strouther and Streckfuss had the nap worn off their plushy sleekness.

When the Budlongs made their irruption they were not received cordially. Word had gone abroad that the Budlongs were buying all their Christmas presents out of town. They must be, for they bought none in. This treachery to home industry was bitterly resented. Then Budlong galvanized everybody with a cry like a flash of lightning:

"I want to buy nearly all you got in the shop. Get busy!"

It was too late to select. Mr. and Mrs. Budlong, with their lengthy list in hand, sprinted up one aisle and down another, pointing, prodding, rarely pausing to ask, "How much?" but monotonously chanting: "Gimme this! Gimme that! Gimme two of these! Gimme six of them! Gimme that! Gimme this! Gimme them!"

They bought glaring garden jars and ghastly vases, and scarfpins that would disturb the peace, silly bisque figurines for mantels and what-nots, combs and brushes that would raise the hair on end instead of allaying it, oxidized-silverized leadpencils, buttonhooks, toothbrushes, nail files, cuticle knives, pincushions, inkstands, paperweights, picture frames, bits of lace and intimate white things with ribbons in them—Mr. Budlong turned away while Mrs. Budlong priced these.

The town clock was striking midnight as the Budlongs dragged themselves home. There was much yet to be done. Parcels must be opened, price tags removed, gifts done up in pink tissue paper and gold twine, cards must be inscribed and inserted, and the parcels rewrapped and addressed. The Strouther & Streckfuss driver had been hired at an exorbitant cost to sit up and deliver the gifts. The horses had not been consulted.

The Budlong parlor was soon a hideous scene. The husband would open a bundle and sing out:

"Who's this big, immense pink-and-purple cuspidor for?"

"That's a jardineer!" Mrs. Budlong would gasp. "It's a return for that horrible cat those odious Disneys are going to inflict on me. Here's the card."

She handed him a holly-wreathed pasteboard on which she had written: "For Mr. and Mrs. Disney, with most affectionate Yuletide greetings."

She indited cards as fast as she could think up phrases. She sought for variety, but the effort was maddening. She wrote: "Very merry Christmas." "The merriest of Xmases." "A merry, merry Yuletide." "A Happy Christmas and a Merry New Year." "Christmas Greetings." "Xmas Greetings." "Yuletide Greetings." "Wishing you a ——" "With loving wishes for ——" "Affectionate ——" And so on, and so on, and on and on. She scribbled and scrawled until slumber drugged her and her pen went crazy. When she fell asleep she was writing: "A Yuly Newmas and a Hapry X-Year to Swally Sezey!"

The delivery man pounded on the door and, wildeyed, Budlong let him in from the night. The man whispered that he'd have to start at once if he was to make the rounds before his horses laid down on him.

Mr. Budlong called his wife but she did not answer. He shook her and she proceeded to roll off the chair on to a divan. Mr. Budlong straightened her out and stared at her in hopeless pity. He stared at the chaos of bundles. He seized the pack of cards from his wife's chubby fingers and ran here and there jabbing pasteboards into bundles haphazard.

That is how Sally Swezey acquired an ashtray lined with cigar bands and why old Mr. Clute was amazed to receive a card offering him Mrs. Budlong's "loving and affectionate greetings!" He was more amazed when he opened the bundle. There were ribbons in it!

As fast as Mr. Budlong stuffed cards into bundles he loaded bundles into the driver's arms as if they were sticks of wood. The driver stacked them up in his wagon. He made seven trips in all, and some of the cards fell out and were stuck in still wronger bundles than before; but both the driver and Mr. Budlong were too sleepy to care. The driver finally mounted his seat and called out from the dark:

"Say, Mr. Budlong, where do I leave these packages—on the porch or do I ring the bell?"

"Chuck 'em through the windows! The more glass you break the better I'd like it!"

"All right, sir. Get ap! Good night, sir—and wishing you a Merry Christmas!"

"Merry ——" said Mr. Budlong, reaching for a rock; but even the stones were frozen to the ground and the driver escaped. As Mr. Budlong closed his front door a thread of crimson broke out in the east—as if the sky were about to have an attack of scarlet fever.

An hour or so later Ulie awoke and sat up with a start. To his intense confusion he bumped his little skull on the bottom of his bed. He was calling for help when he realized that he had fallen asleep in his ambush. He peered forth to see if he had snared Santa Claus.

The stockings were empty.

With a shriek of disappointed rage Ulie dashed into his parents' room to protest.

Their bed was empty.

He ran through the house, stumbled downstairs and into the back parlor. His father was snoring on a mattress of Yuletide parcels. His mother was curled up on a divan under the smoking piano lamp. Her hands were clutching strands of gold cord, and her hair was pillowed in pink tissue paper. She was burbling in her sleep.

Little Ulie bent down to hear what she was saying. He made out faintly:

"Mishing you a Werry Muschris and a Nappy Hoosier!"

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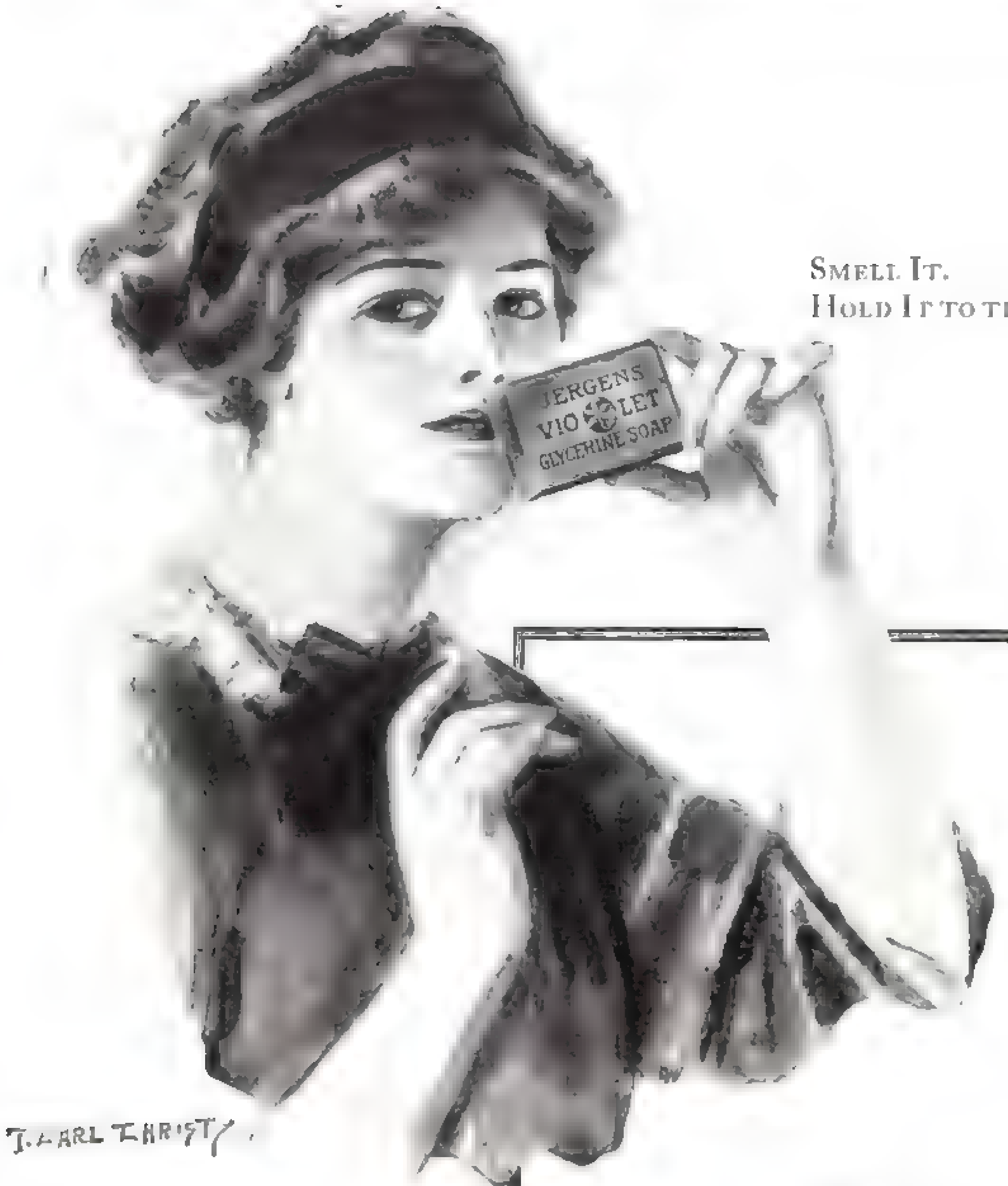
HOLD IT TO THE LIGHT.



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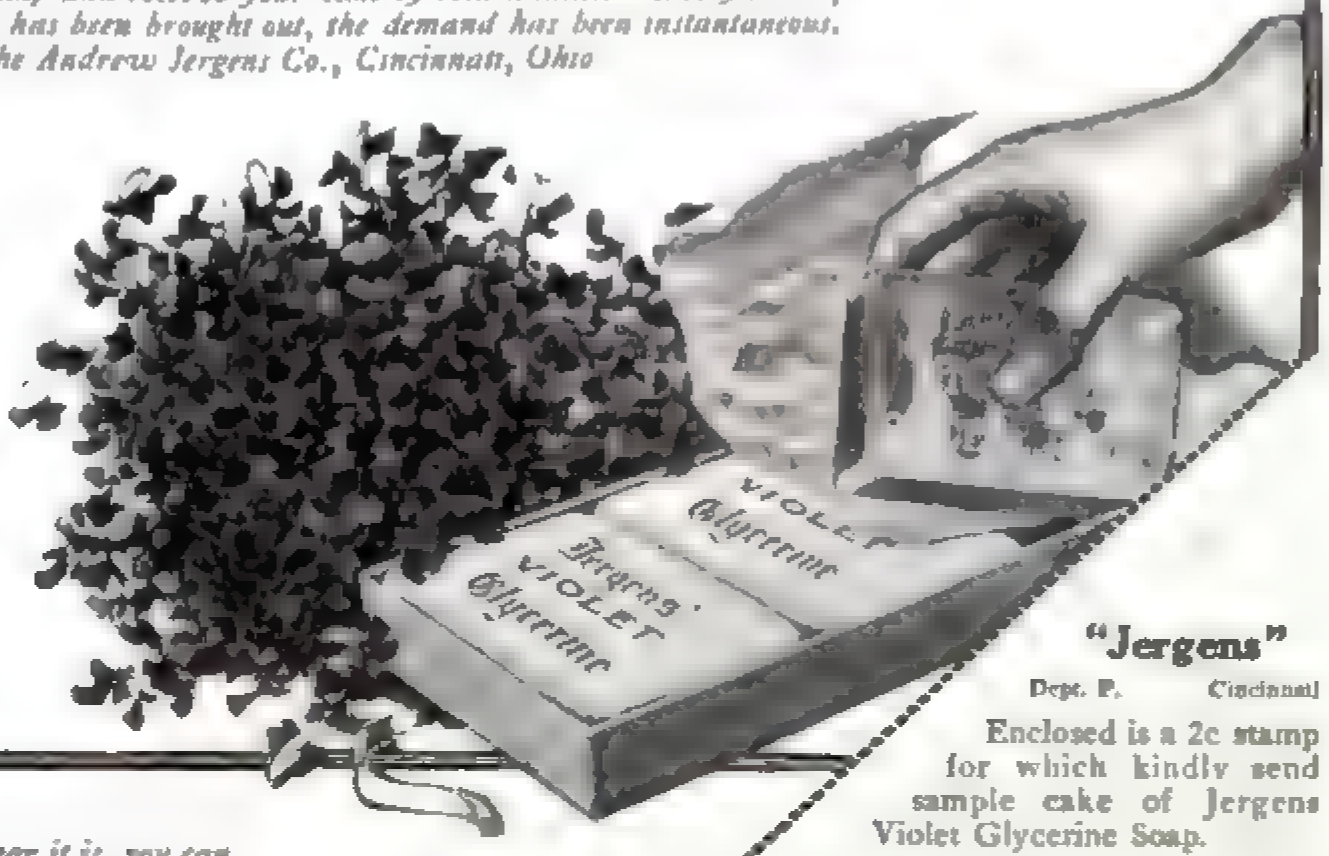

This shows how clear it is, you can see through it. 10c a cake—3 for 25c. For sale everywhere. Look for the name Jergens

Mail this coupon for sample cake, today

"Jergens"
Dept. P. Cincinnati

Enclosed is a 2c stamp for which kindly send sample cake of Jergens Violet Glycerine Soap.

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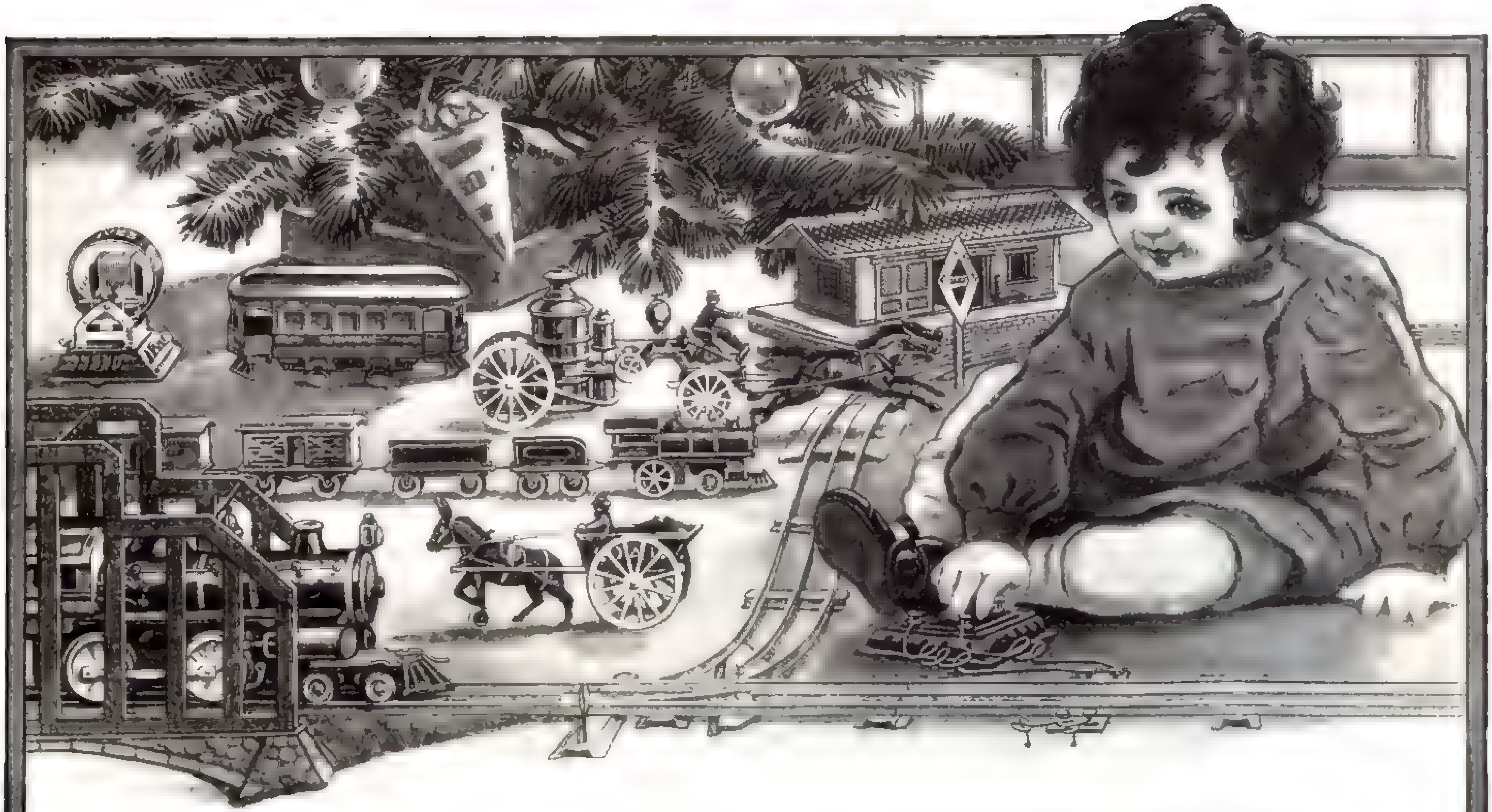
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, Dec 2



"Aren't these trains just dandy? They are the best gifts Santa Claus brought."

This is what seventy-five thousand happy boys said last Christmas. It is what *your* boy will tell you this Christmas when you give him an Ives Miniature Railway System.

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We are the oldest and largest manufacturers of miniature railways in the country. The quality and workmanship of every Ives Train are absolutely guaranteed. We replace any parts that may be broken because of defective construction

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(mechanical and electrical) cost, complete, from $1 to $25.

Engines are of iron. In the electrical, the third rail system is used. The mechanical engines are operated by clock work. Parts are interchangeable. Cars may be operated on either system—only the engine or trackage need be changed. Ives Railways are standard miniature gauge.

For the wee little chaps, there are trains to be drawn by string, fire brigades, trolley cars (both electrical and mechanical), coal carts, ice carts, trucks and cabs—from 50 cents up. Also battery motors and engines for the boy's miniature machine shop, from $1 up.

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DEALERS—We have an interesting and profitable proposition for every toy, department or hardware store not selling the Ives Miniature Railways. Get in touch with us promptly

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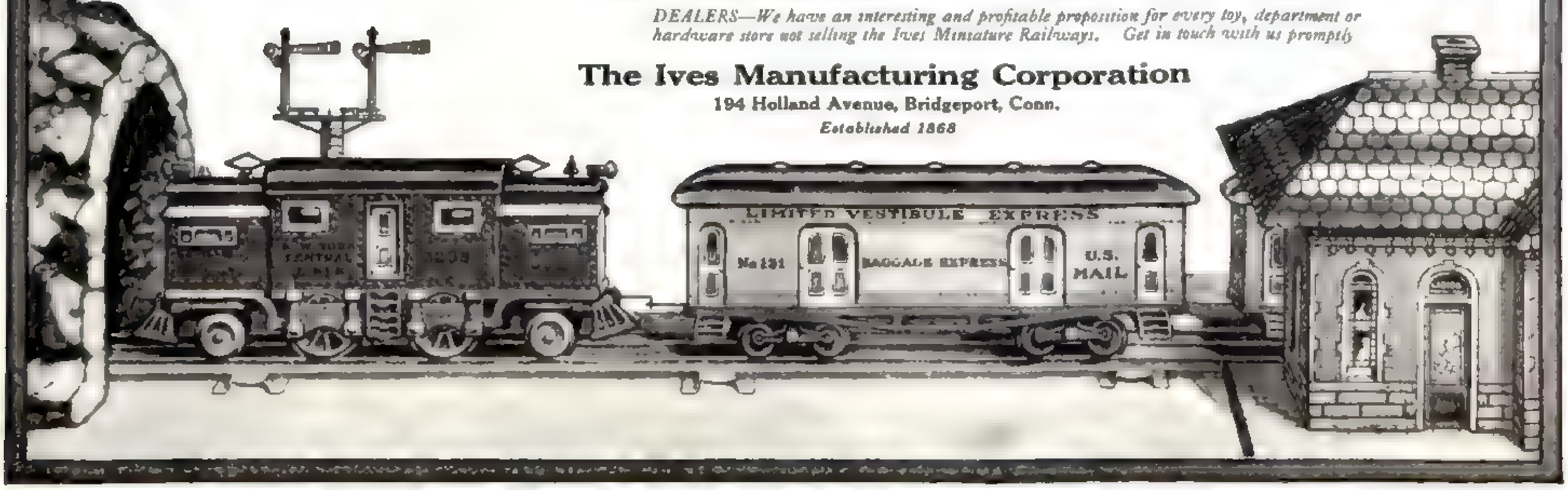
Established 1868



WHAT OF 1912?

(Continued from Page 15)

oppose his reëlection if they get another candidate for whom they can vote. Mr. Taft's Department of Justice casually indicted Charles F. Brooker, of Connecticut, a time ago in a Trust prosecution. Mr. Brooker is Republican national committeeman from Connecticut, member of the executive committee and one of the biggest Republicans in New England. That won't help much in Connecticut. Up in Maine, the Republicans who helped tip that state over to the Democracy are not yet back in line. They are still off the reservation. Moreover, Massachusetts is a very uncomfortable state for Republican candidates for office in these worrisome days. If the right kind of a Democrat is nominated Mr. Taft will have his severe troubles in carrying all of New England.

The Democratic situation becomes more complicated as soon as the traveler eastward strikes Illinois and Indiana. The Democratic organizations to the west are not much. These have been quite generally and emphatically Republican states, and there hasn't been much incentive for keeping the usual political machinery going. To the east the Democratic organizations are in fairly good shape and active.

Wisconsin's delegation to the Democratic convention will be ruled entirely by expediency. Woodrow Wilson is stronger there than any other Democrat; but the old-line Democrats, the men who ordinarily run things, are for Harmon, as it stands now, and this is true of the same class of men elsewhere in the country. Wilson has recently visited Wisconsin, where he made a good impression. If he sets about it he might get the delegates handily.

The Republican fight in Illinois isn't a marker to the Democratic fight. Mr. Hearst has stepped in and is trying to eliminate Roger Sullivan, the Democratic boss. It is Mr. Hearst's idea that Mr. Sullivan shall be dropped down the elevator shaft; and naturally Mr. Sullivan objects. Seven years ago Mr. Hearst secured the delegates from Illinois to the Democratic National Convention. Mr. Hearst desires to repeat that amazing performance. First, though, he must drive Sullivan from the Democratic national committee and from control of the state organization. So he is out after Mr. Sullivan, with his papers and his supporters; and Mr. Sullivan is fighting back from every known angle of defense. Mr. Hearst supported Carter Harrison in his fight for the mayoralty last spring, and Harrison won. That ties Mr. Harrison up to Mr. Hearst. Hence Mr. Harrison's coyness about coming out as a candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination. Various persons have urged Mr. Harrison so to do, but he has held off to date. Likely as not Mr. Hearst wants those Illinois delegates again for himself. Anyhow, if Hearst wins, the delegates, or most of them, will be for Hearst or for whomsoever Hearst declares; and if Sullivan wins the delegates will be for whomsoever Sullivan desires. Just at present Mr. Sullivan is saying nothing about Presidential candidates; but if he wins he will be found delivering in conjunction with his old colleagues. As things look now, Mr. Sullivan might be expected to be for Harmon, but all that will develop after he finishes his fight.

The Dark Horse in the Distance

Indiana is solidly and unanimously and proudly for Governor Thomas R. Marshall. Tom Taggart and Steve Fleming, and all the other leading Democrats, have united on this favorite son. Likewise they have done some prospecting in neighboring states, especially in Michigan, and have some guarded promises. Governor Marshall has been O. K.'d by Mr. Bryan as a satisfactory candidate. The Governor will appear at the convention in the guise of an acceptable and possible and prospective compromise. He will be held in the running as long as is necessary, and is more likely than any other to be named as Vice-President. The public argument in his favor is that, if Wilson and Harmon and Clark get into a deadlock, there must be a solution—and Marshall will be urged as the solution. The private reason for his candidacy is that Tom Taggart, being an astute politician, has a full realization of the possibilities of the situation and does not intend to be caught at the convention without a goodly supply of attractive trading stock in the way of delegates. Marshall, having the indorsement of Bryan and being safe and sane into the bargain, looks valuable to Taggart, and will be. However, Tom is heart and soul for Marshall. Tom will tell you so himself.

Various candidates are flirting with the Democratic managers in Michigan. The Marshall men claim to have assurances, and so do some others. Michigan is not ready to declare for anybody, and will be found as near to the winner as she can get with such advance information as is available. Wilson and Harmon are both well thought of by the people and each may get some of the delegates.

Ohio will be for Harmon, though Mr. Bryan has many friends in that state. Still, there will not be any great difficulty in securing the united delegation for the Governor, though some of the Democratic leaders do not like him. West Virginia will be for whomsoever is finally picked out as least objectionable to the big bosses. As that state stands now, Harmon and Clark are both stronger there than Wilson.

The Anti-Wilson Crowd

New York Democratic politics are in the hands of Charles F. Murphy, the leader of Tammany Hall. Murphy has blossomed into a state boss. He nominated Dix for governor, deposed Conners as state chairman and made Mack—national chairman and Conners' deadly enemy—state chairman, just to rub it in. Mr. Hearst is vigorously against Murphy, and so are most of the New York city newspapers, as well as some of the Democratic papers up the state; but Murphy has the machinery and he will control the delegation. Murphy understands the desirability of having trading stock on hand fully as well as Tom Taggart, and Murphy will bring his bunch of delegates to the convention pledged to Governor Dix. That deadlock might occur, you know, and Dix is safe and sane and also "murphied." Then, too, the gentlemen a mile or so toward the Battery from Tammany Hall's headquarters in Fourteenth Street are opposed to Wilson—and it is so easy to have a favorite son from New York. Governor Dix is the first Democratic governor of that state since 1895 and fully entitled to all favorite-son perquisites in the way of publicity, and so forth. Mr. Murphy will do the dealing himself, and garner the essentials. Also, Dix will help to make it more difficult. As the candidates increase the prospects of the leading contestants decrease.

Wilson will meet with his strongest opposition nearest his home. If the old Democratic leaders in New Jersey, headed by James Smith, Junior, can prevent his getting the delegation, or hold a part of it from him and force him to appear before the national convention as a candidate without the unanimous support of his own state, they will do just that. Wilson is not by any means sure of controlling the entire New Jersey delegation. In Pennsylvania there is a great deal of Wilson sentiment, but the Democratic machine in that state has usually acted as the Old Guard and the interests that control the Old Guard have desired; and it may be that the Democratic machine will continue so to act.

Opposition to Wilson in Big Business circles in New York is almost fanatical. As a starter they speak of him as an anarchist, and then go on up. Early in the game, when Wilson was president of Princeton, these New Yorkers looked on him as one of our most advanced and admirable educators. When Wilson got into politics that idea rapidly disappeared from among these gentlemen. As one of the mildest of them said the other day: "Of course Mr. Wilson may have changed his views. It may be he has another viewpoint now; but we are much disappointed and much grieved!" As the surest thing these gentlemen know is that Wilson has changed his views, this disappointment and grief are likely to continue. One manifestation will be the presentation of the name of Governor Dix to the convention by New York. That will be a fine job for Martin Littleton!

Since Governor Foss has won his reëlection he will grab the Massachusetts delegates and may get some others in New England. The other New England states,

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Another dessert confection, with an outer covering of rich chocolate.

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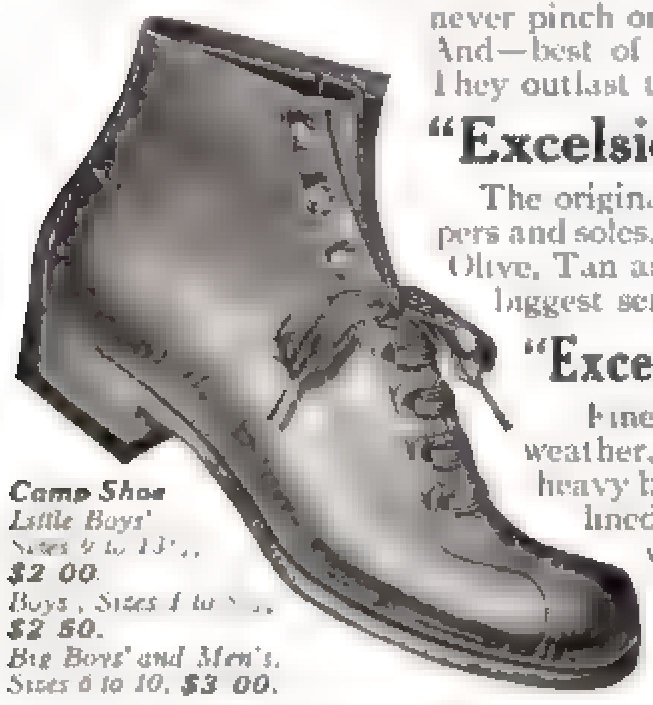
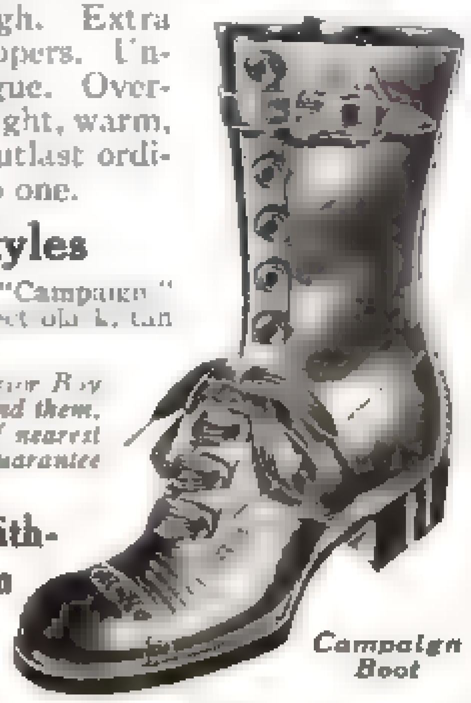

Boys Wild With Delight Over "Excelsior Boy Scouts"

Outdoor boys who love baseball, football, bicycling, etc., are simply crazy over these wonderful boys' shoes. Never was there a shoe like them before! Light weight, strong as iron, soft and close-fitting as a glove! Never get hard, never pinch or bind, perfect from the minute they go on! And—best of all—it is almost *impossible* to wear them out. They outlast two pairs of ordinary shoes.

"Excelsior Boy Scouts" Camp Shoe

The original Boy Scouts Shoe. Genuine elk leather uppers and soles. Reinforced soles—can't tear loose. Colors—Olive, Tan and Black. This is the shoe that created the biggest sensation ever known in boys' shoes.

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Finest of all boys' boots for winter and stormy weather. Full 8 inches high. Extra heavy black boarded calf uppers. Unlined. Full bellows tongue. Overweight out soles. Light, warm, fit like a glove, outlast ordinary boots two to one.

Camp Shoe
Little Boys' Sizes 9 to 13½, ***$2.00.***
Boys', Sizes 1 to 5½, ***$2.50.***
Big Boys' and Men's, Sizes 6 to 10, ***$3.00.***

Other Styles

"Excelsior Boy Scouts" Shoes are made in "Piker," "Parade," "Campaign," "Camp" and other styles. In bluchers, gun-cut, button, etc. Select black, tan and gun metal calf, and special elk leather.

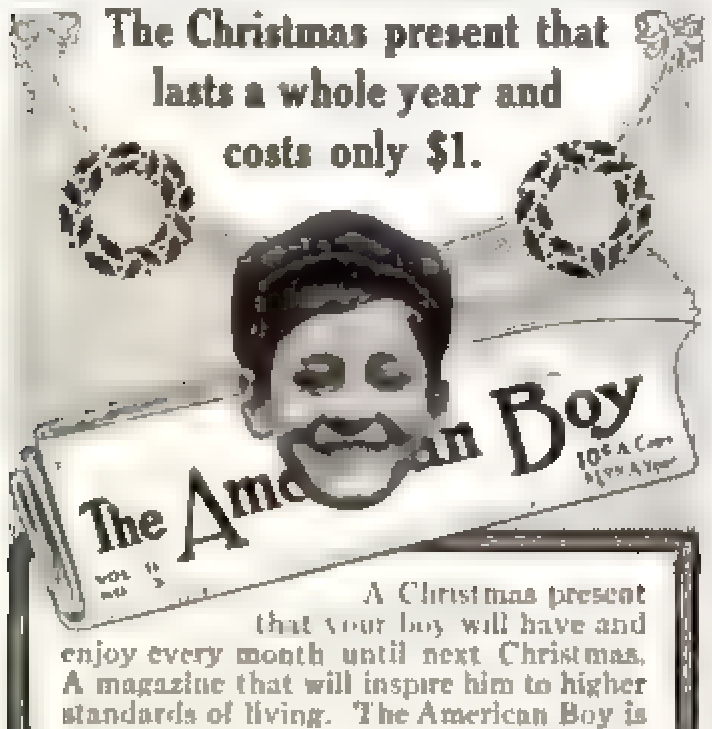
Buy From Your Dealer *Almost all dealers have "Excelsior Boy Scouts" Shoes. If you can't find them, write us for FREE booklet of styles and name of nearest dealer. Or we will ship order DIRECT and guarantee satisfaction or refund your money.*

No Boy Scouts Shoes Genuine Without Swastika "Good Luck" Charm

"Good Luck" Charm—illustrated in corner of this advertisement—is attached to all *genuine* Boy Scouts Shoes. Refuse shoes without charm attached. Looks like gold. Does not discolor. Splendid for prizes for boys' games, etc.
Call on Your Dealer—or Write Us TODAY!

Campaign Boot
Little Boys', Sizes 9 to 13½, ***$2.50***
Boys', Sizes 1 to 5½ ***3.50***
Big Boys' and Men's, 6 to 10, ***4.00***

THE EXCELSIOR SHOE CO., Dept. 20, Portsmouth, Ohio



The Christmas present that lasts a whole year and costs only $1.

A Christmas present that your boy will have and enjoy every month until next Christmas. A magazine that will inspire him to higher standards of living. The American Boy is supreme in the boys' realm—500,000 read it each month. It contains clean, manly stories, written by men who know the American youth—his aims and his susceptibilities. Ernest Thompson Seton, Chief Scout, contributes a page each issue for

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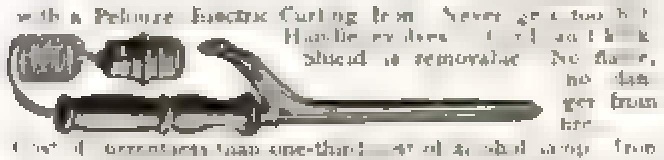

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Has Heat Control At Finger Tip

No need to reach up to the chandelier switch nor to disconnect the cord at iron. Heats quickly—about half usual time. Has hot point and edges—uses surprisingly little current. 4 or 6½ lb. size $5. If your dealer hasn't it, order direct.

You Can't Burn Your Hair

with a Pelouze Electric Curling Iron. Never gets too hot. Handle [illegible] Shield is removable. No flame, no danger from [illegible]. Costs [illegible] than one-third cost of alcohol lamp. Always bright and clean. Complete with nickel plated [illegible] $1.50. For sale by all leading dealers. Send for booklet.

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Pelouze "Quality" Scales

The new Pelouze Slanting Dial Family Scale is invaluable in the home. Capacity 24 pounds by ounces—made of steel. Double upright supports insure accuracy—a great advantage. Remember the name "Pelouze" and look for the "double posts."

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Suitable gift for man's or woman's desk. Capacity 1 pound by ounces. Finished in brush brass or bronze. Gives amount of postage in cents. Accuracy guaranteed. 14 styles for office and home. For sale by all leading dealers. Send for booklet.

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where the Democratic organizations are mere shells and where the Democrats are not numerous, are likely to be controlled by the Old Guard. This will mean whatever the rest of the Old Guard throughout the country wants it to mean.

Wilson is strong in Massachusetts among the people, but not with the leaders. It is so elsewhere. If there were to be primaries in New England Wilson would get the bulk of the delegates; but as the bulk of the delegates will be selected by the conventions, and before that by the bosses, Wilson's chances are not so bright in New England as they might be, though neither Harmon nor any other has a clamp on any delegation as yet.

Fully alive to the fact that almost anything may come out of the Democratic situation, the Democrats of Connecticut are talking of sending their delegates for Governor Simeon E. Baldwin, who is a Democrat of the old school and as conservative as could be wished.

The Governor has also been mentioned as a Vice-Presidential possibility. He is willing to appear before the convention in either capacity. The Governor is seventy-one years old now and will be seventy-two before convention-time, but that shouldn't stand in his way, for he can be very useful in making things more difficult for the leading candidates.

There is much inquiry about Champ Clark in all this section east of the Mississippi. No state has gone so far as to declare for him or make ready to declare; but the people are asking about him and wondering what sort of a candidate he would make. Clark has difficulties at home that he must compose, as will be shown in the third article in this series. If he gets those difficulties ironed out he might be able to gather a good many delegates here and there. Mr. Hearst is very friendly to Clark's candidacy. Mr. Hearst has declared himself back into the Democratic party; and, though he has not yet made any open move to secure delegates for himself from New York, he may get out and try it. Anyhow, he can help Clark a lot if he decides not to work for himself. Just what he will do is one of the mysteries of the situation.

Summing it up, so far as this section of the country is concerned, Mr. Taft has much the better of it in a nomination sense over La Follette—and much the worst of it, in an election sense, over the right sort of Democrat. Mr. Taft is no stronger in this section than he is in the West. If he is nominated the chances are he will lose Wisconsin and Illinois and Indiana. He will have no small task to carry Ohio; though, if Wilson is nominated against him, he will be in better case in New York than otherwise. There is no certainty that he will carry Massachusetts or Maine. The other states in the group are likely to be his, unless the revolt is greater than now appears, though Wilson ought to carry New Jersey if he is nominated. In short, that miracle the Old Guard Republicans are waiting for—that change next year is to bring forth—must hurry along if Mr. Taft is not to lose a good many of the electoral votes of this section.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of three articles by Samuel G. Blythe. The third will appear in an early issue.

His First and Last

HERBERT COREY, the writer, tells a story of an amateur pugilist in a small town out in Ohio who accepted the invitation of a visiting professional to meet all comers.

The local prodigy mounted the stage, climbed through the ropes and gave his name to the announcer. As the announcer was introducing him the amateur tugged at his sleeve and whispered something in his ear.

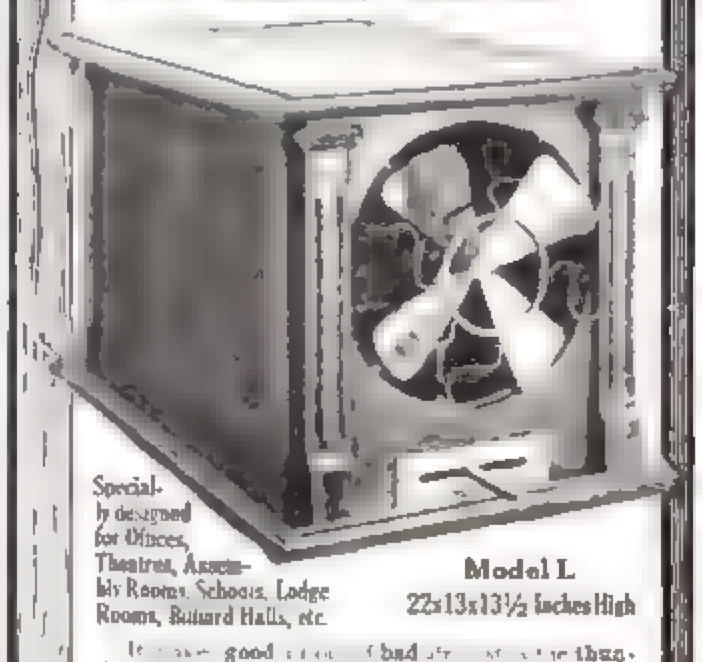
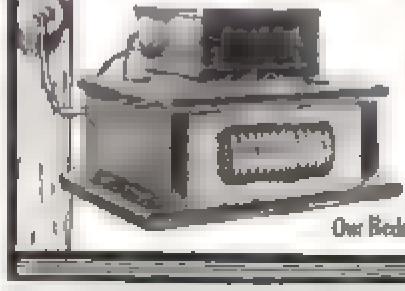
"Kid Binks desires me to state," said the announcer, "that this is his first appearance in any ring."

He stepped back and the two men squared off. The professional ducked a wild swing, led with his right and knocked the amateur down with such violence that he fairly spattered when he hit the floor.

The master of ceremonies stood over the fallen one, counting him out. At eight the dazed youth got upon his knees. At nine he spoke in a husky whisper to the announcer.

The announcer raised his hand for silence.

"Kid Binks also desires me to state," he said, "that this is his last appearance in any ring."

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This apparatus generates OZONE—diffusing [illegible] abundance [illegible] bad odors [illegible] bacteria [illegible] pure, refreshing and invigorating [illegible] ventilation [illegible] Operates silently constantly [illegible] hardly a cent an hour

Specially designed for Offices, Theatres, Assembly Rooms, Schools, Lodge Rooms, Billiard Halls, etc.

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Electricity Creates OZONE
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The OZONE PURE AIRIFIER attaches to an ordinary light socket [illegible] no attention [illegible] on [illegible] off [illegible] pressing a button. [illegible] and in private homes, [illegible] etc.

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and card case combined. Unusually thin and exceedingly light. Made of genuine seal leather, dull finish, [illegible] highest class material and [illegible] Absolutely guaranteed. Money refunded if not satisfactory. If your dealer [illegible] supply you we will send direct on receipt of price, $[illegible], [illegible] morocco, $1.00. Black only. [illegible] Masterpiece Men's Pocket Books—a wide range of prices [illegible] $4 [illegible] but "Every piece a Masterpiece."
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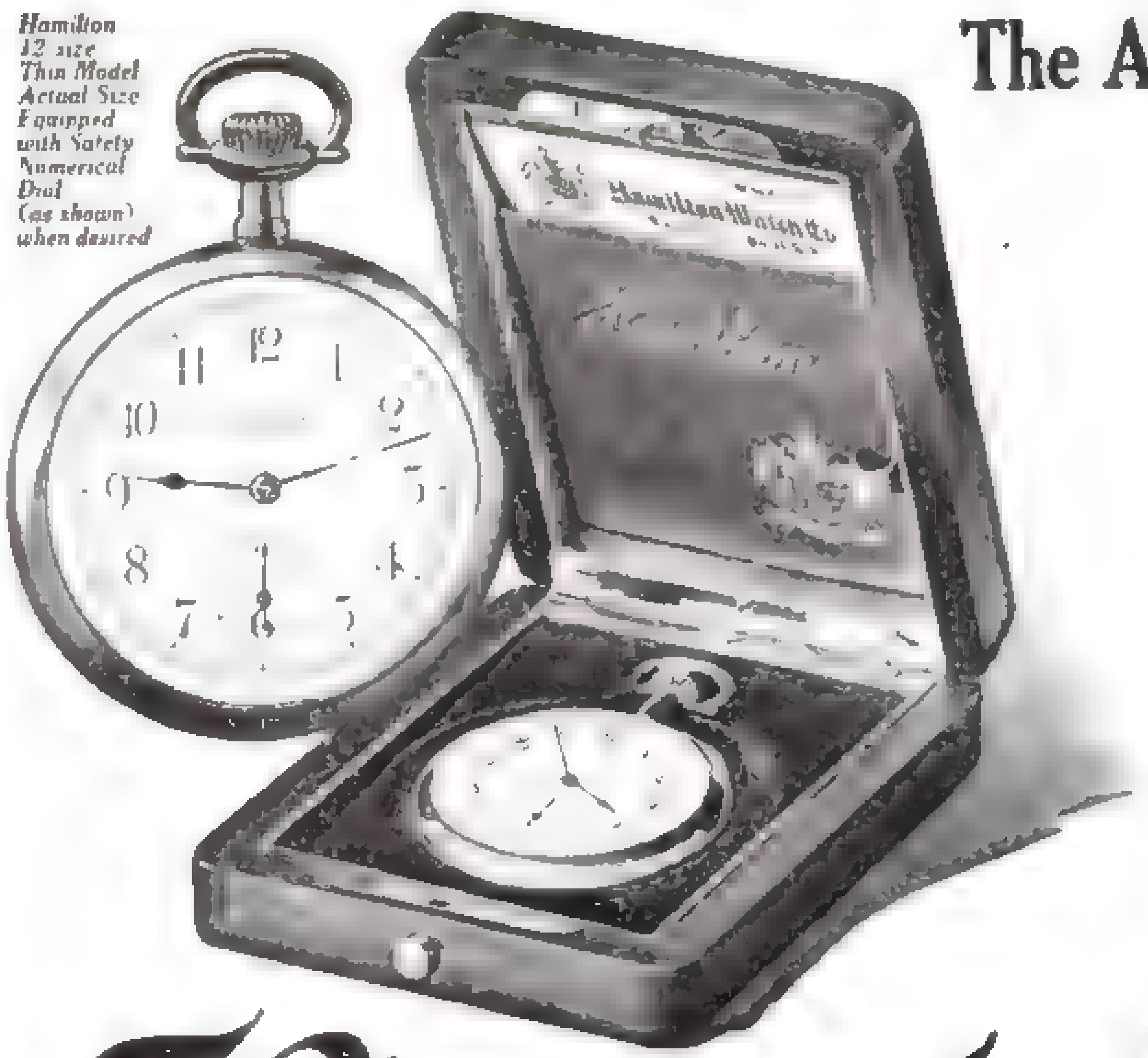

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Thin Model
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Equipped
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Numerical
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Hamilton Watch Co.

The Accurate Watch—A True Christmas Gift

OVER one-half (almost 56%) of the watches carried by Conductors, Engineers, Firemen and Trainmen on American Railroads where official time inspection is maintained are Hamilton Timekeepers.

If you really want a reliable watch, you can not go wrong in following the choice made by men with whom correct time is a matter of life and death.

The Hamilton Watch

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The Hamilton 12-size shown here, the thinnest 12-size 19 or 23 jewel watch made in America, is pronounced by experts and jewelers "the most accurate and beautiful thin model watch purchasable."

Ask your jeweler what he knows about Hamilton Watches

Made in all standard watch sizes from the "Lady Hamilton," a precise watch for ladies, to the 18-size, so highly favored and widely used by railroad men. Prices of Hamilton Watches vary according to size, movement and casing from $38.50 to $125.00.

Your jeweler can supply a Hamilton movement for your present watch case if you desire.

Write for "The Timekeeper"

Further information about Hamilton watches has been set forth in a handsomely illustrated booklet called "The Timekeeper." This booklet was written to interest and instruct those who are thinking of buying a watch. We invite those interested in the purchase of a watch to send for it.

One detail of railroad service which escapes the observation of the public is the official watch inspection. Every engineer and conductor is obliged to have a watch of a standard grade and every two weeks present it to the railroad company's watch inspector for examination. Any watch which varies more than a few seconds per week is liable to be taken out of service for readjustment, as a variation of less than one minute may make all the difference between a safe run and a disaster.

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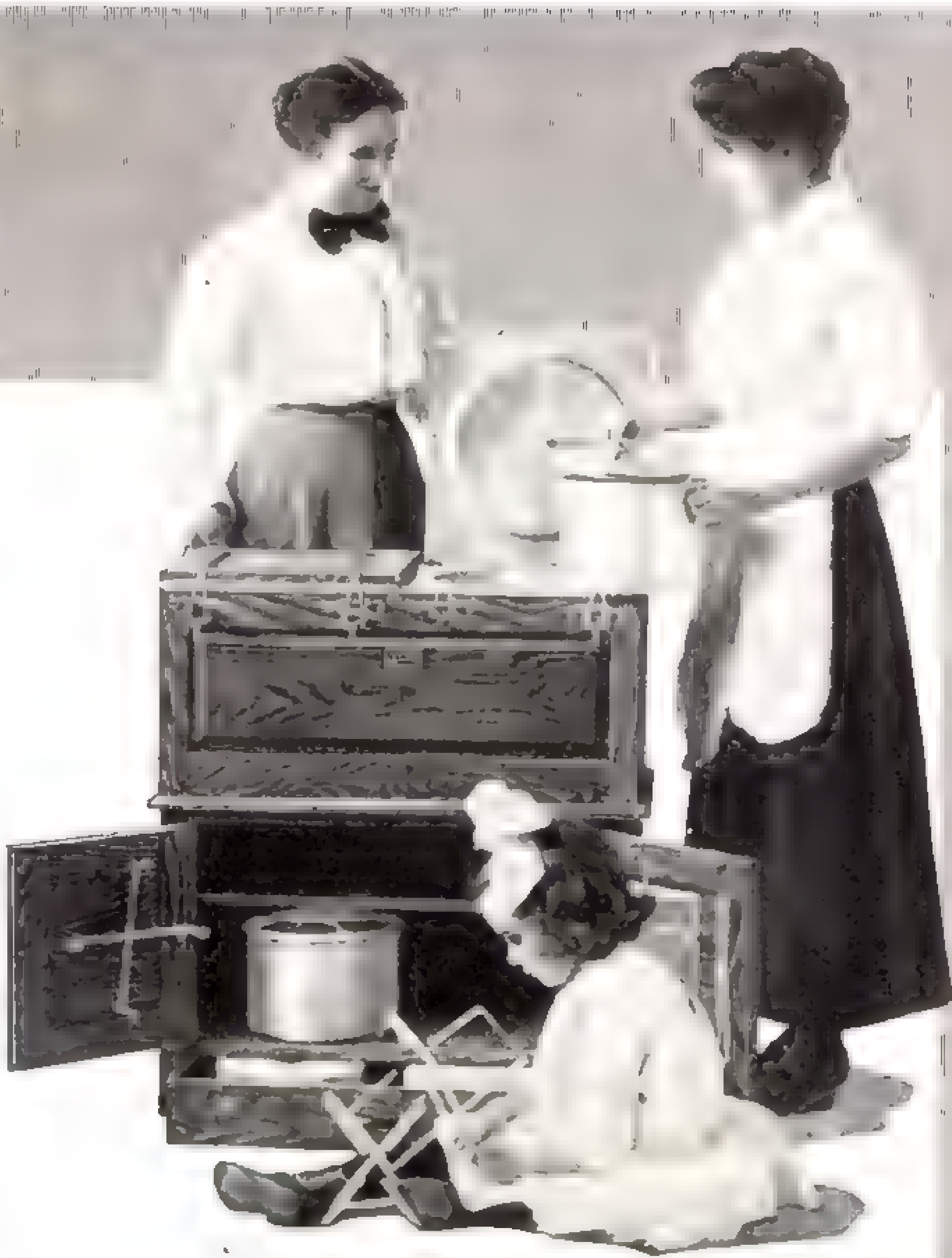
Engineer C. S. Conklin, whose photograph is shown here, and Conductor C. Smith, of the "Red Hummer," the famous Chicago and Alton limited train from Chicago to Kansas City, have both carried Hamilton Watches for several years.

The Caloric



For an Ideal Christmas Gift

—Something that prolongs the Christmas joy of the entire family all the year round, lessens the labor of the good woman to whom it is given, adds to her skill and pleasure in preparing wholesome, savory meals, and affords her the exquisite delight of setting before the entire family, every day, cooking which evokes their highest praise—

A Caloric Fireless Cookstove

Combines Christmas Sentiment with a World of Practical Helpfulness.

In a home where satisfactory help is a problem the Caloric is the solution. It makes the meat tender and juicy in spite of the cook, and food cannot be overdone by forgetfulness.

In homes where economy is a consideration, the Caloric is a necessity which it would be the height of folly to ignore.

You could warm a house with the door open, but how much cheaper with it shut! The Caloric applies the same principle to cooking food.

After heating your radiators a few moments, place your food in the Caloric. No more fuel is required, no watching—no odor penetrates the house, and the food is given a richer and sweeter flavor than it ever had before.

The first economy is in saving fuel; the second, in saving labor; the third, in making it possible to get the finer flavors from cheaper meats and vegetables.

Do not blame the Caloric for what other cookers fail to do. The Genuine Caloric does more than any substitute. The perfected models we are now selling will bake and roast, steam, stew or boil.

For baking, we have our own patented invention—the automatic steam valve in the top—which gives dry heat in the baking baskets and prevents pie crust and biscuit from becoming soggy.

The Caloric is equipped with the best racks, tongs, steatite radiators and solid aluminum utensils. It is sold with, or without, the utensil storage cabinet shown in the illustration.

Over 3,000 dealers and many thousands of users will agree that the Caloric is incomparably well built; the best known, the handsomest and most efficient fireless stove made today.

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THE CALORIC CO., Dep't F, JANESVILLE WIS.

An Old Woman and a New One In the Old World

(Continued from Page 21)

of ideal women with his famous three K's—*Kinderstube, Küche, Kirche.* But the trouble about these is that they cannot apply to the unmarried women who have neither nurseries nor kitchens.

The public opinion of the Empire is so emphatically masculine as to be anti-feminine. In fact, whenever women's rights have been mentioned in the German Parliament the subject has been received with boisterous laughter. But in spite of this the Woman's Movement is older in Germany than it is in either America or England—that is, in its active stage. It is divided into three distinct parties: the Socialistic Democrats, the Liberal Radicals and the Liberals. The Socialistic Democrats are said to have about one hundred and thirty thousand women in their ranks, while the Liberal Radicals claim two hundred thousand. The Liberals have a much smaller number, but they are most popular with those men who consider the matter at all. This is because the Liberals are comparatively indifferent to suffrage, but are interested more particularly in getting the professions, such as medicine and law, opened to women and in creating a public sentiment that will insure to women the same wages for the same work. The Socialistic Democrats are iconoclastic, holding the usual communistic ideas in regard to property peculiar to socialists everywhere. They have the advantage of belonging to a party already strong by the number of men in it. Or it may be a disadvantage, for it is whispered that their male comrades view them with some jealousy and anxiety along competitive lines and do all they can to keep them in the background. They have not yet outgrown the female orator stage so accentuated in San Francisco and Chicago a few years ago.

Although the Liberal Radicals claim two hundred thousand members, their party is commonly referred to in Germany as being so small, so capable, so broad-minded as to be like a set of well-equipped officers without an army. It is made up very largely of teachers, either in colleges or in schools. The women in it differ from those of the Socialistic Democratic party in that they are not communistic. They desire to maintain society and the government in its present form. They stress suffrage as much as the Liberals ignore it. Frau Cauer is at the head of this party in the Kingdom of Prussia and the editor of Die Frauenbewegung, the only woman's paper we saw in Germany. She is over seventy years of age. Peggy and I met her one afternoon in her home. She was surrounded by bowls of flowers in a drawing room that was a pattern of neatness and a patchwork of brilliant colors. She was a dim little gray-haired woman with immortal eyes, wearing a silver poplin gown and a small black lace mantilla thrown over her head with the ends pinned round her neck like a collar.

"I do not know," she said in her sad, patient voice, "whether women will ever vote in Germany or not. And if the movement succeeds I do not know if it will make them any better than they are now or if they will make politics any cleaner than men do. I doubt it."

"Then what do you hope to accomplish with all your efforts?" inquired Peggy.

"Their liberation, for better or for worse," she replied, with the look of an ancient sleeping prophetess.

"Already," she went on after a pause, "we think the young men are beginning to treat the young women with more respect. What we are doing is called the Woman's Movement, but it is a movement as much for bettering the lives of men as it is for ameliorating the conditions of women. Men will never respect women enough until they value themselves more highly."

Peggy was impressed. But I reflected how much more truth there was in Frau Cauer's point of view than if she had been an American. In order to appreciate how much more our men respect their women than any other men in the world, it is necessary to make a journey through this older world, where the ideas of men appear to have advanced farther along every other line than along that of better comprehension of the worth and dignity and sacredness of women. It is queer, when you think about it, that a nation like Germany, distinguished for its wise men, has not yet produced one with sense enough to understand that when machinery and commerce and electricity have so changed the nature of every civilization they naturally compel a change in the lives of women as well as of men. Fifty years ago in Germany the men were more closely associated with their wives in the struggle for existence. The husband was a peasant or an artisan. His wife worked with him in the fields. He worked with her in the house. They kept their shop together if they lived in the town or city. But the increase of commercial opportunities has taken the man away from his home downtown to his factory or office. He has left his wife and gone out into the world to broader associations and more engrossing occupations. On the other hand, increased wealth, machinery and all the patented devices of modern times have deprived her of nearly all the old occupations that kept her peacefully domesticated in the house with no interests beyond it. You do not weave the cloth for your frocks when you can buy them for a song. You do not spend your time embroidering your shirtwaists when they are to be had in a better style ready-made. It is idiotic to spend your time making calf's-foot jelly and plum marmalade when these may be purchased at less expense than the sugar and fruit will cost you. I do not say that she is left alone with nothing to do, but she is left too much alone. She has lost her taste for scrubbing and dusting. One cannot blame her, since it seems that men have also lost their taste for making a plow-stock when they can buy a better one already made. What the women want is a vacuum cleaner and more liberty of life and action side by side with the men. This, I reckon, is the real beginning of the Woman's Movement everywhere. She is the same dear Eve really, following Adam into his new world. I say it is absurd that men who have accepted all these changes in civilization for themselves are not willing that women should change their own lives according to the same changed conditions.

But if European men are obtuse about it the Americans are only less so. A year or so ago a bill was introduced before the Tennessee Legislature which provided that women should be permitted to hold the office of justice of the peace, and it was about to be voted upon favorably when a little lawyer who happened to be the representative from one of the gourd-neck districts arose. In a voice trembling with emotion he cried out in alarm at the very idea of even considering a measure that would detract so much from the sweet charm of Tennessee femininity. Maybe it would, but any one who has made a study of some of the men who hold this little office of justice of the peace knows that any woman could improve upon the way many of the men administer it. And after all, which is worth more to society, that "sweet charm of femininity" or an occasional intelligent woman who would know how to sweep clean in an official capacity?

An incident like that makes me feel as warmly in favor of woman's suffrage as Peggy does, but I am too old to keep up the new kind of belligerent animation. The night after our visit to Frau Cauer we went to the Royal Opera House to hear Hempel in La Traviata, and I felt myself slipping peacefully back into the old order of things at the pleasant aspect of domesticity the audience showed. The Germans are the only people with enough musical sense all round to look blissfully comfortable and at home at a grand opera. And no one who has not seen them can imagine the soothing effect of an immense hall full of soft-looking fat women not too fashionably dressed, seated peacefully by their equally enlarged mankind. Apparently nobody thought of the absurdity of Violetta's dying of an emaciating disease in the last scene when she still must have measured thirty inches round the waist! Peggy detected a broad smile on my face, and as soon as the curtain fell she exclaimed:

"What in the world made you smile while Violetta was dying?"

"I was thinking, my dear, of all these plump, short-waisted women, and of the fact that there is scarcely a shop in Berlin

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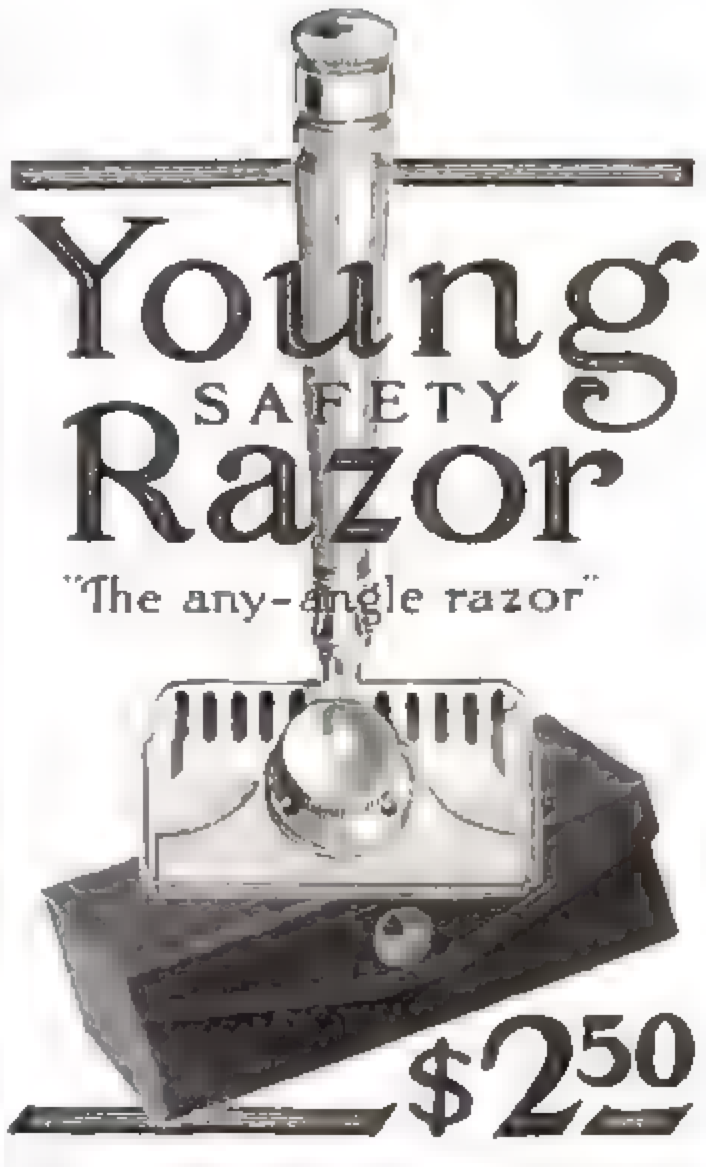
that does not display for sale long, slim-waisted corsets. I was wondering who buys them."

But there you have it—always the ideal we strive for is the one we naturally cannot attain. I suppose if any Berlin merchant dared to display comfortable, wide, short-bodied corsets he would lose many of his best customers.

A day or two before we left Berlin we had the honor of meeting Fräulein Doktor Alice Solomon. If you can imagine the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor wearing a pink cashmere frock, with a white lace fichu, you receive an impression of the appearance of this torchbearer of the Liberalist wing of the Woman's Movement in Germany. I am a large woman myself and have never been accounted a fool, but I felt small and mentally emaciated in her presence and Peggy looked like a gnat's heel. Even though she moved about the room I never recovered from the notion that she was really a statue, hereafter to be placed on the Siegler Allee, that thoroughfare of historical statuary in Berlin that is the pride of the Kaiser and the mortification of so many of his subjects. Some men and a few women are made for the outside, not the inside. They are examples of humanity in the monument style, and they are forever out of drawing beside the family hearth or the family cradle. They are too big for domesticity and they overawe the pleasant chirruping of a home. Fräulein Doktor Alice Solomon belongs to this class. She could lead a movement with more ease than she could cook a dinner. The thing I could not understand was the pink frock. Somehow one does not associate pink with one's ideas of women's rights. But I could see why she is probably the most popular of all the women leaders in Germany with the men. She was femininity made august, but still feminine. Men admire a woman who appeals to their imagination more than they do one with a homely face who appeals merely to their reason. And if I am not mistaken the things for which Alice Solomon stands will be the first to succeed in Germany, not only because she does not ask for suffrage but merely that women may enter the professions and receive better wages, and because she knows how not to antagonize men.

It is not for a half-hearted alien like me to champion a great cause, but this is a serious circumstance and significant, that in America, England and Germany this idea of woman's rights had its birth about the same time somewhere in the sixties. There was not then as now the intimate relation between nations established by telegraph and newspapers. They were far removed from each other, but almost in the same year Mrs. Foster in England, Susan B. Anthony in America, and Louise Otto Paters and Augusta Schmidt in Germany all began to agitate this question. No serious attention was given them, but they died in the faith of it. This is something to think about. In every nation, in every age, whatever class has risen to claim its rights from a stronger class has risen with arms in its hands. The bloodiest battles mentioned in history have been in those wars where one class fought another for liberty. But now we behold a phenomenon. The women of the whole civilized world have suddenly begun to step from their quiet doorways into the streets. They are marching in great processions, meeting in councils, preaching as if they led a missionary movement. And the whole may be summed up in a prayer for their rights, the same rights that other intelligent beings have—merely a prayer; no threats, no arms possible for them. The question is, Will they succeed? That is, are men as yet sufficiently civilized and human to do justice without being forced at the point of the bayonet? Certainly at no earlier time in the world's history could women have dared hope for such a thing.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Corra Harris. The fourth will appear in an early issue.



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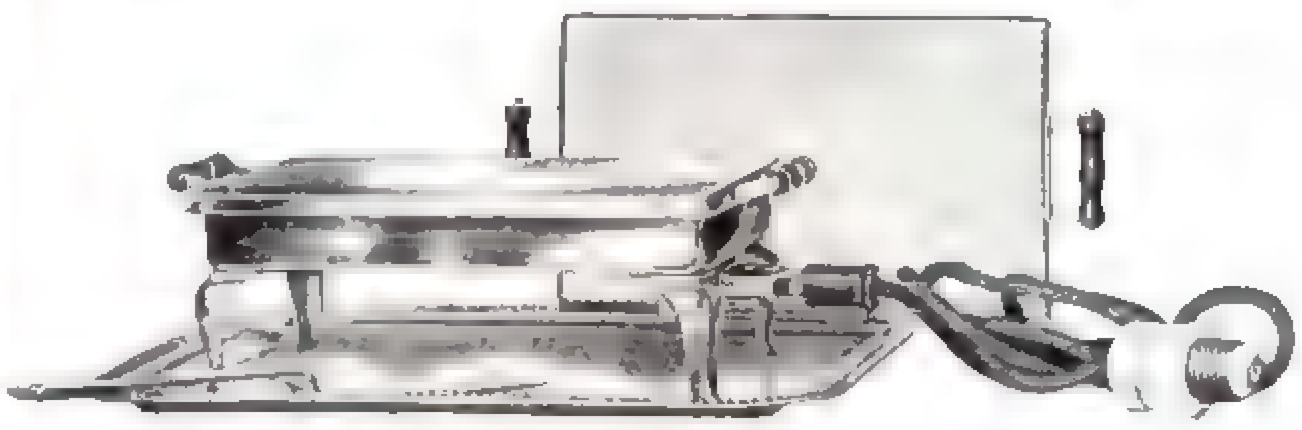

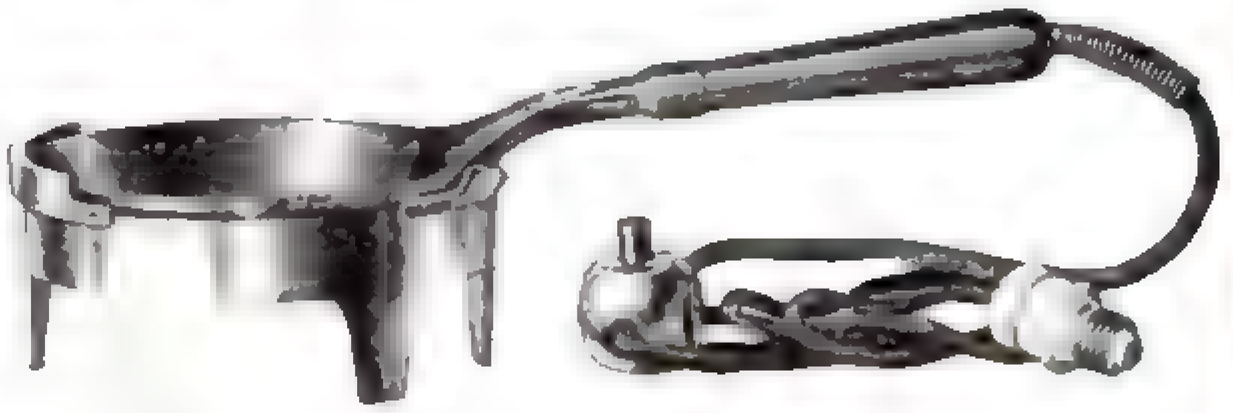

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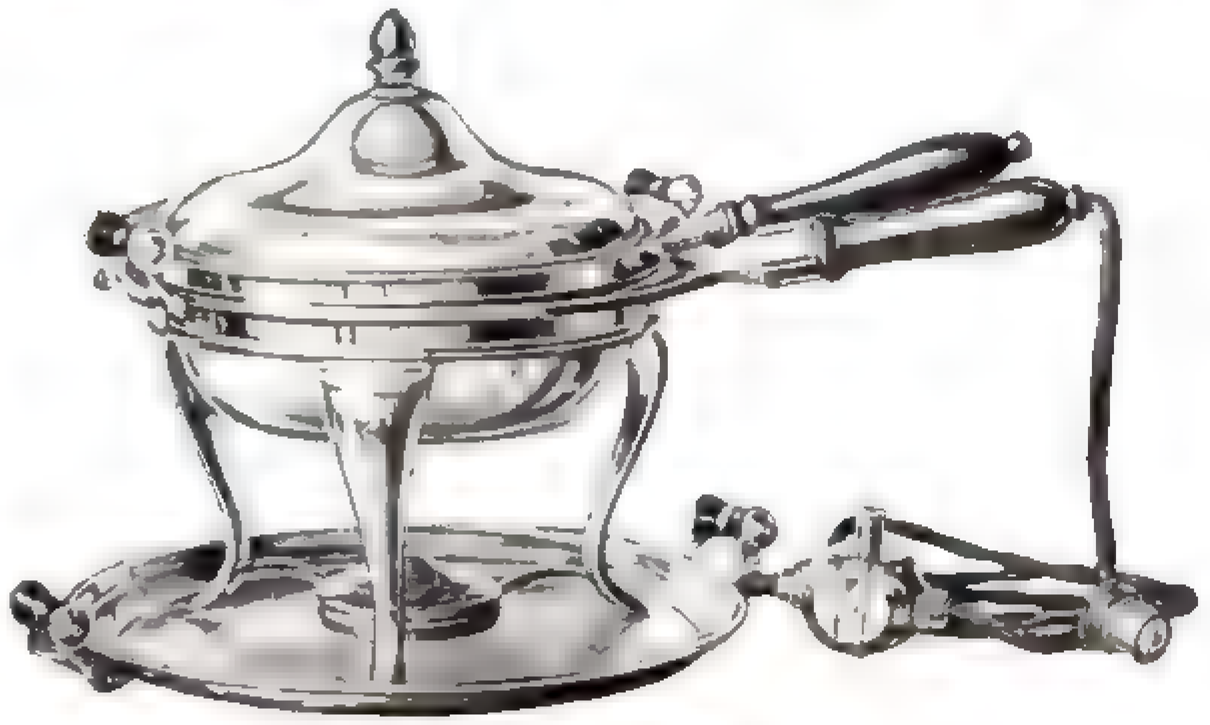

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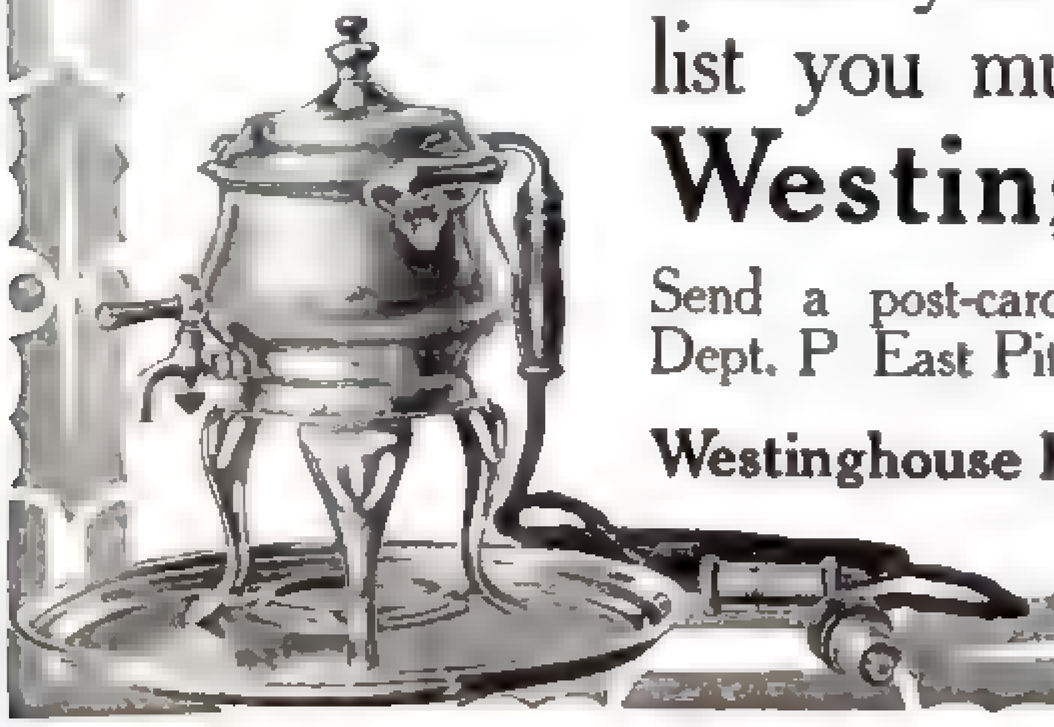

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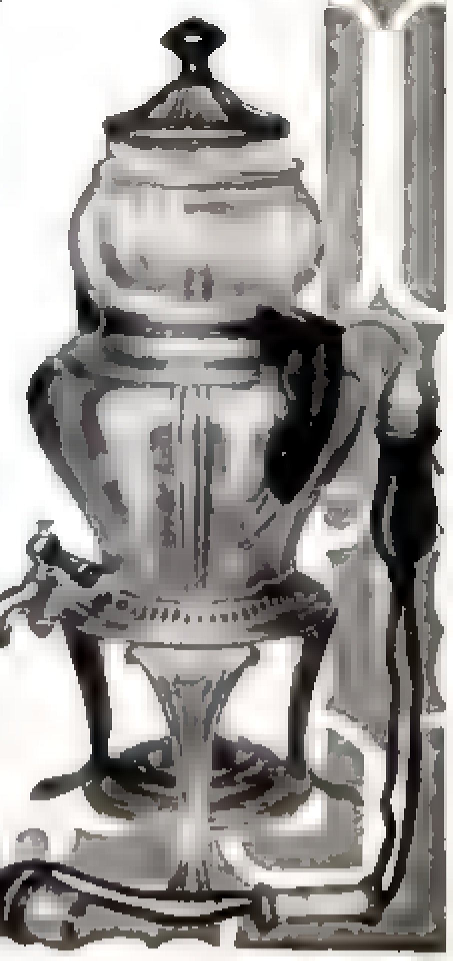

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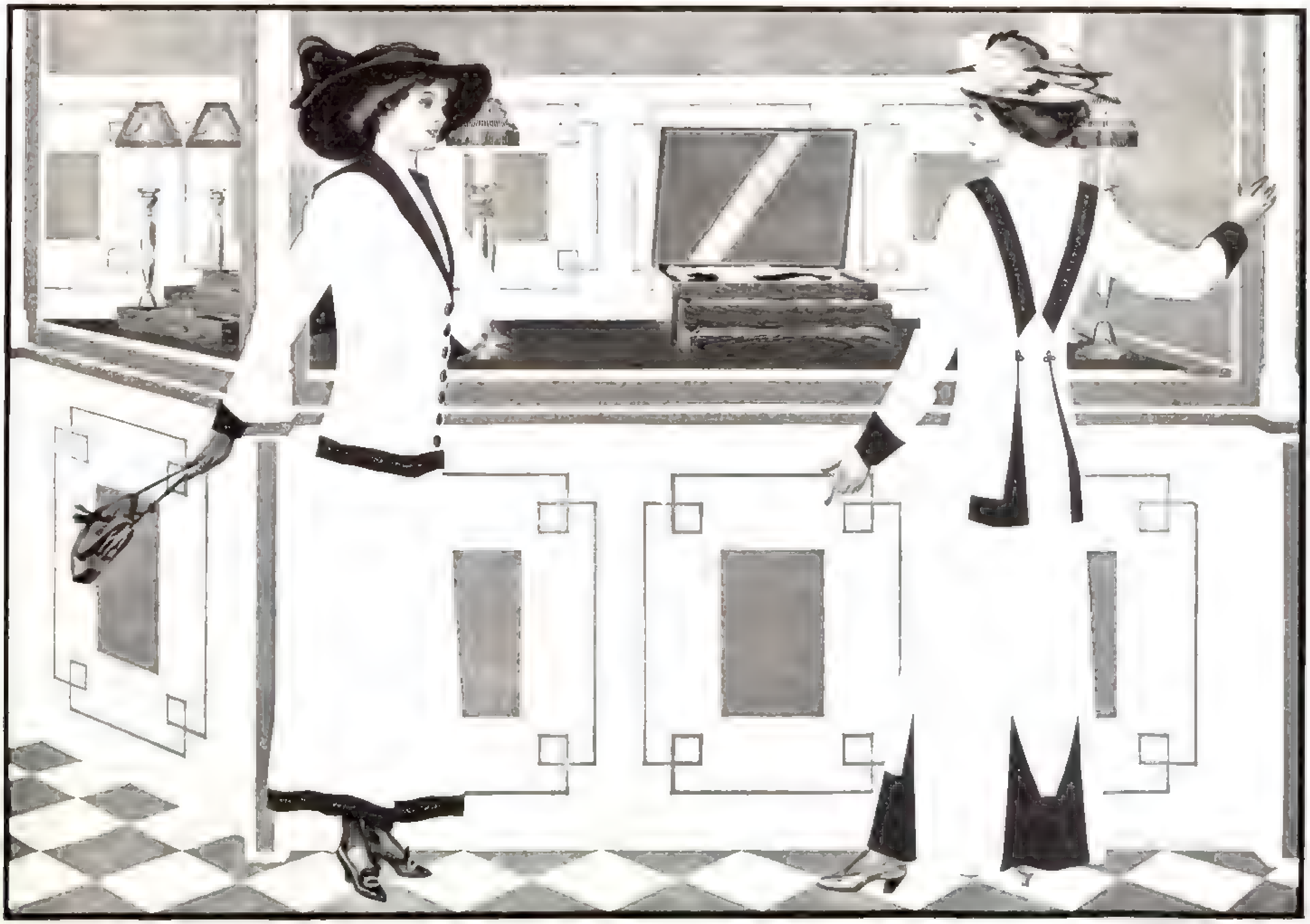

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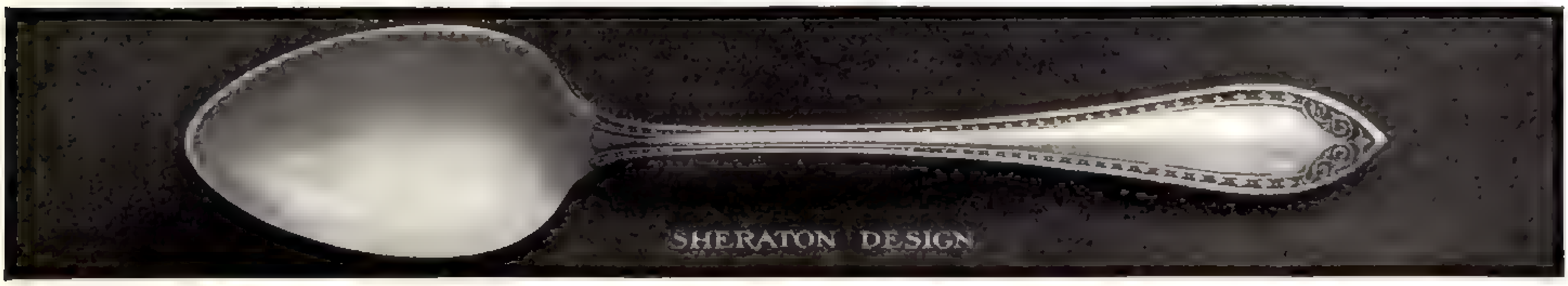

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A Coles Phillips poster, nicely framed, makes a good Christmas gift for "him" or "her."

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES

(Continued from Page 25)

persistent, the most patient. In one breath he'd ask breathlessly whether I didn't think such and such a stock was a good "buy"; in the next breath he'd suggest it was perhaps a better "sale." He even insinuated that if I'd go in with him on a deal—I to supply the tip—it would cost me nothing. Doubtless more than one of the front-room dabblers had egged him on and were quite willing to pay for a hint of Uncle Jessup's doings. As though I knew!

Prentiss I escaped however. One thing had saved me. A week after I entered the downtown office my uncle went abroad. On his own invitation he joined himself to a band of touring churchmen and, taking steamer, sailed for the Holy Land. Do not laugh! I drew a deep breath. Never in my life had I drawn a more thankful one. As the news bureaus announced, my Uncle Jessup was out of the market for the present. No doubt until his return Prentiss meant to remain silent. In the meanwhile he was quite pleasant, though never what you might call effusive.

But I have spoken of opportunities. Such a chance was now not merely an ambition, it had begun to be a necessity. I was cramped for money. One or two tradesmen had even edged in on me. They wrote regarding their bills. Surrounded as I was by people so blandly indifferent to money—that is, to the value of money—it nagged me that I, too, could not enjoy their ease. Naturally I sought a way. It was there in the office at my elbow.

In spite of Frank's statement, more than half of his clerks were dabblers. They regularly took flyers in the market—a few of them in lots of as much as fifty shares. The others, less prosperous and lacking margin for fifty shares, plunged for less amounts. Round at the bucketshops in New and William Streets they tried their luck with a ten-dollar bill—a twenty—perhaps even a hundred. Often they won.

Perhaps some may wonder that men so familiar with Wall Street's ruinous hazards should care to attempt the game. The fact is that they as well as I harkened only to the stories of those that won. Moreover, I believe that even the most cautious of those that work in Wall Street ultimately become confounded by the sight of so much money played for daily, so much wealth won and lost so casually. In time, I say, the Wall Street worker becomes precisely like faro dealers who themselves on their nights off take a chance at the very box they've seen ruin so many others.

I plunged. December first came and with it arrived a fresh batch of bills. I owed everywhere—every one—even the servants. Butchers' and grocers' bills I didn't mind so much—hadn't Amy said "They expect to wait"? But to owe the maids! Gad, it made me blush!

Jennie said flatly: "That's something I won't stand, Jim. You must get them their money at once. You must get Lowenberg"—he was our butcher—"something too."

"Oh, he's all right," I answered. "Besides, wasn't it through you that he just got Amy's trade?"

It was a fact. Amy, for some reason she didn't give, had just quit her man in Park Avenue. I wondered if Hodge, too, was pinched.

"Amy or no Amy," said Jennie decisively, "you've got to pay him!"

That day I went down into Wall Street and took my first flyer in the market.

I'll be brief about this. I drew from the office an advance of three weeks' pay—it made six in all now—and with this three hundred dollars I sneaked into a New Street bucketshop. There I went short on a hundred shares of Little Steel. That night I closed out the transaction nearly two hundred dollars to the good. There was in my pocket five hundred dollars in cash, real cash. Had I taken that five hundred and then and there paid my debts this story would never have been written.

But, no! If I had not made a killing I had at any rate tasted blood. To go on dealing in a bucketshop was too hazardous, for had I been caught, Prentiss—if not Frank—I knew would at once dismiss me. To deal even with an authorized house was risky; still the risk somehow seemed less; and with my money I opened an account in an office of which I knew the manager. That I dealt there rather than with my own firm evoked no comment. No doubt they were accustomed to such proceedings, for queer transactions seem to crop up constantly in Wall Street. At any rate, with my five hundred dollars I went "short" on fifty shares of Southern Pacific. At the week's end I was a full hundred dollars to the good.

I took my profit. Drawing it in cash I set out uptown firmly intending to pay the servants their wages. Chance killed my good intention. On reaching home I found that Amy, forestalling Christmas, had sent Jennie a handsome, costly and at the same time utterly useless ivory carving. We must return the present in kind. In consequence the morning after Jennie took the cash I handed her, and with a grave face, though she said nothing, set forth to buy the return gift. It was a motor lunch-basket, with silver-plated utensils—price, forty-eight dollars.

"I'll bring up the servants' money tonight—sure!" I promised.

That morning I took a sudden notion. It struck me something was doing in Smelters. Hopping into the private—and soundproof—telephone booth, I rang up my friend, the manager, at the office where I dealt.

"Get me fifty Smelters as soon as you can," I ordered. "At the market?" he inquired. "At the market," I repeated.

Smelters began instantly to rise. At noon it was a full three points above the opening. I rubbed my hands in satisfaction. At the Savarin I treated myself to a most excellent lunch. Everything was booming. I was out of the woods now, could pay my debts and start in fresh. A half-hour before the close Smelters showed me a profit of five and one-eighth points.

"Yes," I observed loquaciously to a near-by dabbler, "she'll hit par before the close. Smelters an eighth—a quarter!" I cried, reading it from the tape. "See Smelters hop!"

Just then I was called to the telephone. It was the office manager to whom that morning I'd wired my order to buy.

"Say, old chap," he remarked in that placating, apologetic voice that means but one thing in Wall Street, "we'd like a little extra margin on your account."

"Margin?" I fairly roared at him. "Why, I have nearly three hundred profit on Smelters!"

"Excuse me!" he answered with emphatic surprise. "You *sold* Smelters, and it's now five and seven-eighths above the price you took it on."

"What're you giving me?" I retorted. "I told you to *buy*."

For a while we bandied words back and forth over the wire. My stand was that it was his mistake, not mine, and that therefore I'd hold him for my profits.

"You won't get any profits," he announced flatly.

"Won't I?" I grimly retorted.

"No," he said, then added: "And what are you going to do about it?"

He had me. I could do nothing. If I made a claim the fact that I'd been dabbling would get to my employers' ears. The man knew that. He banked on the conclusion that I'd not dare to complain.

Raging but helpless I ordered him to send me a check for the balance. Again that night I went home without the servants' wages. Jennie turned white to the lips. "You haven't it?" she exclaimed.

"That's all right," I returned; "I forgot all about it. You'll have it tomorrow night."

She did not get it on the morrow. The next day I dropped in at the bucketshop for one short, quick turn. I got it, moreover. At ninety-nine and one-eighth I bought one hundred shares of Smelters on five points margin. That day the bubble burst. Smelters dropped with a crash, and before I could get round to the bucketshop to save a little, at least, I was wiped out to the last cent.

. . . .

Uptown, Jennie—the servants as well—waited for the money. To draw more from the office gave me a feeling of discomfort. I had already drawn much. While I thought, biting my fingers desperately, I saw Hodge chatting with another customer. "Yes," he was drawling; "I had a hunch after I'd played Smelters up to play it down again. It's real action today for a change."

"Hodge," I said, and tapped him on the shoulder. He came into the back room with

GOOD ECONOMY

Leather heels soon wear down, and have to be constantly renewed. When buying new shoes or having old ones half-soled and heeled, attach

O'SULLIVAN'S HEELS

made of New Live Rubber of the finest quality. They last longer than leather, keep their shape better; give you the springy step of youth, and cost attached the same as leather, only

50c a pair

The Secret of a Man's Perfect Gift

A woman's heart is gladdened not by a gift alone but by the choice of *this* gift, in which she can discern the sentiment of giving so delicately expressed. There's nothing like the flowers for expressing love and joy. But flowers quickly wither—not so with this perfume, which has taken their sweetest fragrance, deepened it and made it last. Unlike other perfumes (which many ladies would not use) this is loved by every woman.

So it carries deep within it the dearest sentiments—it makes beauty's charm a fascination and aids man's willing memory of the thoughts of her he likes or loves.

The very name is a compliment to the girl; it is symbolical and real—

Rieger's Flower Drops

(Why not give "her" a bottle for Christmas?)

The purest and truest essence of thousands of flower petals—it is the *new* perfume made only of nature itself. Fifty times more concentrated than the customary perfume—it contains no alcohol, no adulterant.

Rieger's "Flower Drops" is used in highest society, perhaps oftenest by women who never before used any perfume.

EXACT SIZE
REGULAR BOTTLE

Rieger's "Flower Drops" comes in a cutglass bottle. Sold at dealers in perfume, but if you have any difficulty in obtaining it, we'll send it prepaid on receipt of price, $1.50.

Among our special Christmas offerings is Rieger's "Flower Drops" in [illegible] packages, some hand-[illegible] silk $2.00.

[illegible] in beautiful cut glass bottles in silk-lined leather box $5.00.

Mention on the coupon the kind you want—but if you're still in doubt,

Send for a Miniature Bottle Rieger's Flower Drops, 20c

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PAUL RIEGER (San Francisco or Chicago)
Please send me (check one desired)
☐ 1 Regular bottle of "Flower Drops" ($1.50 enclosed)
☐ 1 Special Christmas bottle ($2.00 enclosed)
☐ 1 Bottle "Perle du Jardin" ($5.00 enclosed)
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Underline odor desired: Lily of the Valley, Violet, Rose, Crabapple, Lilac, Orange Blossoms.

Name____________________

Address____________________

Dealer's Name____________________

Please fill in carefully. Send check, money order, currency or stamps. **Money back if not pleased.**

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Their Favorite Dish

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Let them have all they want. It's nourishing, wholesome food with health and strength—and never a nightmare.

FOULDS'
flavory firm tender
MACARONI and SPAGHETTI
CLEANLY MADE BY AMERICANS

is an ideal food for everybody. It is as satisfying as meat with none of meat's harmful effects. It can be prepared in so many ways, in combination with so many things, that it lends variety to the table and never fails to stimulate fickle appetites.

Here is something new, a dish that would be a credit to a professional cook, yet very simple and easy when made after this Americanized recipe. Try it, but be sure the Macaroni or Spaghetti you use is Foulds'.

5 helpings in 5-cent package

Proportionately more in large package

If your grocer does not yet handle Foulds', give us his name and address and send us 10 cents in stamps or coin, and we will send you, charges prepaid, a full five-cent package each of Macaroni and Spaghetti with a copy of the Cook Book. You can then try at least two of these recipes with Macaroni and Spaghetti as good as it can be—and appetizingly clean.

The Foulds Milling Company
Sales Dept. Chicago, Ill.

Macaroni or Spaghetti

Prepared with Condensed Tomato Soup

Without breaking the sticks, boil and drain a five-cent package of Foulds' Macaroni or Spaghetti as directed. Empty a ten-cent can of condensed tomato soup into a saucepan, and, without adding any water, let it come to a boil; add ¼ pound of grated cheese, a lump of butter, or a couple of slices of bacon fried crisp and chopped fine. Add the Macaroni or Spaghetti. Mix up together and serve hot.

Save this recipe or better, drop us a postal for a free copy of the Americanized Macaroni or Spaghetti Cook Book. It contains 42 other excellent recipes, tasty, simple and inexpensive — all pleasing to American tastes.

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Stenographers who use Blaisdell Pencils never lose the point. They never have to stop and whittle. They never delay the business in hand.

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POCKET KNIFE for CHRISTMAS

In a Handsome Gold Decorated Gift Box

¶ Made of Wardlow's (English) Steel, true as the metal in the blades of Damascus. Singly forged and ground by hand.

¶ Tempered by an unusual process which gives a biting edge that lasts.

¶ Blades open easily, but close with a snappy click that tells of skilled workmanship.

¶ The very highest type of GUARANTEED knife made.

Look for the "Shur-Edge" Christmas Window in Your Town.

¶ A glance at this display of Robeson "Shur-Edge" Knives is an inspiration, if you are looking for a quality gift.

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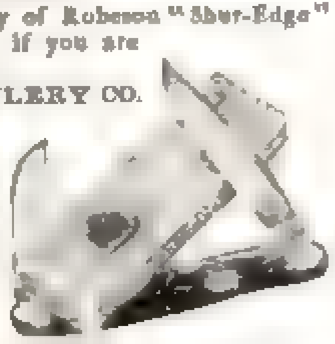
Dealers:—
If you want to enliven your cutlery business, write for our selling plan.



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And there are big opportunities right now for good men in the retail field. Why not start a profit making retail store of your own? It's my business to find places where new stores are needed. I know about towns, industries, rooms, rents, etc., in every part of the U. S. On my list are many places where a new store can start with small capital and pay a profit from the beginning. No charge for information. And a two hundred page book telling how to run a store goes free. Edward B. Moon, 416 W. Randolph St., Chicago

me. "Say, old chap," I faltered, "can you help me out for a few days? I'd like you to cash my note for a hundred—thirty days' time, old man."

He gave a little start. It showed astonishment. "Gad! were you in with the bunch—whipsawed on Smelters, I mean?"

I nodded. He again stared in surprise. "Why, they say your uncle rigged the deal—by cable, I understand. Didn't he tip you off?"

I made a frank confession. I told Hodge that between my uncle and myself there was nothing but enmity—that I'd not spoken to my relative for years.

Hodge heard me silently. Then when I'd finished and again made my appeal, he drew a long, sorrowful face.

"Gad! Sorry, old chap, but I got hit myself in Smelters. Don't tell any one, but it pretty nearly cleaned me out."

Either he lied to me or he had lied to that man outside. I had my choice. Leaving him, I walked direct to the cashier's window.

"Mr. Sanders," said I to the cashier, with difficulty restraining the quaver in my voice, "just let me have a hundred in cash, will you?"

Sanders slowly wiped his pen, then as slowly stuck it over his ear. Afterward he as slowly and deliberately and gravely shook his head.

"Sorry, old chap"—the words were identically those of Hodge—"Sorry, old chap, but Mr. Prentiss has just given orders."

"Orders?" I gasped.

Again Sanders nodded. He looked conscious, utterly apologetic, yet nevertheless he bolted out a bruising speech.

"Yes. Mr. Prentiss says employees will have to look out better for their finances. He says if they get hard up he can't be expected to dig and help them out. Of course now," added Sanders, "he don't mean you. It's some of the others."

But Prentiss did mean me. I knew it. But that was nothing now. I was penniless, and on every hand I was pressed, crowded for money. Even in my own home I was not free. I, in fact, dared not enter it until I had money to pay my servants.

That evening, half an hour after I had quitted Wall Street, I sidled into a pawnshop. There I pawned my watch. It was my father's watch. On it I raised the money I must pay out to my housemaids. The money was not only that—their wages—it was the cash required to enable me to enter my home again!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Insect Colorings

RECENT observation appears to show that the brilliant metallic colors of certain animals, such as humming-birds, peacocks, pigeons, butterflies, beetles, and other insects, are commonly due to a light-resisting film of exceeding thinness that covers scale or wing-case or feather.

There are certain species of beetles which actually look as if they were made of gold or silver—so much so, indeed, that ignorant people many times have attempted to subject them to a smelting process. The effect, however, seems to be due to a covering film which, as in the case of the real metals, is almost light-proof. In other instances the colors of the insects are various and vivid, the film absorbing some of the rays of the spectrum and not others, so that the light thrown back is what the substance refuses to take up. The wing-case of one kind of beetle has a luster of burnished copper.

Ordinarily, whether in birds or insects—and the same thing may be true of fishes—the metallic hues are undoubtedly attributable to a film. There are noteworthy exceptions, however. For example, the silky sheen of the blue-winged butterfly is found to be due, in part at least, to innumerable fine hairs, whose diameter is much less than that of a light-wave, and which are, therefore, in the same relation to light as the minute dust particles that give to the sky its blue color.

The beetle called *Plusiotis resplendens* looks as if electroplated with metal that has a luster resembling brass.

Again, when the gorgeous diamond beetle is examined under a low power of the microscope the green dots on its wing-cases are seen to consist of depressions, from which spring brilliant and exquisitely colored scales. The colors range through the whole spectrum. They are produced by diffraction of light from parallel ridges only a thousandth of a millimeter apart.

Style No. 301
50c

The Bradley
FULL FASHIONED
Mufflers
— For Men
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Like Bradley Knit Coats,

make splendid Christmas gifts. They give the best protection against [illegible] snugly about the throat, chest, shoulders [illegible] shapely and stylish after washing [illegible] you buy them. Prices 50c to $2.00

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Write today for handsomely illustrated catalog of Bradley Mufflers, Scarfs, Muffs and Knit Coat Suggestions for Holiday Gifts.

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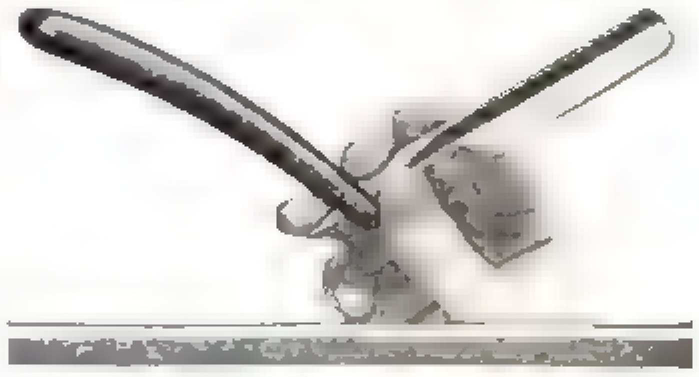

A Man's Complexion

is extremely dependent on the razor with which he shaves.

Torrey Razors

never irritate the skin or disposition. They are wonderful for their beautiful sharpness and exquisite temper. It is the one razor with which to shave and thereby enjoy a smooth, velvety, healthy skin.

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Near-Brussels Art-Rugs, $3.50

Sent to your home by express prepaid

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9 x 6 ft.	$3.50
9 x 7½ ft.	4.00
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Beautiful and attractive patterns. Made in all colors. Easily kept clean and warranted to wear. Woven in one piece. Both sides can be used. Sold direct at one profit. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

New Catalogue showing goods in actual colors, sent free
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You Can Get This Humidor or Cigar Case with your first order of Rigoletto Cigars—No Extra Cost

The Rigoletto Cigar sells for 10c straight everywhere.

To the best of my knowledge it is the finest cigar in the world—bar none. No cigar could be made that contains more actual tobacco value than the Rigoletto.

If you pay 10c or more for your cigars I want you to know the Rigoletto. The chances are ten to one that you will like it better than any other cigar you ever smoked, no matter what the price.

The Rigoletto has been known for almost 10 years among the best clubs, hotels and cigar shops, and sold by the best trade in America, Russia, England, Australia, Canada, Germany and Belgium.

It has been made in 40 or 50 sizes and shapes, selling up to $1.00 apiece. I can say truly, gentlemen, the Rigoletto Cigar I am making to-day to sell at 10c is better than the Rigoletto when I made it in Havana or Tampa, when the price was from three to ten times as much.

RIGOLETTO
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Perfecto Extra

The Rigoletto is made in 3 other shapes—Panetela, Elegante, Club House.

A Remarkable Special Offer

Send me $5.00, with the name of your dealer, and I will send you a box of fifty Rigoletto Cigars, by express, prepaid; with it will go the handsome mahogany Humidor shown above, without extra cost to you. This Humidor is solid and substantial, with lock and key, perforated metal lining and moisture pads. It has a brass name plate on which I will have your initials engraved, without charge. In a retail store you would pay $3.00 or $4.00 for this Humidor. It is a remarkable bonus with a $5.00 box of cigars. It is as acceptable a Christmas present as any man would want.

Send me $1.00, with the name of your dealer, and I will forward ten cigars and the seal leather cigar case illustrated above, with your name stamped in gold on the flap. ***These offers are good in the United States only.***

I will never be able to sell you more than one box of cigars under these conditions. In the future you must buy only through dealers. The Rigoletto will never be sold by mail orders. That is why I ask that you send the name of your dealer with your order. He will be glad to stock Rigoletto Cigars and supply you in the future.

When you have tried these cigars you will wonder why I can make so remarkable a cigar to sell for 10c. I can do it because I have applied the science of efficiency to the making of Rigoletto Cigars. I make them in this country, after three years' experience in Havana, so that you will not have to pay the tariff.

I moved from Tampa to Cleveland in order to cut down unnecessary cost of production. ***By scientific methods I have reduced the cost of cigar making 50%.*** In other words, my manufacturing expenses are one-half what they were a few years ago.

That is why I am able to put more tobacco value into the cigar. I put into the Rigoletto Cigar the finest tobacco grown in Cuba, I pay the highest prices, I could not pay more if I wanted to. There is no better tobacco grown.

10 cents Should Buy the Best

You should not have to pay more than 10c for the best cigar in the world, if it is made under right conditions. You will never pay more when once you have tried the Rigoletto Cigar.

Rigoletto Cigars are well made, so that they are smooth-burning and draw freely. The filler is placed in by hand.

Some smokers seem to think that the Rigoletto Cigar is extra strong because its wrapper is a rich, dark brown. This, you should know, is a fallacy. The rich brown is the natural ripe tobacco color, and a light-colored cigar, which has been cured green, is very often much stronger than a dark-brown cigar.

The Rigoletto Cigar comes in three shades—light, medium and dark—but they are graded according to the actual strength of the tobacco and not merely according to the color of the wrapper.

Here is another way in which I have saved in production cost. Formerly I made the Rigoletto Cigar in 40 or 50 different shapes and sizes, thus adding to the expense of labor and to the expense of packing. By experience I found that nearly all men were satisfied with 3 or 4 shapes and now I make the Rigoletto in four standard shapes—Panetela, Perfecto Extra, Club House and Elegante.

Please specify in ordering which shape you want; also, whether you want light, heavy or medium cigars.

E.A. Kline

E. A. KLINE & CO., Cleveland, Ohio

Enclosed is $ for which you will please send me ________ cigars

and cigar humidor case as described, fully prepaid. Color Shape

My dealer's name is ________________

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My name is

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THERE is a Western Electric answer for almost every household need. Inter-phones for room to room telephone service—Motors to run coffee grinders, ice cream freezers, meat choppers, bread mixers, washing machines, sewing machines, vacuum cleaners—Heating devices such as electric irons, toasters, coffee percolators, chafing dishes, curling irons, etc. They cost but little to buy, and

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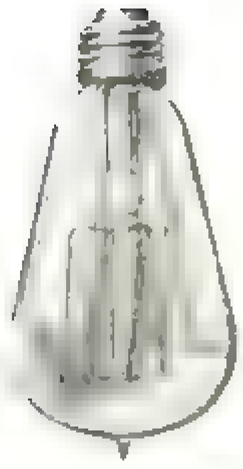
Western-Electric

TRADE MARK

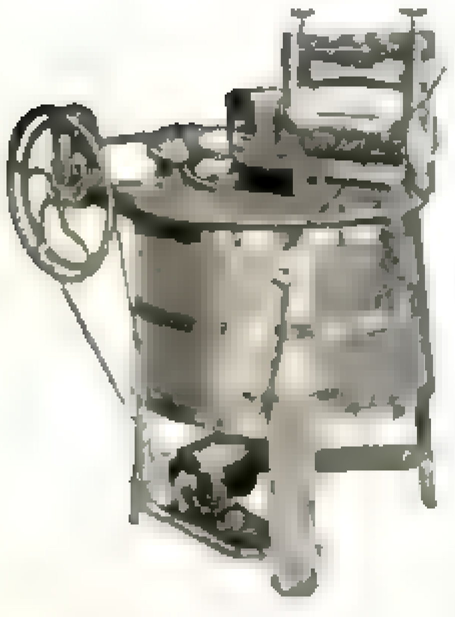
Western Electric products are distributed everywhere through 31 of its own houses and a remarkable agency system, including thousands of dealers. Almost every electrical dealer sells *some* Western Electric product. The best sell *them all.*



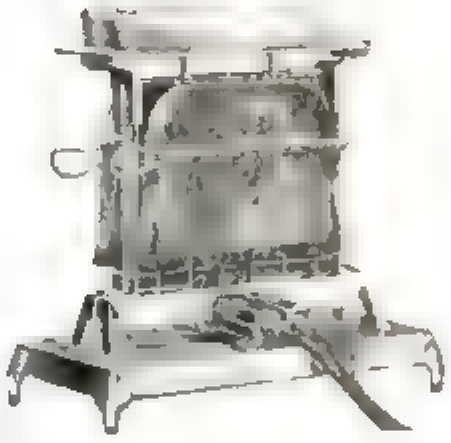
Wire drawn Mazda Lamps—better light and more light at same cost or same amount of light at less cost. Price 65 cents and up.

Electric Irons—something every woman needs—$5 to $10.

Electric Vacuum Cleaner—cleans house the dustless way—the sanitary way—the easy way—$35 to $130.

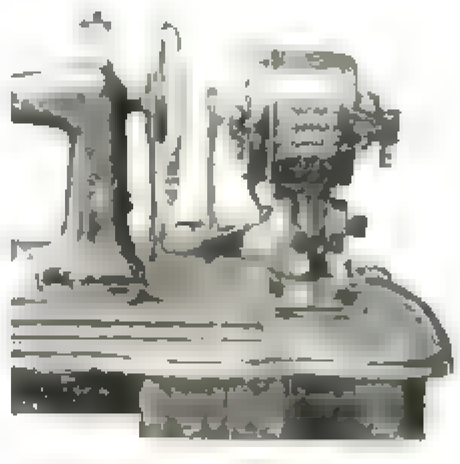


Electric Washing Machines—rob washday of its terrors—$55 to $85.



Electric Toaster—makes golden-brown toast right on the table—$4 to $8

Electric Disc Stove—heats baby's milk, heats water for shaving; fries chops, eggs, etc.—$4 to $8.



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A Hundred Ways to Save Household Drudgery.

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SAVE TIME AND FREIGHT "TELEPHONE OUR NEAREST HOUSE"

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Most Styles $5.00 and $6.00

Write for our *free* booklet, "The Florsheim Way of Foot-Fitting," showing styles that are *different.*

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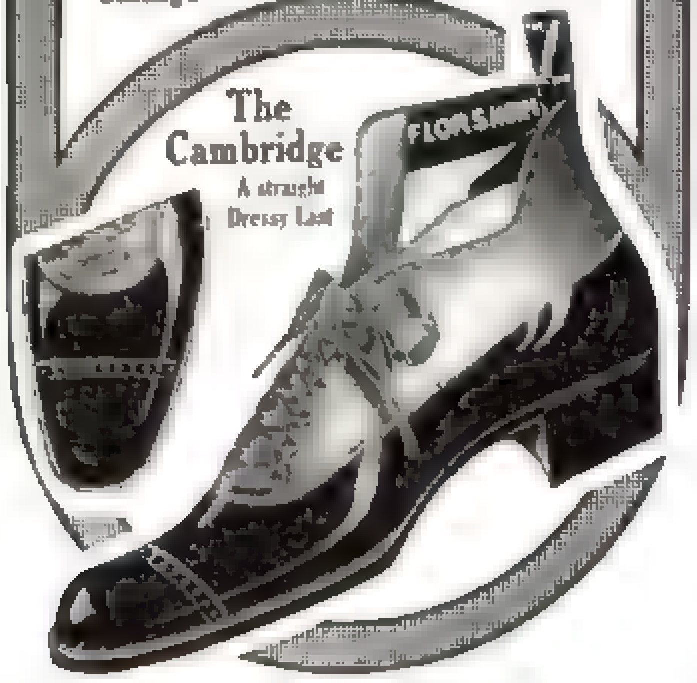

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if you wear "N F 10"—the strongest, neatest, most durable laces.

"NF10" Shoe Laces

stand a strain of 200 lbs. to the foot without breaking and insure freedom from all shoelace troubles. Finished with patented fast-color tips that won't come off.

Guaranteed 6 months

10 cents per pair, but worth many times that price in the satisfaction they give. Black or tan. In four lengths for men's and women's high shoes. If your dealer [illegible] them don't take a substitute—send 10 cents to us. At all shoe, dry-goods and men's furnishing stores. Write for booklet showing all our laces.

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Ten Years of Success and Why

—after fifty years of failure. An experience booklet telling how New Thought promotes health and success for others. [illegible] free with three months' trial subscription to NAUTILUS MAGAZINE for 10c. The Elizabeth Towne Co., Dept. 315, Holyoke, Mass.

SANTA CLAUS, JR.

(Continued from Page 23)

So Mrs. C. Grinder and Santa Claus' son
  Went up to the attic
  With purpose emphatic,
And, taking the hideous gifts one by one,
  Labeled on each an address and a name
  And the presents required in exchange for the same.
And when this laborious duty was done
  The Eskimo driver came forth in his pride
  And packed all the trash in the motor outside.
Not a weird lampshade or dinky tin horn,
Not a gilt fire-shovel, breeder of scorn,
Not a plush album or twenty-cent doll,
Not a fierce screen from some near Taj Mahal
Was left in the garret to clutter the place—
But stay! In a corner reposed in disgrace
One little tin horn so exceedingly bent
That Santa Claus, Jr., was forced to explain:
"We can't exchange that!" So they let it remain.

III

Soon to the home of the Grinders came faring
  Auto-deliveries, wagons and vans,
Each its rich burden of packages bearing,
  All plainly tagged: "In Exchange, as per Plans."
Oh, what a windfall of Orient splendor
  Shone in the house of the Grinders that day!
Objects of virtu, each signed by its sender,
  Glowed like a jeweler's window display.
A grand silver service from stingy Aunt Dolly,
Venetian cutglass from penurious Polly,
Morocco-bound Shaksperes from tight Uncle Raleigh,
  And—merciful golly,
  All to the jolly!—
A Gobelin tapestry labeled: "From Molly!"

In exchange for old Santa Claus' trumpets and dolls
  Were stacks of Parisian and Nuremberg toys;
Wonderful dancers, machine-talking Polls,
  Biplanes that soared with an ear-splitting noise,
Self-lighting theaters laden with scenery,
Trolley-lines run by galvanic machinery,
Dollhouses builded like modern hotels
With hydraulic lifts and electrical bells.

  Pretty Belle Claire
    Viewed the presents for her
  And put on an air
    Of exceeding hauteur.
Though nothing on earth made her actively glad,
She had to acknowledge: "They're really not bad."
But poor little Bobby detested the show;
The intricate play-machines frightened him so
That he ran to the garret and sat all alone
Trying to think up a game of his own.

* * * * * * * *

Alas, for the dreamer who, meshed in his nightwear,
  Breasts the dream tide in a shallop of gold,
Seeing all joys—till along comes a Nightmare,
  Striking his ecstasy clammy and cold!
So with the Grinders. With visionings tender
Sat they a while in their new-acquired splendor,
Greatly admiring those wealthy donations,
Blessing their suddenly thoughtful relations.

  When out in the snow
  They beheld in their woe
Forty-five auto-delivery wagons
Champing their flywheels and rumbling like dragons.
Forty-five boys, puffing loud as they bore
Each one a half-dozen bundles or more,
Dumped the whole cargo against the front door,
  Then motored away,
  As much as to say,
"We shake our hands of your rubbish—good day!"

REMINGTON UMC
TARGET GRADE
STANDARD GRADE

REPEATING .22 RIFLES

Accurate because perfectly sighted and rifled by expert gunsmiths.
Safe because solid breech hammerless. There is no hammer to catch on clothing, fence or tree branch.
Simple because its parts are few and sturdy. Its easy take-down permits the eye to follow the cleaning rod from breech to muzzle.
Durable because of superior quality of material and workmanship. Easy cleaning insures the rifling.
Beauty. The sleek, smooth sweep of its well-balanced lines sells it on sight.
Shoots .22 long, .22 short and .22 long rifle without adjustment.
Remington-UMC—the perfect shooting combination.

Remington Arms—Union Metallic Cartridge Co.
299 Broadway **New York City**

A Christmas Gift That Always Pleases

Even though a woman has one carpet sweeper, she will thoroughly appreciate one of

BISSELL'S
Latest Improved
"Cyco" BALL-BEARING Sweepers

for she can then take her old one upstairs [illegible]

A Christmas Souvenir for You

Buy of your dealer between now and January 1st, send us the purchase slip WITHIN ONE WEEK FROM DATE OF PURCHASE, and we will send you a fine quality black leather card case with no printing on it.

Address Dept. 36-A
Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

[illegible]

$1 English Knock-about Hat

A stylish, serviceable hat. Genuine Fur Felt. Folds into compact roll without damaging. Can be shaped into Alpine or Telescope. Silk trimmings. Colors: Black, Steel Gray, Brown. Actual value $2.00. Sent postpaid promptly on receipt of $1.00. State size and color wanted. Packed in beautiful Holiday boxes.

Genuine Fur Cap $3

For men and boys. Satin lined. Band and visor can be turned down or up. All sizes. Color, Black. Prepaid on receipt of $3.00. [illegible] beautiful Holiday Boxes [illegible]

PANAMA HAT CO., Dept. A, 830 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS 100% PROFIT

15 In One

Just out. Patented. New Useful Combination

[illegible] Agents [illegible] Every home needs tools. **Here are 10 tools in one.** [illegible] N. Y. agent sold [illegible] Ten inch sample free [illegible]

THOMAS MFG. CO., 6355 Wayne Street, DAYTON, OHIO

Schools—Write for quantity prices.
Style A
Rides 50 ft. on inclined wire while spinning
4 times this size

THE WIZARD TOPS

will amuse and delight you as much as the children. [illegible] A speed marvel. Makes more revolutions per minute than any other piece of mechanism ever invented. Performs over forty amusing and puzzling tricks. One turn spins it.

No. A—Mono-Rail Jumping Top
Wizard 6-minute Jumping Top **50c either outfit** —4c postage

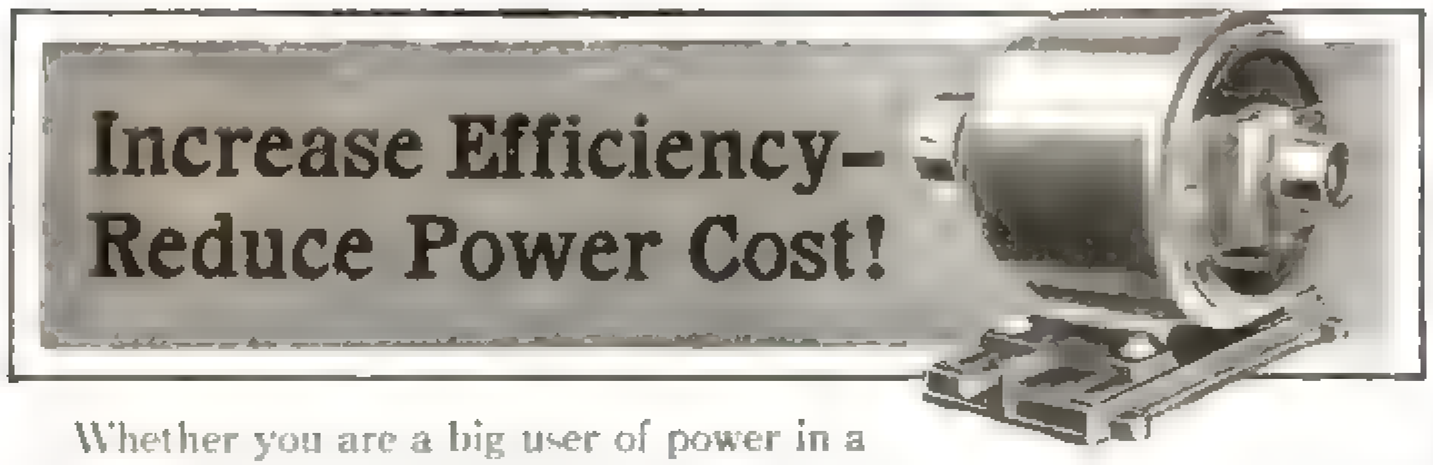
Both outfits complete $1.00—postage 10c. Includes free premium.

Fun for the whole family—Every Child Wants Them

Complete outfits include colored metal top, Polished Colored Shell, 20 feet wire [illegible] Rail carriage, Wood Pedestal, Cord, full directions. [illegible] the Wizard Tops to study the defiance of the law of gravity. Send for one or both today to avoid Christmas rush.

WIZARD PATENT DEVELOPING CO., Dept. C, 129 West 31st St., New York

4 times this size
No. 9
Wizard 6-minute Jumping Top



Whether you are a big user of power in a factory or use it in a small workshop or office, we can prove to you that **Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" Motors** will give you more practical power at a lower cost.

Thousands of power users have found this ideal condition by installing **Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" Motors** on their machinery.

No delays for repairs. No line shaft troubles. No "light load" waste to eat into your profits. You pay only for the power used.

Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" Motors

1-30 to 15 Horse Power

For more than 16 years we have specialized in small motors and have built up a world-wide reputation for **"STANDARD" Motors** for reliability, efficiency and economy of power. Because of our big output our prices are the lowest consistent with superior quality. Our big stock of regular sizes also insures prompt delivery.

Let our engineers solve your power problems. Write us about your power conditions—where you use it and what you use it for—and our experts will analyze your case and impartially recommend the best motor suited for your needs. **A postal will bring you this information.**

The Robbins & Myers Co. 1305 Lagonda Ave.
Springfield, Ohio

BRANCHES: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Cleveland, New Orleans, Atlanta and Rochester.

We Also Manufacture a Complete Line of Alternating and Direct Current Fans—Desk, Wall, Ceiling, Oscillating, Ventilating for Home, Factory, Office. (71)

Film Premo No. 1
3¼ x 4¼, $10.00

It's
a merry Christmas
for the one who gets

A PREMO

Whether it's a youngster of six or seven, a grandfather of sixty or seventy, or any one of the between ages, photography has a most alluring appeal.

So at Christmas time a Premo Camera will please the one you wish to please most, for Premos are so simple to understand and operate that one who receives a Premo can make good pictures from the start. You need no experience with a Premo.

Premos are made in fifty styles and sizes, at prices from $1.50 to $150.00. They have thirty years of experience behind them. They are the smallest, lightest, easiest to load and operate of all cameras. They load in daylight. Many of them take films or plates with equal facility. And using film from the famous Eastman N. C. stock, Premos will produce as good pictures as can be had.

ROCHESTER OPTICAL DIVISION
Eastman Kodak Co.

Premo catalogue at the dealer's or mailed on request. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Out rushed the Grinders and brought in the pile,
Fearing the worst—and the worst can be vile—
Opened a few of 'em, fearing and trembling.
Worse and more of it!—there's no use dissembling:
Those packages piled there in mountains and tiers
Contained all the gifts which the Grinders for years
Had sent their relations from Maine to the Isthmus
As gaudy and ugly reminders of Christmas.
And each one was tagged with a neat but not quaint blank
Clearly denoting its mission, "Complaint Blank"
Each asked immoderate gifts in exchange:
Uncle Dib Sykes wished an automobile,
Aunt Dolly Grey craved a new kitchen range;
But poor Uncle Raleigh,
Whose deep melancholy
Led his thoughts deathward in moments of zeal,
Asked this: "For the spot where I'll soon be interred
Please buy me a gravestone—hand sculpture preferred."

Facing this phalanx of dunning reminders
Visions of bankruptcy frightened the Grinders.
The sore-stricken wife sobbed: "We're ruined!"
The husband replied with a stammer:
"No, nothing can stop us—
The sheriff will cop us
And sell us out under the hammer!"
Then he put on his hat and walked forth in the gloam:
There was only one way. He must mortgage the home.

Obscure little Bobby was almost forgot
In this drama intense
With crowding events.
And when some one suddenly thought of the tot
They started a search through each cranny and spot
Where he oftenest was, but now he was not.
Then they thought of the attic and rushed to the door—
There lay the deserter asleep on the floor.
His features were curled in a smile of content
As under an arm,
Guarded from harm,
He clasped a small object all battered and bent,
The salvage of trash-heaps, the target of scorn,
Santa Claus' only remaining tin horn!

His nurse, who was Irish and wise, softly said
As she lifted him gently and put him to bed:
"Huggin' his thrumpet like Gabr'el gone wild—
Ain't he th' backward an' ignorant child!
No, he ain't! For he knows that a Christmas can't start
From the pocketbook—faith, it must come from the heart.
By th' Saints—Dutch an' Irish—yer gifts may be sold
Tagged wid a price-mark and drippin' wid gold;
But if love ain't inside 'em—as sure as ye're born
I'd rather be blessed wid a little tin horn!"

A Carload of Help

RUFUS GROGAN is one of the managers of the biggest store in his town. The slogan of the store is: "We sell everything."

When Rufus is asked for anything the store doesn't happen to have on hand he always says: "We are out of that just now; but we have a carload coming." And "Rufus' carload" is a local joke.

"Rufus," asked a customer one day, "do you know where I can get a hired girl?"

"Well," said Rufus, "we haven't any now; but we have a carload coming!"

Your Christmas Gifts Without Shopping

IF you are wondering what will be the most acceptable gift to send to your friends; if you want to avoid the rush and crowds of Christmas we can solve your difficulties.

Wouldn't you rather have a year's subscription to a good periodical than most of the presents which you receive? Well, most of your friends feel just as you do. A year's subscription to *The Saturday Evening Post* does not end with the passing of the holidays—it just commences. It is really fifty-two gifts.

The Post's way of announcing the present adds immensely to its attractiveness. We have prepared a beautiful reproduction of Emlen McConnell's picture, in all the lovely colors of the original. This reproduction is "tipped" on the third page of the artistic four-page announcement which measures 6 x 9 inches. The first page bears this statement in illuminated design:

At the direction of

we have entered your name on our list for a year's subscription to
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
We hope that the 52 copies we shall have the pleas[illegible] be pleasant reminders [illegible] who sends this holiday remembrance
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Philadelphia

Give your own name and address, as well as the names and addresses of the recipients, when you remit.

One of these announcements, bearing the name of the person who orders the subscription, will be mailed in a sealed envelope so as to be received on Christmas by each person for whom a subscription is ordered.

Order at once sending $1.50 for each subscription. The announcements will be sent so as to be received on Christmas morning, bearing your name as the donor.

Subscriptions for *The Ladies' Home Journal* may be ordered in the same way. *The Journal* announcement has the same beautiful colored reproduction on the third page, but the decorations are entirely different and of course it bears the name of that magazine.

The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia, Pa.

Christmas Presents for Men

Next to the pleasure of presenting a father, husband, son, brother or friend with a set of Larter Shirt Studs and Larter Vest Buttons is the pleasure afforded by showing how easily they are operated, with nothing to come apart or to lose.

LARTER
SHIRT STUDS
& LARTER VEST BUTTONS

In handsome Christmas cases — three studs, six vest buttons and a pair of cuff buttons — all matched, from $6 to $1000 per set.

Ask your jeweler, and if he can not supply you, write us and we'll tell you of a nearby jeweler who can.

Write for Illustrated Booklet

It suggests the correct jewelry for men, for all occasions.

LARTER & SONS
21 Maiden Lane, New York

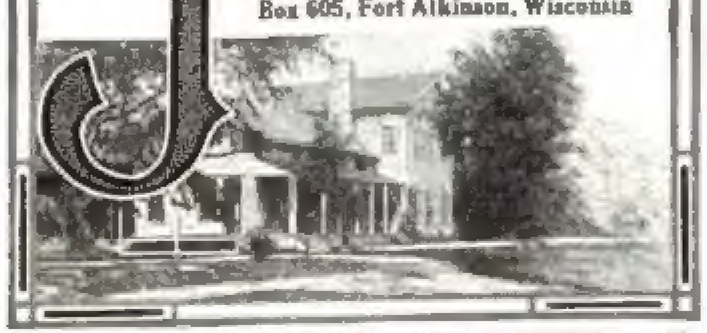
A Larter Vest Button
A Larter Shirt Stud
A Larter Cuff Link

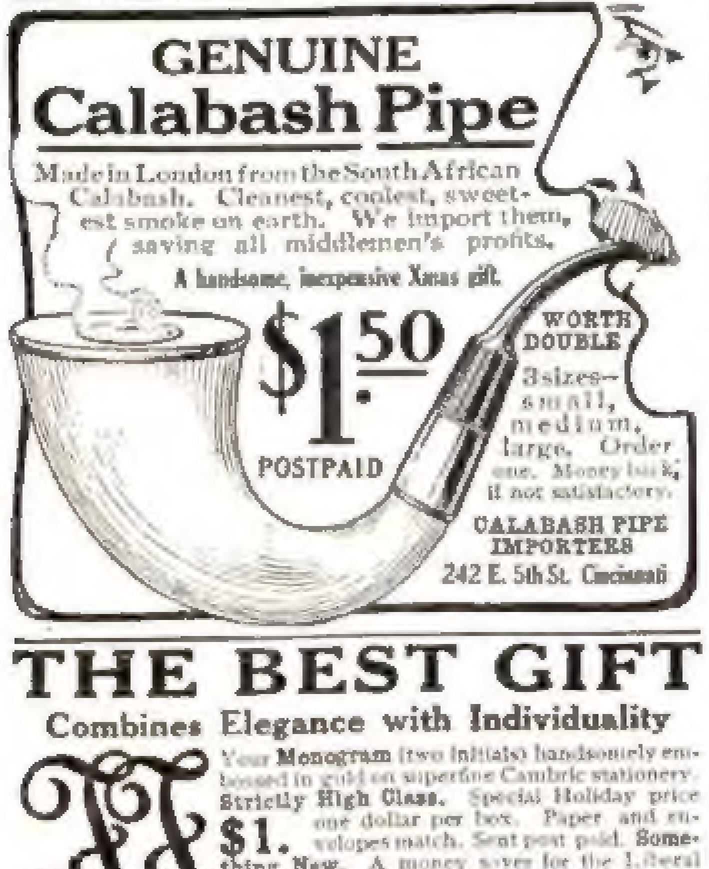
OUR sausages are made from an old-fashioned New England recipe — not from a "secret formula." They are all sausage — except the home-ground spices and salt — nothing else goes into them. And they are real farm sausages, just like the sausages made on many other farms in the country.

JONES
DAIRY FARM
SAUSAGES

Ask your grocer, also write to us and get our booklet of Jones recipes.

MILO C. JONES, Jones Dairy Farm,
Box 605, Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin





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A handsome, inexpensive Xmas gift.

$1.50 POSTPAID

WORTH DOUBLE

3 sizes — small, medium, large. Order one. Money back if not satisfactory.

CALABASH PIPE IMPORTERS
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THE BEST GIFT
Combines Elegance with Individuality

Your Monogram (two initials) handsomely embossed in gold on superfine Cambric stationery. Strictly High Class. Special Holiday price $1. one dollar per box. Paper and envelopes match. Sent post paid. Something New. A money saver for the Liberal Gift-Giver. Order Early to insure against delay.

MONOGRAM STATIONERY CO.
903 Marbridge Bldg., New York City

How Kansas Drove Out a Set of Thieves

(Continued from Page 5)

communities where they live will lend their names to wildcat stock schemes. All sorts of mining and other concerns, every one of whose promoters ought to be in jail, come before credulous investors with boards of directors containing names that are considered quite respectable.

How these respectable dummies reconcile their consciences I cannot imagine. It is not, of course, that the schemes which they indorse and tout for are outright swindles. In nearly all cases, no doubt, where the roster contains respectable names, the scheme has some tangible foundation. In some cases, probably, it would be a fair gamble for a man able and willing to take the risk. The question is: "Would you advise a widow whose fortune consists of two thousand dollars of life-insurance money to put it into this stock?" Almost every stock-selling campaign by advertisement or the employment of agents draws in more or less money of that kind; and no man who indorses it can escape the moral responsibility.

That question is what Kansas asked herself in passing the Blue Sky Law. Commissioner Dolley's inquiries had shown that millions of dollars were drawn from people of little business experience and limited intelligence, who didn't at all understand that they were going into a gamble but accepted the lying assurances of the agents and the prospectuses that they were certain of getting back their money and of receiving large returns upon it. Out of the five-hundred-and-odd rejected applications on file in the commissioner's office there isn't one that an intelligent and honest man would recommend as a secure investment for persons of small means. Except for the bar interposed by the Blue Sky Law, it is safe to say all of those concerns would now be selling stock in Kansas to persons who thought they were getting a secure investment.

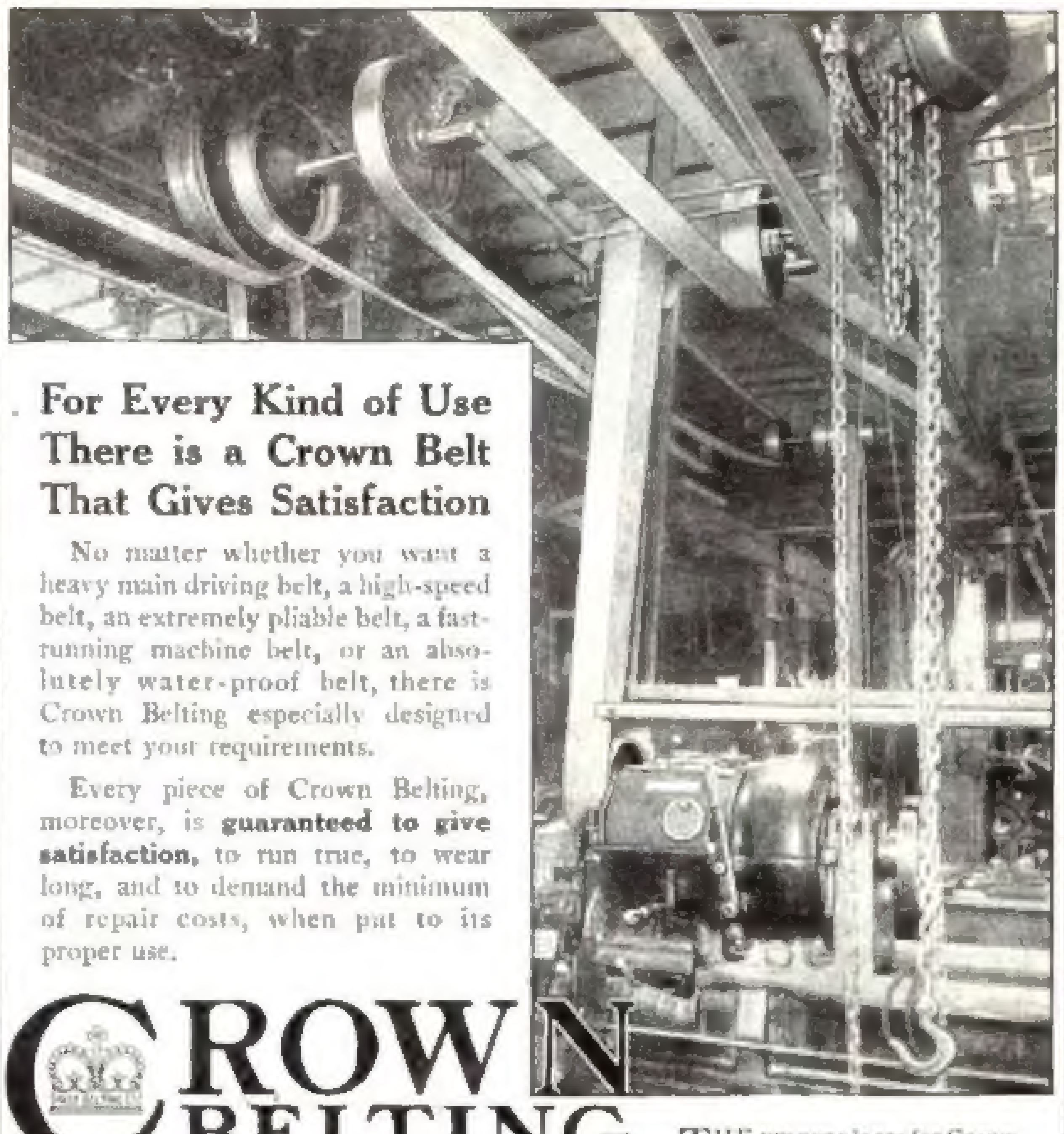
In his annual report for 1910 Commissioner Dolley characterized these stock-peddlers as "fakers — and I wish to say, in a great majority of cases, common thieves." In view of all the circumstances — especially of the helpless class upon which they prey — this characterization seems none too strong; but other states, though cheerfully chartering all manner of wildcat concerns, interpose no effectual bar between them and credulous citizens.

In 1905 Wisconsin passed an act providing that any association or corporation "doing business as a so-called investment company, for the licensing, control and management of which there is no law now in force in this state," and which shall solicit payments to be made to itself, either in a lump sum or on the installment plan, issuing therefor so-called bonds, shares, coupons or other evidences of obligation or agreement, shall be under the control and supervision of the state bank commissioner, must make annual reports to him, and must deposit one hundred thousand dollars with the state as a guaranty fund.

This law, however, is vague and has not been held to apply to wildcat mining, irrigation, plantation and like concerns that offer stock for sale in Wisconsin. Strictly speaking, they are not "investment companies," but mining companies, land companies, and so on. In a few cases wildcat companies that purported to be organized primarily for the investment of money in mortgages, and so on, have been called to account; but the law affords no protection to the people of Wisconsin against fake stocks in general.

The Kansas law is effective as far as the power of the state can go. It can and does protect the people against wildcat stocks when offered by agents or by advertisements within the state. There has been a wholesale exodus of fake stock agents since the law went into effect — many of them undoubtedly resuming operations in states that preserve an open door for robbery of this kind.

The Kansas law, however, cannot touch advertisements printed outside the state. The wildcat mine or fake oil concern may still offer its wares to Kansas suckers through the advertising pages of newspapers published beyond the state border. Probably that cannot be stopped until every state takes as intelligent and vigorous action against this form of swindling as Kansas has taken.



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No matter whether you want a heavy main driving belt, a high-speed belt, an extremely pliable belt, a fast-running machine belt, or an absolutely water-proof belt, there is Crown Belting especially designed to meet your requirements.

Every piece of Crown Belting, moreover, is **guaranteed to give satisfaction,** to run true, to wear long, and to demand the minimum of repair costs, when put to its proper use.

CROWN BELTING

Our trade-mark, the Crown, is stamped on every piece of Crown Belting. Look for it. That belt will do its work well a surprisingly long time.

PAGE BELTING COMPANY, Concord, N. H.
Boston New York Chicago Philadelphia
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THE proper places for Crown Belts, solutions of vexing transmission problems and much valuable information about belting is contained in our book,

"Crown Belting"

We will send it free to any manufacturer or superintendent who asks for it. Address Department A.

$1.00 STOP FRETTING Over Your Xmas Presents
The most desirable, most suitable, and least expensive of all CORRECT GIFTS is a dainty
"LENOX" Combination Xmas Box
Sent to any address prepaid and insured for ONE DOLLAR

Contents of Box designed for MEN:
(1) 3 pairs 6 months guaranteed "Lenox" Hose, choice Black, Tan, Navy, Gray, Value $1.00
(2) Beautiful "Lenox" All Silk Flowing-End "Four in Hand" Tie to match, Value .50
(3) 1 pair of guaranteed quality Suspenders . . . . Value .25
ALL FOR ONE DOLLAR Total Value $1.75

Contents of Box designed for WOMEN:
(1) 3 pairs 6 months guaranteed "Lenox" Satin Fin'd Lisle Hose, Black or Tan, Value $1.00
(2) 3 beautiful corner embroidered Pure Irish Linen Handkerchiefs of superior quality . . . . Value .75
ALL FOR ONE DOLLAR Total Value $1.75

Don't forget to state the size and shades desired. We refer to Dun's, Bradstreet's, or any bank in New York City. We need good Agents.

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20 Christmas Post Cards 10c
Very Choicest Gold Embossed

Lovely assortment of 20 Artistic Christmas, New Year, and Flowers in exquisite colors, all for only 10 cents if you answer this ad. immediately.

J. H. SEYMOUR, 404 W. Eighth St., Topeka, Kan.

BENJAMIN AIR RIFLE
FOR MEN AND OLDER BOYS

An air gun that will shoot through one-half inch pine easily. Many times more powerful than spring guns. Uses compressed air, same as air brakes, rock drills, etc. 25c pays for 1,000 shots, (delivered 30 cents). Practical for small game. 37 inches long. Walnut stock. Nickel barrel. Takes down. Fully Guaranteed. Sold by dealers everywhere. If your dealer does not carry it, write us. Sent prepaid east of Rocky Mountains on receipt of $2.50. Pacific Coast and Parcels Post Countries $3.00. Circular free.

Benjamin Air Rifle & Mfg. Co., 2001 Frisco Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

For Christmas

This will surely please him.

The Clincher Tie Holder — holds tie evenly, in perfect shape — does not injure tie or shirt. Thousands in use. Every well dressed man appreciates it. Put up in handsome box (no lettering). Gold Plate 50c each, and 14-k. Gold $5.00. At best dealers or mailed immediately upon receipt of price.

Innovation Sales Co., Dept. 10, 200 5th Ave., New York City

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Selling our metallic letters for office windows, store fronts, and glass signs. Any one can put them on. Nice, pleasant business. Big demand. Write today for free sample and full particulars.

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HORLICK'S
Delicious, Invigorating
MALTED MILK
The Food-Drink for all ages.
Better than Tea or Coffee.
Rich milk and malted-grain extract, in powder. A quick lunch. Keep it on your sideboard at home.
Avoid Imitations — Ask for "HORLICK'S" — Everywhere

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The Hermitage, the Nation's Second Mt. Vernon

TRAVELING SOUTH THIS WINTER?

Stop Over in Nashville—You'll Be Delighted With the Place, the People and the Climate

A trip South would not be complete unless you include Nashville. There's a lot of reasons.

It is the half-way point on direct trunk lines between the East or Middle West and extreme Southern points—a pleasant break in travel. *No finer climate* in the world at the very time the public travels South or is returning. *Nashville is a wholesome city,* hospitable, entertaining, endowed with great natural advantages and surrounded by points of real historical interest.

Outdoor amusements, fine drives, and a beautiful and rich surrounding country. You'll find near

NASHVILLE

—the Hermitage, the home of Andrew Jackson, the nation's second Mt. Vernon.

—the great Mammoth Cave, one of the wonders of the world, incomparable in grandeur and beauty.

—the battle grounds of Nashville, Franklin, Fort Donelson, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge.

—the tomb of President Polk, two National Cemeteries.

—on every side beautiful Southern homes.

—splendid hotels, that in point of service and satisfaction, challenge comparison with any of the large hotels of the country.

This will be a splendid opportunity for business men and manufacturers to combine business with pleasure and see Nashville with a view of establishing a plant or a branch in the city of opportunity. For any kind of information, address

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813 Stahlman Building Nashville, Tenn.

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A safe, sensible way out for the city man. More profit for the actual farmer. Why not begin now to learn at home the latest improved methods of intensive and scientific agriculture? Splendid practical Courses, for old or young, for actual or prospective farmers in **General Farming, Truck, Fruit, Poultry, Bees, Flowers, Soils, Crops, Dairying, Greenhouse, Farm Management, Engineering, Live Stock, Farm Bookkeeping, Dry Farming, Teacher's Course,** etc.

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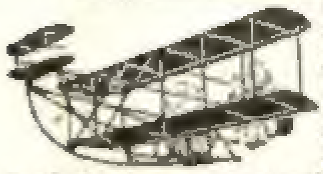
"How to Make the Farm Pay More"

Only school in the world devoted exclusively to Teaching Farming by Mail. Faculty of national experts from leading Agr Colleges. Students the world over. Don't neglect longer fitting yourself for greater success in some line of farming. Write today for special low rate. (Which course interests you?)

AMERICAN FARMERS' SCHOOL, 97 Laird Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

A Model Aeroplane for Xmas

Any boy can build "IDEAL" Models



Our Wright 3 ft. Bi-plane Model is absolutely guaranteed to fly. Complete materials, ready to assemble, $6.00, by prepaid express $6.40. Plan and directions for building 25c.

Plan and directions for **3 ft. Blériot Monoplane** 15c. Complete materials, ready to build, $3.00 (prepaid $3.25).

Send stamp for most complete, interesting Catalog published

Ideal Aeroplane and Supply Co., 80-88 West Broadway, New York City

THE "BEST" LIGHT

BEST BY TEST

makes and burns its own gas. Costs 2c. a week to operate. No dirt, grease nor odor. A pure white light, more brilliant than electricity or acetylene. None other so cheap or effective. Agents wanted. Write for catalogue and prices.

THE BEST LIGHT CO.
5-25 E. 5th Street Canton, O.

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BEST FOR EVERY PURPOSE AND THE MOST ECONOMICAL.

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Study the **TULLOSS TOUCH SYSTEM.** Gain speed—accuracy—ease of writing. Spare time study. No interference with regular work. Will bring the speed and the salary of the expert. Tulloss writers are fastest and best-paid. Send for our

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which describes this fast and accurate method. It is filled with new ideas and valuable helps. Tells how high speed is gained—how to avoid errors—what practice work is best;—**72 pages of vital, helpful facts.** It costs you only the trouble of asking for it. If you want more speed; more accuracy; more ease in writing; more salary—send for this book today.

The Tulloss School of Touch Typewriting
38 College Hill
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In Auto, Sleigh or Wagon on Cold Days Use a Clark Heater—

It is neat, compact, attractive and unbreakable; supplies the heat without flame, smoke or smell. We make 20 styles of these heaters from 90c each to $10. Most of them have attractive carpet covers with asbestos lining. They have been on the market ten years and please every purchaser. We guarantee that you will be pleased or money refunded. They fit in at the feet, occupy little space and are just the thing.

Don't Shiver and be Uncomfortable

when one of these heaters will keep you warm and cozy and comfortable on every business or pleasure trip in cold weather. Ask your dealer for a CLARK HEATER—the only kind that will last indefinitely, never get out of order, and heat as much or as little as you want. Insist on the CLARK. Write for complete catalog—a postal will bring it. WRITE NOW.

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The Nervous Giant

Big Business is a timid thing, both light of foot and fleet of wing—
A wonder in the world of Trade; but, oh, so nervous and afraid!
Sometimes I wonder at it all and wonder how he grew so tall,
So big of girth, so broad of limb, when everything so frightens him.
I should not think, from his great size, that anything that walks or flies
Could make him tremble, or that fear of anything that's far or near
Had any place in him; but you have just to step up and cry, Boo!
To see Big Business run and hide until the dangers may subside.

They made Big Business vast and grand, but somehow they left out the sand;
And when his shadow on the ground he sees he watches all around,
Lest naughty boys shall hide somewhere and Boo! at him some awful scare.
And if you make a face and scowl he cries—a melancholy howl:
"Oh, come and help me! Can't you see the wicked goblins after me?"
And then he trembles, much afraid of every sudden noise that's made;
So when you see him walk about you must be careful not to shout
Or make a noisy sound, or Boo!—or anything you'd like to do.

So keep, I beg of you, quite still—Big Business might grow pale and ill
If you should make such dreadful noise as other naughty little boys.
Remember—all of you, I beg—Big Business lays the golden egg;
And if he should decline and fall there'd be no golden eggs at all!
Big Business never looks so nice as when you're all as still as mice—
And if you do not cry out Boo! he may make his next meal of you;
But if you're naughty—Mercy me! Big Business might fall ill, you see,
And die while you were crying Boo! And then, dear me, what should we do?

—*J. W. Foley.*

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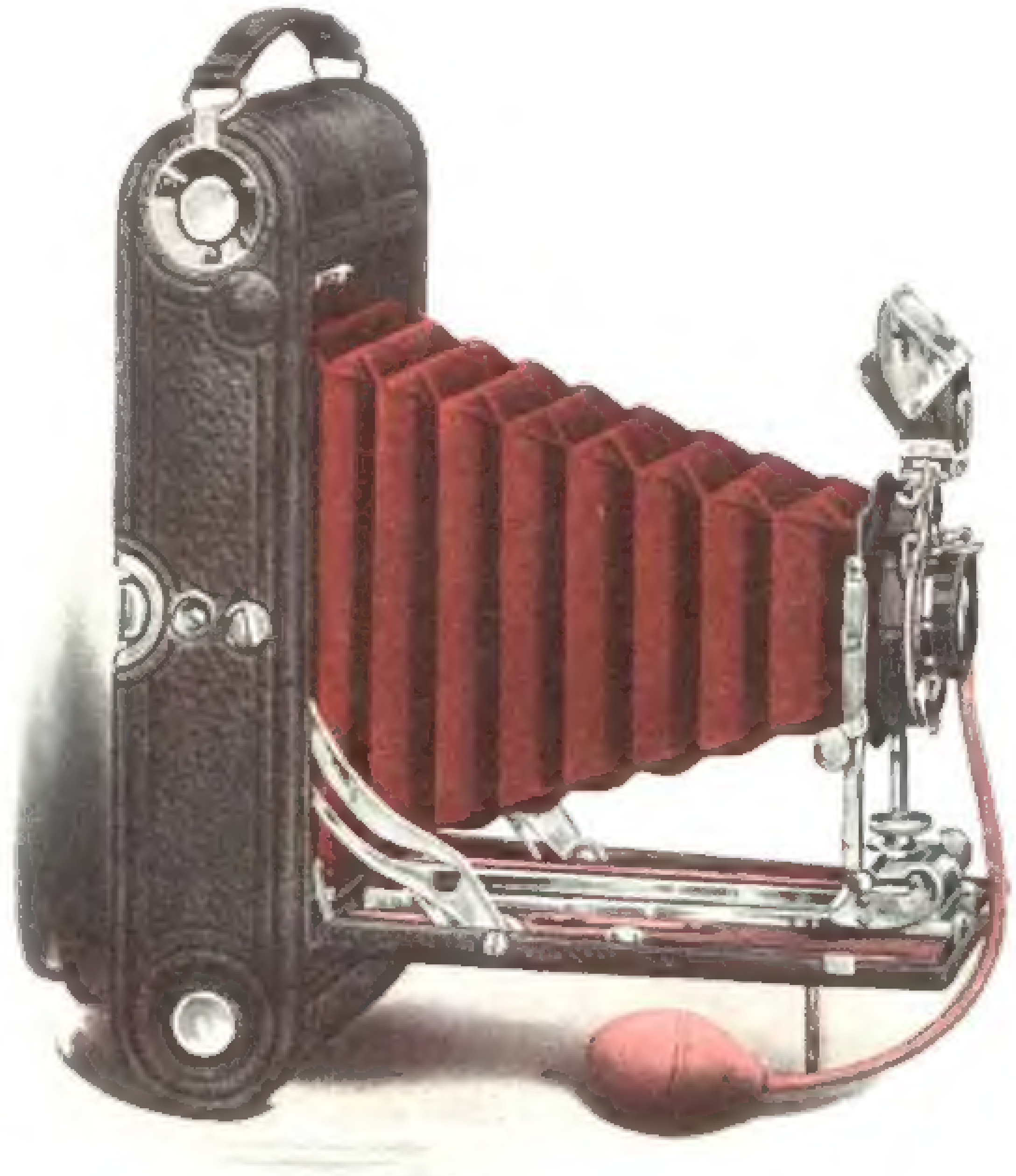

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